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THE ORIGINAL OLD-
SOLDIER FIDDLERS

6 OTHER BRIGHT
1921 FEATURES 6

DANCING IN THE LYRIC BALL ROOM
AFTERNOON AND EVENING

Alhambra

—FIRST HALF NEXT WEEK—
ENID BENNETT

—IN—
"Silk Hosiery"
MUTT AND JEFF FOX NEWS

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"Held by the Enemy"

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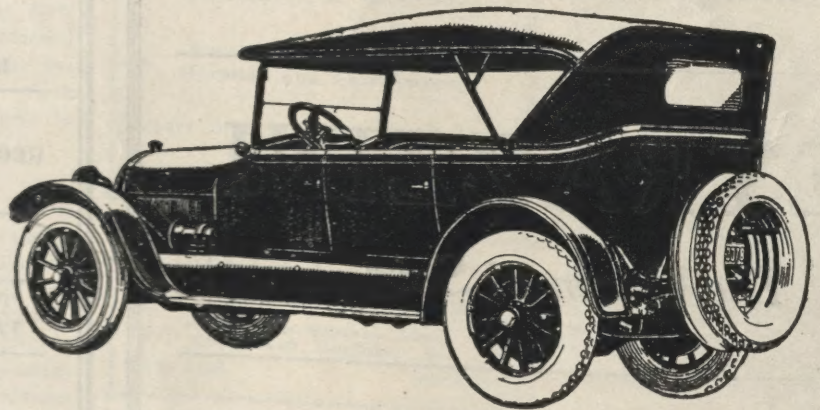
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TOPICS

VOLUME II

INDIANAPOLIS, SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1921

NUMBER 1

Watching Vaudeville Wheels Turn

Stage Manager Has Big Job in Keeping the "Bill" Running Smoothly and the Personages in Good Humor During the Week.

By Beatrice Sherman

Among the ultra-moderns and ultra-pessimists who pronounce the theatre dead and who gloat over the lugubrious situation, there are those who say that there has been nothing praiseworthy in the theatre since the days of Pinero, or, perhaps even more savagely, that it was Pinero himself who dealt the weakening theatre its death blow. These gloomy individuals, however, see one ray of hope for something new in the world theatrical. There is a tendency, they say, toward a sublimated edition of the vaudeville show, and as proof they cite the gigantic spectacles and expensive revues which are so popular today.

If this is indeed the case—and, who knows, perhaps it is—it behooves us who contemplate writing the new play—and who of us doesn't—to examine into the mechanism of the vaudeville show and see how the actual strings that pull the kaleidoscopic performance are worked.

Like all large scale operations, military or civil, there must of course be a high generalissimo in command, a genius presiding over the back-stage destinies of all the "acts," for in vaudeville it's the act, not the play, that's the thing. At Keith's Indianapolis Theatre, the man who watches to see that all the people and properties in the seven or eight acts that make up a weekly bill are happy and satisfied and on the stage at the proper time, is the stage director, Mr. Philip Brown.

It is his business to see that the big family of grown-up children who call themselves vaudeville artists shall be welcomed on their arrival on Monday night, and dispatched neatly and expeditiously on Sunday night to prepare for the next contingent. When they arrive on Monday, dressing rooms are assigned, and it is Mr. Brown's pleasant task to make each one feel that the theatre was designed and built especially for the comfort of each, from the headliner who used

to be in grand opera to the magician who has just left his job in Jones' dry goods emporium at Peoria to startle the world with his capacities for making magic. Often enough the headliner is a comfortable individual to get along with, a good-natured human being, who, as Mr. Brown expresses it, "does not feel her position." On the other hand, some of the new actors who have just ceased being salesladies and street-car conductors, are very lofty and full of temperament; they feel that they must show a high appreciation of their own worth or no one else will.

Some weeks the vaudeville family is very peaceable and not at all hard to manage. At other times—for instance, when a girl show is billed traveling without a manager—one can imagine that the life of the stage director is not the easiest in the world.

Some bills carry a great deal of scenery and some travel light; some involve endless work for the electrician, and others are very simple in this respect; some bills are full of temperamental actors, and others are just plain people; so that the work of the stage director varies greatly from week to week. Mr. Brown says that this year luck has been with them, and temperament has not been booked for Indianapolis in large doses.

One of the most important features of any really successful vaudeville show is a strong-arm man—not on the bill but on the theatre's staff. He is the man that makes the curtain go up and down, and the mere spectacle of his performance on the ropes that work the curtain is far more entertaining than anything that happens out on the stage. As the curtain rises and falls with that familiar, applause-compelling rapidity, the strong-arm man, who is really working for the applause far harder than the smiling and bowing actor on the stage, is leaping up and down between his twin ropes, giving a splendid imitation of a combination bell-ringer and monkey-on-a-stick. If school children could once have an opportunity to disport themselves on this sort of exerciser, maypoles and merry-go-rounds would lose all powers of attraction.

Another important member of the house staff is the electrician, the man who presides at the switchboard, a thing of shining keys and hooks and levers. Mr. Orrin Platt says of Keith's

switchboard, as he affectionately pats its mysterious levers, "It's fast, and it's good, but sometimes it's tricky." This business of tuning the lights to suit every act is an exacting matter and nobody on the back-stage crew envies Mr. Platt his job.

If the lady whose name is in electric lights out in front is in an unpleasant mood, and finds that the electrician forgets the cue to dim the lights when she sings the Blues, or flashes the lights to full a minute too soon, the electrician may look for trouble. Mr. Platt's efficient work, however, is of great assistance to Mr. Brown in keeping the vaudeville family happy and satisfied.

There are more reasons than popularity or merit for the position of any act on the bill. In order to give time for the stage hands to set the scenes the acts which require only a curtain and no other scenery—in other words, those acts that play "in one"—must be mixed in with other acts on the bill in such a way as to permit of setting a full stage act while the program is going on. While Kitty and George are dancing and singing out in front, a panorama of New York is being erected behind them. The back drop is hauled into position; then its side extensions are pulled aloft, while stage hands step merrily back and forth over the balustrade that encloses the roof garden which forms the foreground of the set. With one foot on the corner of Broadway and Forty-second street and the other on the roof, a husky lad makes vigorous but silent signs for the arrangement of the aeroplane which is to shoot from one corner of the stage to the other. By the time Kitty and George have taken their last bow, the view of New York is ready, and as the last stage hand disappears from the scene, the curtain goes up.

The next number, say a patter-and-song man, is another act "in one," and while he entertains, New York is annihilated and the parlor set for the singer is put together. The electrician gets out his gorgeous pink dome light, whispers anathema on the head of the painter who has managed to splatter a few bright green drops on the pink silk top, hooks it into place, and Miss Headliner finds everything beautifully ready when she ambles onto the stage, removes her seventeen-thousand-dollar fur coat—yes, honest-to-goodness, that's the actual

Men Behind the Scenes Are Great Factors in the Presentation of Acts that Delight the Public and Satisfy the Performers.

price—and lifts up her voice in song. Then the only thing to worry about is to see that the man in charge of the lights dims the lights at the appointed time, turns them off when the lady says "Shoot a nickel," turns them on full when she sings the new song that the gentleman at the piano wrote, and keeps up to the carefully scheduled light chart that prescribes all the desired light effects for her act.

After the headliner is through, has made her curtain speech, and distributed gracefully wafted kisses all over the house, the actor who works out on the "apron"—the nearest-to-the-audience part of the stage—comes on for his act. And the scene shifters again get busy.

All of the curtains but the front one and the asbestos are operated from a rigging loft, that skyey region above the stage which one must "go out of town" to reach. Here, amid hundreds of ropes and sandbags of all sizes from one that looks like a nickle's worth of candy to a huge barrel-shaped affair, one lone man presides over the destinies of the curtains, and of the actors as well, for if one of these largish bags were to be dropped inaccurately, it would have a deadly effect.

One of the acts which carries a great deal of paraphernalia is the juggler. His balls, tables, glassware, hall trees, tops, hats, trays and dishes must all be at hand at the proper moment. Before the show begins, he roams around to see that everything is in good order, gives a few guttural instructions to his young German assistant, and worries about the lights that get into his eyes, and make him fumble his tricks. The lady who poses in the last act has told him that he can get a special frosted gelatine plate that will be just fine to take the glare off the lights, but for some reason he won't get them. "They only cost 25 cents, and they'd last him a month;

(Continued on Page 15)

Censoring High School Dances Entirely Too Strenuous for Indianapolis Teachers and a Thankless Job at That.

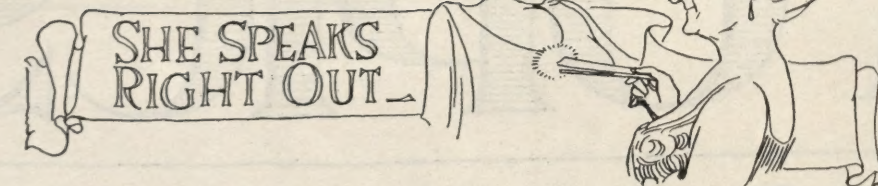
When Mr. George Buck, principal of Shortridge High School, put the ban on the annual Shortridge "Prom," he found himself suddenly and very unexpectedly in the midst of a crusade against the vulgar forms of modern dancing. Mr. Buck states that he had no intention of precipitating a widespread campaign against objectionable dances when he gave out his decision on the subject of the Senior Prom, but that he will be very glad if real good results from the unexpected publicity that has been given to his action.

His explanation for his decision is very simple and easily understood. For a number of years, the supervision and chaperoning of the Prom has been an onerous task for Mr. Buck and his faculty. While the majority of the students who attended dressed and behaved in a proper manner, a small but conspicuous minority dressed in improper fashion and danced in a way that could not be approved of by the high school authorities. During recent years the task of curbing these boys and girls, prohibiting their indulging in vulgar forms of modern dances, tactfully but firmly ruling out the objectionable, was a very difficult, nerve-racking and thankless task. After careful consultation with the most broadminded of his teachers, Mr. Buck decided that the easiest way of settling the matter was simply to have no dancing at all. And so, without any heroics, the edict went forth.

Censoring dances when strangleholds and cheek-to-cheek dancing were the prime evils was difficult enough, but with news of newer and more vulgar contortions being added daily to the modern dances, the task of censor or chaperon became appalling and Mr. Buck and his teachers did not care to undertake it this year.

Aside from the unfairness of working a hardship on the Shortridge faculty, it would seem that a dance, given under the auspices of the high school authorities, conducted on sane and decent lines, might have stood as a model for other dancing affairs in which the same young people participate. But when the vogue of modern dancing is such that the weeding out of everything objectionable is a monumental task, then certainly school authorities are justified in discontinuing a custom which involves a disagreeable and onerous duty for the school faculty, who, after all, owe no duty to the community or to their students to assume the positions of censors and chaperons for dancing.

As to the idea that many boys and girls are being deprived of the enjoyment of a pleasant social affair to which they are entitled, Mr. Buck says that the young people who really need



this little gaiety do not attend the proms, and those who do come are, for the most part, children whose social activities are numerous enough without any social functions given by the school. One young miss, who was very indignant because of the no-prom ban, had a schedule of seven dances for the holidays, and it is this type of girl who is in the majority at the school social affairs.

While the passing of a school tradition of as pleasant memory as the Shortridge prom is to be regretted, one can scarcely shed tears of sympathy for this disgruntled damsel.

The action of the Shortridge authorities has been widely approved. Many of the Indianapolis women's clubs, Bible classes, and social organizations have commended the stand taken by Mr. Buck in his disapproval of modern dancing. Even Anderson and Kokomo have added their voices to the chorus of approval.

It is unfortunate, however, that a rather ludicrous and undignified tone has been given to the widespread dis-

cussion by the dragging in of the corset question. There are probably few people in Indianapolis today who have not heard that Indianapolis boys do not care to dance with girls who wear corsets, that those girls who do wear corsets are nicknamed "Old Ironsides" and find themselves wall flowers, and that mothers are having great difficulty in inducing their young daughters to wear corsets. The corset is not today the essential factor in feminine wear that it was in the latter part of the eighteenth century. Doctors, physical culture experts, and educated people in general have seen the folly of the corset and condemned it. There are many of the modern high school girls and college girls who have never worn a corset in their lives. Highly respectable women, teachers, business women, social leaders, and even police women, have gone uncorseted all their lives, have had their share of dancing, and been none the less highly regarded.

For calisthenics or dancing in a



The elderly, gray-haired man was buying a cigar. "I didn't get any cigars Christmas," he was explaining to the clerk, "so am privileged to smoke my own particular brand. It used to be that a man could drink his own particular drink—but he doesn't any more—he takes what is offered, if there is any offered, which is not often."

"Some more of that 'good-old-days' stuff," said the clerk as he put away the box in the cigar case. "I've heard that story until it is ragged."

The older man lit up his weed and said:

"Young man, the so-called good old days were really that—I know. New Year's is right on us—and when I was your age New Year's was some big day—we enjoyed it much more than Christmas, and we sure enjoyed Christmas."

"My father was a great stickler for the forms and proprieties of those days. We always kept open house, as it was called, and so did everybody else who were anybody in those days."

"Don't I remember how our house was decorated in greenery—the hall and stairway perfect bowers of beauty

—as the society reporter would say! And the dining-room? Ah, that dining-room! A snowy table with a huge punch bowl filled with the creamiest eggnogg that ever tickled a palate. There were several kinds of cakes, wines and black coffee, and when the guests came they were escorted to the dining-room where they were sought to partake of our hospitality—and they did. Oldsters and youngsters, gay young blades who were perhaps making their first New Year calls, decked out in their glad finery, looking the part of dandies."

"An open house meant an open house—open for every one of the community who cared to call and pay their respects, renew their friendship for the coming year and to wish you and yours a happy and prosperous year. All day and evening there were groups of people passing—going from one house to another to pay their respects. Calls were short, of course, but they were long enough to renew acquaintance and old friendships. I remember old Colonel Day, who lived in the big brick mansion—that's what it was called, a mansion—on the hill. Every New Year's day his house was

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Story of the "Pile of Corsets" Seems to Be Somewhat Overdrawn in Light of Facts Brought Out.

gymnasium, a student would not for one moment be permitted to wear a corset, and it seems a sadly benighted viewpoint that would insist on young daughters' wearing corsets to dances, which, after all, are a form of physical exercise much more comfortable without than with a corset.

This strenuous insistence on the corset brings to mind the story of the young school teacher who was very anxious to be of assistance to a poor family whose children attended her school. By dint of much effort, she got a small sum of money from a local charitable organization with which to buy clothes for the thirteen-year-old daughter in her class. Impressed with her responsibilities, she took the child downtown one Saturday morning, bought her sensible shoes and stockings, a pleated skirt and middie, and a little pink corset. This in a day when progressive and comfort-seeking women are abandoning the corset altogether.

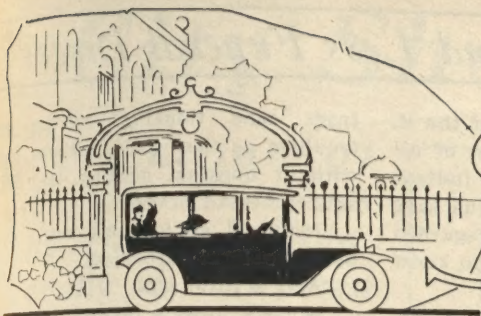
From the standpoint of personal comfort and health, the young daughter whose mother insists that she wear a corset is to be pitied, but it is an open question as to whether the mere wearing of a corset makes her a wallflower. Probably there are boys and men who call the corseted girl "Old Ironsides" and refuse to dance with her, but general inquiry into the matter would seem to indicate that such unworthy wretches are in the minority of the Indianapolis male population.

As for the girl who was recently quoted in a local newspaper as telling her mother that "every chair in the ladies' dressing room was piled high with corsets," it is a difficult matter to find any other young women who have seen the same thrilling spectacle. One is tempted to believe that this young woman was—to put it mildly—exaggerating for the benefit of a too credulous mother.

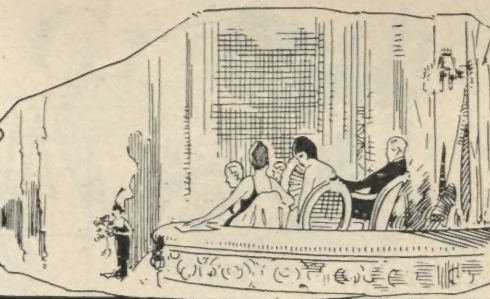
Miss Clara Burnside, head of the policewomen of the city, states that she has heard of the unpopularity of the girl who wears a corset, but that never in the three years that policewomen have been on duty at public dance halls in Indianapolis have they brought in any tales of chairs piled high with abandoned corsets. This compels the inference that a dance given in a private home or by a club was the scene of the corset-piled chairs. While the police matrons agree that dancing at parties given by sororities, clubs, fraternities and in private homes are much more difficult to censor than public dances, one finds it hard to believe that the story of wholesale abandoning of corsets can be generally true.

The dances this year, as in the past few years, have a tendency toward vul-

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notes of Society



Miss Elizabeth Holloway entertained with an informal tea in honor of her guest, Miss Abby Greer of Minneapolis, Minn. Assisting the hostess were Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius E. Holloway, Mrs. Robert Hosmer Morse, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Knippenberg, Miss Martha Louise Thompson and Miss Blanche Shaw.

Miss Josephine McAlexander and Miss Janet Henry are spending the Christmas holidays at Newport, Ark. Miss Henry's home.

Miss Martha Rabb is here from Indiana University to spend the holidays with her mother, Mrs. Kate Milner Rabb.

On Thursday afternoon the marriage of Miss Catherine Marie Beck daughter of Mrs. Henry A. Beck, and Lieut. Charles David Williams, U. S. Navy, was celebrated at Christ Church. The service was read by the Right Rev. Charles David Williams, bishop of Michigan, the father of the bridegroom. The ushers were Robert Brewer, Howard H. Stanley, Perry C. Lesh, and Robert Hosmer Morse, Jr. The bride was given in marriage by her uncle, William S. Beck. Miss Florence Beckett was maid of honor and Allen Brett of Cleveland was best man. Lieut. and Mrs. Williams have gone to the South for their wedding trip, and after January 15 they will be at home at 200 West LaRue street, Pensacola, Fla.

Mr. and Mrs. William J. Hogan and daughter Mary will hold open house from three to six o'clock New Year's afternoon at their home at 1815 North Pennsylvania street. They have recently returned to the city after several years' residence in Cleveland Ohio.

James P. McIntosh of San Francisco Cal., has arrived to spend the holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. James M. McIntosh.

Christmas night Mrs. Arthur B. Grover entertained with a masquerade dance for her niece, Miss Zelda Clevenger, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. William F. Clevenger.

Miss Charlotte Brandon Howe returned home from Radcliffe College Cambridge, Mass., for the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Macy W. Malott entertained with a dance Christmas night at the Propylaem in honor of their daughter, Mary Florence. Among the out-of-town guests was Miss Martha

Kimball of Chicago, who has been the guest of Mrs. Edson T. Wood during the holidays.

Paul G. Moffett returned home from the University of Illinois to spend the holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Moffett.

The Alpha Omega Fraternity will entertain with a dance at the Propylaem on the evening of December 31.

Mr. and Mrs. Virgil H. Lockwood have as their guests during the holidays Mr. and Mrs. Walter Murray Bieling of Columbus, Ohio.

Mrs. Frank LaFoe Link announces the engagement of her daughter Josephine to Max Rogers Recker, son of Gustave A. Recker. The wedding will take place in June.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Winter gave a dance Christmas eve at the Woodstock Club for Miss Peggy Winter of New York, who is here with her mother, Mrs. Clarence Winter, for the holidays. Mr. and Mrs. Winter, Miss Mary Winter and Mrs. Clarence Winter were assisted in receiving by Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Dowden, Mr. and Mrs. Edward L. McKee, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick G. Appel, Mr. and Mrs. Morris Haines and Mr. and Mrs. Noble Deans.

Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Stewart and daughter Susan spent the holidays with Mrs. Stewart's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Clemens Vonnegut.

Dr. and Mrs. Alexander Jameson received Tuesday, December 28, at their home for Miss Lydia Douglass Jameson and Miss Charlotte Brandon Howe

The Players will give their holiday entertainment Tuesday evening, January 4, at the Odeon. The executive committee, Stuart Dean, Mrs. Frederick Huey Bird, Miss Frances Morrison, Walter Myers and Mrs. Albert Rabb, will be assisted by Mr. and Mrs. Roltaire Eggleston in the arrangements for the entertainment.

The marriage of Miss Ruth Elizabeth Thompson, daughter of Mrs. Evert M. Thompson, and Boyd M. Gillespie was celebrated Monday evening, December 21, at the home of the bride's mother, the Rev. F. C. Montfort and Dr. O. D. Odell officiating. Mr. and Mrs. Gillespie have gone on a wedding trip in the East and will be at home after January 1 at 4830 Carvel avenue.

The Indiana Vassar Club had its annual December breakfast at the Claypool Hotel, December 30, at twelve o'clock. Miss Elsa Butler was guest of honor. Miss Dorothea Campbell was chairman of the committee in charge.

John W. Blackledge of Chicago spent the holidays with Judge and Mrs. W. W. Thornton.

Roger A. Hay returned home from Purdue University to spend the holidays with his parents, Judge and Mrs. Linn D. Hay.

Miss Anna Nye Stanton is spending the holidays with relatives in Bloomington.

Charles W. Moores, Jr., is here from Wabash College to spend the holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Moores.

Miss Anna Barbara Coburn has returned from school at Cooperstown N. Y., and Daniel E. Coburn from Yale University, to spend the holiday season with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Coburn.

Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Lilly will leave Sunday, January 2, for their winter home at Arlington, Fla.

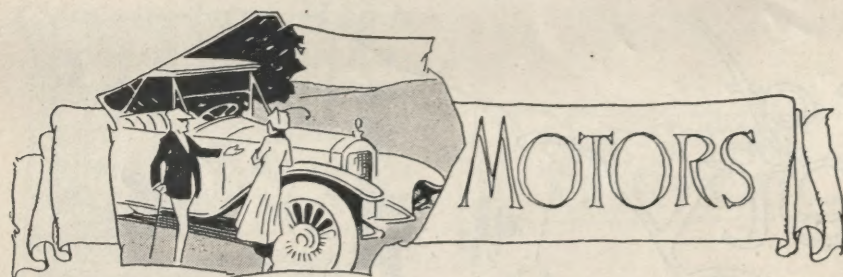
Scot B. Clifford came from Annapolis to spend Christmas with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Perry Clifford.

F. H. Birch of Chicago spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Coffin. Charles Harvey Bradley of Dubuque, Iowa, arrived last week to be the guest of Miss Carolyn Coffin and her parents.



MISS EMMA JONES

During the holidays Miss Jones was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Steinhart of the Spink-Arms. Her home is in Dayton, Ohio, where she is known as a talented reader and musician.



By Thomas A. Hendricks

For so many years the long-suffering motorist has been accustomed to having laws enacted against him that he hardly knows just how to take the news that perhaps the next session of the legislature will enact a law or two for him. In the past he has been made the butt of almost every law affecting the automobile; the number of head lights and tail lights he must carry, their candle power, the speed of his car, licenses and many more things have all been bickered about and legislated upon by past legislatures, but now comes the good news that at last a bill will be introduced for his protection, a bill which, if it becomes a law, as it should, will go a long ways toward delivering car owners from the swarm of automobile thieves that have carried their lawlessness to unprecedented lengths in Indiana during the past few years.

The proposed measure, in tentative form, already has obtained the indorsement of the Hoosier Motor Club, the Hoosier State Automobile Association, many of the automobile insurance companies and police officials throughout the state.

The new bill will remedy as far as possible the defects in existing laws, which have been found to lack sufficient strength and definiteness to discourage automobile stealing. The main features of the new bill, or bills, for several may be introduced, will be to provide an increase in severity in the penalty for the theft of a motor vehicle; the amendment of the present statute known as the "mutilated number law," and the enactment of a law covering the possession of a certificate of ownership of a car, which must be produced when the motor vehicle in question changes hands.

The law will provide that the application for license to the secretary of state shall include a full description of the car and this description shall be carried in the certificate issued to the automobile owner, together with other means of identification. In the event of sale or transfer of ownership of the automobile covered by the original certificate the original holder will be required to indorse on the back of the certificate an assignment of ownership, with warranty of title, and to deliver it to the new purchaser.

The new owner in turn must present this certificate to the secretary of state for re-registration of the automobile and he will be issued a new certificate of title. This will be of great assistance to the police authorities in tracing stolen machines. Maryland and California are said to have laws covering some of these questions in a very satisfactory manner, and these have been followed,

with such modifications as are necessary to meet local conditions, in drawing up the bill to be presented to the legislature.

There seems to be no doubt that there will be a big fight in the legislature over the law governing the operation of the State Highway Commission. Ever since that body was created and all the funds derived by the state from the sale of automobile licenses turned over to it, advocates of the old county control system have been at work trying to obtain some modification of the law. During the recent special session of the legislature, they showed their hands but were unable to obtain sufficient voting support to make any changes in the existing law.

However, the commission has plenty of supporters, who will wage a bitter and determined warfare against any attempt to strip it of its present powers, and from present appearances it looks as if there is going to be a real fight when the legislature convenes.

Of course it would be folly to attempt any prophecy as to the outcome; but it would seem that the highway commission, despite mistakes and delays, has fully justified its existence and it is doubtful if its opponents in their anxiety to get their hands on the automobile license funds can hope to do more than obtain some sort of a compromise. The question is not an easy one to solve. It would seem from one standpoint that the counties with the greatest number of automobiles would be entitled to have a proportionate share of the fund expended in those counties; on the other hand, the need of state highways planned on a scale far larger than county limits is a necessity under modern conditions, and it is equally true that the counties having the fewest automobiles are the very ones where the need of road improvement is the greatest.

To a great degree the fight is the old one between local and state interests, and about all the individual automobile owner can do is to hope that in the "scrap" the best interests of the state as a whole will not be wrecked on the rocks of petty politics.

Young Doctors' Chance

Recent graduates in medicine and hospital internes have an opportunity to serve with the Red Cross of the Far East in work among the children of those countries now suffering from war conditions. The American Red Cross is desirous of enlisting a number of such physicians who can give a year or so service. Remuneration is provided and expenses paid. Harry B. Smith, adjutant-general, has the information.

More Jazz and Less Funeral Dirges

E. W. Steinhart, president of the E. W. Steinhart Company, is first of all an optimist and a believer in Indianapolis and in Indiana. What he says is usually opportune and is regarded as sound judgment by those who know him.

There will appear in many newspapers of the state New Year's day the following, setting forth his views on the industrial situation and sounding a call for resumption of business:

"Jim Hill said the man who was a 'bull' on America would be on the right side of the market. Jim Hill was right about most things. He saw the possibilities of the Great Northwest and developed them. But had Jim Hill been a croaker, a pessimist or a crepe-hanger, who would have hit for him in a pinch?

"If the wisdom of Jim Hill were available now, would Jim Hill be a croaker?

"Do you suppose Jim Hill would be a pessimist?

"Jim Hill knew the strength and future of America, and universal need for human service and the opportunity for happiness. He just couldn't get the mental attitude of our bilious friends.

"Prosperity and human happiness are each a state of mind—largely.

"As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he. Think gloom, and you'll die of melancholia. Think joy and work with faith in your fellowman and the strength of eternal youth is yours.

"Think success and you win it. Think failure, and—what chance have you? Fear is the greatest obstacle. Babe Ruth doesn't hit home runs by thinking he's going to strike out.

"Business has had too much pessimism injected into it lately. It is high time now for the optimist.

"The world is not all wrong. God is in His Heaven, still. Opportunity exists everywhere. Production is needed from East to West. Everything which adds its mite to human happiness is in demand.

"The world looks to America for leadership in production. The eyes of America are on Indiana—from Terre Haute to Richmond and from South Bend to New Albany. We Hoosiers must not overlook this fact.

"Readjustment is needed and needed at once—not tomorrow or next week or next month—but right now. We were more or less war-drunk—soused by the white mule of Mars—and it has taken us some time to get rid of the hang-over.

"But we are through now—our nerves are steadied and we are ready to go back to the job—every man of us.

"The man who would be a patriot is the man who wants to work.

"The slacker is the pessimist, the man of gloom, the croaker.

"We need foodstuffs. We need the wealth from the earth, which is ours for the working. We need transportation. We need financing. The mills of the gods are yet grinding happiness.

"Your success—and mine—comes

from sane thinking, solving our troubles as they come, without fear, without quitting, meeting the issue squarely—and bravely.

"Let's all go to work now. Give us more lightheartedness.

"And a little jazz.

"Nobody loves a funeral dirge."

Radiator Care in Cold Weather

The proper care of a radiator will eliminate most radiator repair bills.

"The following suggestions," says H. H. Willits, Indianapolis branch manager of United Motors Service, Inc., the factory service department of the Harrison Radiator Corporation, "if followed, will not only prolong the life of the radiator, but will enable the car owner to avoid large repair bills in connection with the cooling system."

During the summer months the problem is to cool the motor. The radiator and the fan combined accomplish this. Winter weather, however, makes it necessary to find some way of retaining a proper portion of the motor's natural warmth.

Covering the front of the radiator is one way to accomplish the above. A good plan is to use cardboard, leather, rubber or the like and cover only the lower half of the radiator front. Attach such cover with strings around the sides of the radiator shell and let it rest on the ledge at the bottom. Never abuse the "paper thickness" metal of the radiator itself by attaching the cover with wires drawn through the passages. The sawing effect due to natural vibration will quickly cause a leak. The entire front of the radiator should only be covered when the car stands still or for the first few minutes of driving to warm up. A certain flow of air between the cell walls is absolutely necessary.

Boiling water will crack cold cast-iron cylinder walls and jackets. The shock of sudden temperature change is too great to be naturally absorbed. Although the cells and core of the radiator may stand such changes, remember that boiling water poured into a very cold and empty or partly empty radiator immediately passes on to the motor.

All non-freeze solutions have their shortcomings. Kerosene boils at entirely too low a temperature. Other mixtures have other faults. Zinc alloy in the brass cell walls and solder, as well as the rubber of hose connections, are subject to chemical reaction. The safest and sanest mixture is wood alcohol and water—a smaller proportion of alcohol at first and this increased as the thermometer goes down.

A racing motor won't thaw a radiator accidentally frozen. Freezing once started prevents circulation and only natural warmth or the proper external application of foreign heat will melt the ice. Failure to observe this warning may result in destruction of the radiator system.

City Shows Musical Growth

Appreciation of Various Concerts by Hoosiers Generally Is Marked During Year Just Closed.

By Ona B. Talbot

It is with a feeling of deep gratefulness and sincerity that I wish a happy new year to all those who have by their loyal patronage made this season's musical activities conspicuously the most successful in the twenty-two years of my endeavors for the musical advancement of Indiana.

A practical and convincing illustration of this assertion is: In previous seasons the season sale of tickets has never been more than six hundred, while this year more than fifteen hundred subscriptions were received.

The two Pavlova performances were demonstrations of the many lovers of the best in art throughout the state, and a more beautiful and successful opening for the season could not, I think, have been conceived or chosen.

Many of the plans for the new year have already been announced, and many others are in the making. I am leaving for New York today with the intention of perfecting those already announced, and to attend the performances of artists that I feel my Indiana public would like, with a view to engaging them. The New York reports of the first concert on Monday evening of the Italian "La Scala" Orchestra, with Arturo Toscanini, the world's greatest conductor, are nothing short of sensational. The three subscription concerts at the Metropolitan Opera House have been entirely sold out, with receipts amounting to over \$35,000. An extra performance has been arranged for January 3d in Carnegie Hall, for which I have accepted an invitation to be present. Coming directly from Italian triumphs, such as are enjoyed by few of the world's greatest musicians, Toscanini arrived in America to find himself the same idol he was when he was in control of the musical forces of the Metropolitan. The orchestra he brought of ninety-seven men is not only the orchestra which made the concert tour in Italy, but it is the one which will go to La Scala as its permanent organization.

The program Toscanini and La Scala Orchestra played on the opening night in America at the Metropolitan was:

Concerto in A minor for string orchestra—Vivaldi-Sam Franko.

Fifth Symphony in C minor, op. 67—Beethoven.

Symphonic Pictures, No. 2, "Liberia"—Debussy.



MME. GALLI-CURCI

World's greatest singer to prepare special program for her Indianapolis engagement on January 17th, when she appears at Murat Theatre.

Symphonic Poem, "Fountains of Rome"—Respighi.

Prelude in Love-Death, from "Tristan and Isolde"—Wagner.

After the close of the extra concert on January 3d, the orchestra will make a tour of thirty-five cities, giving fifty concerts, when Indianapolis will again be favored. The Indianapolis engagement will be Sunday afternoon, February 6th.

Mme. Galli-Curci, who will be heard in the second of the series of the evening subscribed concerts, has written me that she wishes to give of her best to Indianapolis, and is preparing a specially arranged program for her recital on January 17th, which, by the way, will be the evening following her marriage to Homer Samuels, who has been her accompanist since her North American debut. Indiana has been generously favored by this great singer, as her first North American recital was given here, and now her first recital after becoming an American citizen and the wife of an American will also take place under my direction.

Mme. Galli-Curci is the same wonderful person who took Chicago by storm four years ago. The day is a red-letter day in the annals of the Chicago Opera Association. An announcement of her appearance means a sold-out house in the Chicago Auditorium. Never was artist more de-

serving of the good-will of her public than this accomplished woman, who has so quickly sensed the demands of the public and who has become part and parcel of this country and especially of the Chicago Opera Company, with which she burst into glory. Since her first success, when she voiced herself into fame, she has never gone below her high estate; on the contrary, she has welded the American ideas with European training, that she delights from every viewpoint in recital as well as opera. Many times she has expressed to me the pleasurable memory of her recital in Indianapolis, saying that her first North American recital was one of the outstanding memories in her American career.

Never has her voice been more beautiful than now, and her display of dramatic art is astounding. In her quaint dainty costumes she looks extremely attractive, and even her coquetry never loses its artistic significance. This radiantly beautiful "Rose of Castile" and Italy's goddess of song has no need for the tricks of the ordinary garden variety.

Mme. Galli-Curci was responsible for the greatest performance of Italian opera ever known in Chicago, when she sang "Sonnambula" with Tita Schipa at a performance there recently.

The many lovers of piano music are

Outlook for 1921 Musical Events Is Excellent, with a Number of Noted Artists Coming, Including Kubelik.

waiting with interested enthusiasm for the coming of Sergei Rachmaninoff, Russia's greatest pianist-composer, who will be heard in recital on Sunday afternoon, January 30th.

The third of the evening series of concerts will be the orchestral program on Thursday evening, March 31st, when the Detroit Symphony Orchestra of 100 men, with Ossip Gabrilowitch, eminent conductor and pianist, directing the forces of his men and also playing a Rachmaninoff piano concerto. This concert will be one of the greatest of the season.

The announcement that Jan Kubelik would appear in Indianapolis in recital was received with immediate interest and there is no doubt that on Sunday afternoon, April 10th, the Murat Theatre will again be filled to capacity to hear one of the greatest violinists the world has ever known. His reappearance this season in America has been received everywhere with the greatest enthusiasm and the most superlative praise from all the critics.

With the above comprehensive list of attractions and the possibilities of one or two others of international fame, that I shall arrange for, while in New York, as well as laying the plans for next season's concerts, I feel that our musical development and appreciation is cause for much thankfulness and encouragement for the new year of 1921.

Hoosier by Marriage

"The Counsel of the Ungodly," which was recently reviewed in these columns, was the first novel of Charles Brackett of Saratoga, N. Y. Mr. Brackett is a Hoosier by marriage; his wife is Elizabeth Fletcher, formerly of Indianapolis.

His novel was originally published in the Saturday Evening Post, and later in book form. A second story, "Gwen's Tongue," also appeared in the Post; and Mr. Brackett has had a number of poems published in various magazines. He is a graduate of the Harvard Law School, and during the war was connected with the French liaison division at Lille. He is the son of ex-Senator Edgar Brackett.

Although Mr. Brackett is very young—this side of thirty—he writes in a frivolously sophisticated vein, and old Peter van Hoeven, the hero of "The Counsel of the Ungodly," is as convincing as if he had been written by Methuselah.

Editorial

THE NEW YEAR

J. Ogden Armour, the Chicago packer, has issued a timely warning against the public "strike" relative to buying. He says that if the public attitude continues it means ruin to the farmer and men in other industries.

"Price liquidation," said Mr. Armour, "is about complete in most essential products. The buyers' strike, which was largely instrumental in bringing about reduced prices, has been successful. The paper profits of the war period have been wiped out as inflated prices returned to reasonable levels. The consumer's dollar has about won back its pre-war buying power."

Now that we are entering into a new year, it might be well to heed this message. It can not be gainsaid that the public has refrained from buying—taking only necessities as a general thing. Christmas trade is reported to be considerably below that of last Christmas in volume of business done. Of course, this was to be expected in view of the readjustment processes going on. But as has been pointed out by Mr. Armour, liquidation is about over. It is now time to call a halt and take stock of business. Bankers on Wall street are in favor of letting liquidation take its course—and the sooner it reaches its level the better for all concerned is the pith of their opinion. This, also, is Mr. Armour's opinion and the opinion of thousands of business men over the country. Apparently this point has been reached. The world's shelves are still bare of products—there is much work to do—great opportunities are in sight. Why not start the New Year with the resolution to make 1921 a banner year? Industry needs it; labor needs it and the people in general need it. The only way to resume is to resume—and now is the time.

RURAL POLICE

The so-called crime wave which has been sweeping the country, and which has been especially felt in Indianapolis, is a commentary on the fact that crime can not be temporized with. There is now an effort being made to have the legislature enact a state rural police law, creating what would be known as a state police force. The need of such an organization has been emphasized by the many bold crimes that have been committed over the state, including robbing of banks, rural homes, stores and individuals.

States which have police forces of this character are not bothered by depredations such as have been committed in this state of late. Before the days of the automobile and the inter-urban lines, it was a difficult matter for a criminal to prey on the smaller towns and rural sections. Now, with high-powered motor cars to be had for the stealing, it is easy enough for a criminal to commit robberies in one city or section and then flee to the

security of other places many miles distant from the scene of their operations.

With a rural police guarding highways criminals find it much more difficult to run the gauntlet of officers of the law without them knowing something about their movements.

Enough money has been stolen from banks, stores and individuals within the last year to have almost paid for

the upkeep of a rural police force, not to mention the scores of automobiles that have been stolen for gain. The legislature could do no better work than to study the rural police proposal.

THE LEGISLATURE

The Indiana legislature is shortly to open its session. From indications



HOME SPUN YARNS

Taxpayers of Indianapolis, they of hope long deferred, own a horse which bids fair to become historic in the municipal annals. It is a horse so bound round with municipal red tape that the city could not sell it and it would be against the peace and dignity of the city laws to give it away. At present the horse is in one of the fire stations enjoying living out of the public manger and since back last August the immediate custodian of the animal has been Dwight S. Ritter, city purchasing agent.

The municipal history of the horse begins back in the department of weights and measures. When the motorizing fever broke out in city departments a motor truck was purchased for the department of weights and measures and the hay-fed motor was put up for sale.

But hold on—not so fast!

Nineteen municipal and other legal steps are necessary before the taxpayers of Indianapolis can sell a horse. Here they are:

1. Board of Public Works passes a resolution to sell the horse.
2. City legal department requested to prepare an application to the Circuit Court for appraisal of the horse.
3. Petition filed in the Circuit Court, which was then on vacation for a month, resuming September 1.
4. Circuit Court to appoint three appraisers.
5. Appraisers to make report to the mayor.
6. Appraisers to make report to the Circuit Court.
7. Circuit Court to fix amount of compensation for the appraisers.
8. Mayor to approve the appraisal and so advise the Board of Safety.
9. Board of Safety to request the legal department to prepare an ordinance for the city council.
10. City council to pass the ordinance approving the sale of the horse.
11. Ordinance to be approved by the mayor.
12. Board of Safety to request the purchasing department to sell the horse.
13. The purchasing department to receive bids on the horse.
14. Horse to be sold to the highest bidder.
15. Order to be issued to the city controller to receive the money for the horse and give a receipt to the buyer.
16. Order to be issued to the storekeeper to deliver the horse to the buyer and get a receipt.
17. Storekeeper to report to the Board of Safety.
18. Appraisers to be paid.
19. Entire red tape proceedings to be spread of record by the Board of Safety.

Municipal red tape unwinds exceedingly slow. Up to date the horse has reached red tape proceedings No. 4. It will be six months before the horse can be sold.

LANNES McPHETRIDGE.

Editorial

there will be a big bulk of bills introduced by various statesmen—a characteristic of every legislature. Every legislator who thinks he has the real and only blown-in-the-bottle remedy for some particular ill will insist that his bill be made into a law. As a matter of fact, we have too many laws already, and the fewer enacted at this session of the legislature the better off the state will be. There is, to be sure, a necessity for a few laws to take care of changing conditions and archaic enactments, but not for an orgy of "law-making." A stricter enforcement of laws now on the books might have a much more beneficent effect.

However, the Republicans have overwhelming majorities in both Houses, and aside from factional fights, will have an opportunity to pass about any kind of a law they might wish. It remains to be seen if the legislature follows the conservative course as known to be favored by Governor-elect Warren T. McCray.

PLENTY OF PROTEST

If the local gas company puts over its proposal for a 90-cent rate it will do it over the protests of a big majority of gas users. Organized opposition is developing against the proposed increase. The consumers are going to know why they have to finance improvements as well as providing the sinews to keep the stockholders in a good humor to the tune of 10 per cent.

Gas users are not objecting to stockholders and the company getting a decent return on their investment, but that is about as far as they go. They are of the opinion that if the company wants improvements it is up to it to provide them—not the consumers.

Writing in protest to the Public Service Commission a North Capitol avenue resident asks point blank: "Do you think it a fair proposition to charge people of this community for building up the property of the gas company? We are paying a fair rate for the service we are getting, and, besides, a majority of the people had to place a deposit of \$5 with the company in order to use their gas."

These observations are pertinent. As this writer asks: "Do any of the stockholders wish to sell their stock?" Of course not, for the company has been making nice returns on the invested capital, which is all right, and which stockholders appreciate and which no one begrudges them.

As this writer points out, if the gas company had any competition it wouldn't be crying for higher rates, but it would be out getting business. This is true. The people are not interested in any phase of the gas business except plenty of gas at a decent rate for all concerned. The gas company will have to do its own financing of improvement or get out and let someone else do it.



Business for 1921

The investment market for the coming year holds out an attractive outlook. A number of new issues by nationally-known corporations, exclusive of railroads, will be on the market. In addition there will be the usual municipal bond issues, highway bonds, county and township improvement bonds offered. There is every indication, also, that these latter securities will sell higher than for some time past, as they will not only be comparatively scarce, but in greater demand than ever.

Among the larger corporations the Standard Oil companies are getting ready to put out an issue of \$30,000,000 serial 7 per cent gold debenture bonds. These bonds, it is understood, will be offered at par. The debentures will constitute the companies' sole funded indebtedness. A clause in the new issues provides that no lien or mortgage may be placed against properties unless the new debentures are secured equally and ratably.

Statements by many financial leaders relative to the business outlook for the year predict a bright future. J. Ogden Armour was recently quoted as saying that the 100-cent dollar and business as usual may be expected at any time. He declares that price liquidations are about over and the return to normal will be as unexpected as the depression which recently struck the country.

The action of the lower House of Congress regarding the tariff has brought about a speculative attitude as to what will become of the proposed tariff, inasmuch as there is some doubt that the Senate will act affirmatively on the bill, and the fact that President Wilson will veto the measure should it come to him. Apart from these considerations, however, the outlook for business is very favorable and promises much for the country.

May Issue Stock

In a petition to the Public Service Commission the Bell Telephone Company has asked permission to issue \$358,800 in common stock. Money from the proposed issue is to be used in making additions to the plants of the company and to pay the cost of the unifying of the two physical properties of the two companies. In connection with the petition the company issued a financial statement, which is of interest to investors, as follows:

Total assets of the company are listed at \$29,100,858.35, distributed as follows: Intangible capital, \$84,505.56; physical property, \$27,547,840.49; investments, \$317,763.79; cash and deposits, \$132,759.76, and receivables, \$1,017,988.75.

Liabilities of the company are listed

as follows: Capital stock, \$11,411,200; funded debt, \$14,366,500; advances from system corporations, \$850,000; bills payable, \$445,000; other payables, \$1,340,018.45, and reserve for depreciation, \$1,204,675.17. Total, \$29,707,292.62.

The financial statement indicates that the total of the liabilities of the company are \$606,535.27 more than its assets.

Named as Directors

At a meeting of the directors and stockholders of the People State Bank A. G. Ruddell, president of the Central Rubber and Supply Co., and A. J. Henry, president of the Standard Metal Company, were named as directors. The bank is twenty years old and tentative plans have been made for holding a first depositors' day. A number of original depositors will be guests of the bank. Felix T. McWhirter is president of the bank. The other directors are: Charles F. Coffin, Albert J. Hueber, Frank F. Hutchins, Emsley W. Johnson, Luella F. McWhirter, Clarence R. Weaver and Felix McWhirter.

Ready to Nominate

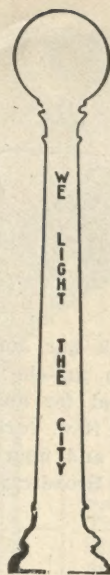
Foster Clippinger, president of the local stock exchange, has named a committee on nominations to choose the next officers of the exchange. On the committee are: George C. Forrey, chairman; George B. Elliott and Newton M. Todd. The committee will report within ten days from the time of appointment on nominations. The exchange was closed last Friday and Saturday, due to the Christmas holidays and on New Year's day.

Bond Sales

The city of Peru, Ind., recently sold \$135,000 of 5 per cent school bonds. The securities are to run fifteen years. Corydon, Ind., also sold \$6,000 highway improvement bonds bearing 4½ per cent interest. Monroe county has \$95,000 macadamized road bonds to sell. A number of other counties and municipalities sold bonds during December preparatory to spring work.

Highway Financing

The Indiana Highway Commission which has a big road program for the coming year will soon be in the market for \$1,400,000 worth of cement, as indicating the extent of the building program for the coming year. Counties through which certain designated highways will pass will take part in the financing of these roads and will, or have issued bonds to cover their share of the indebtedness.

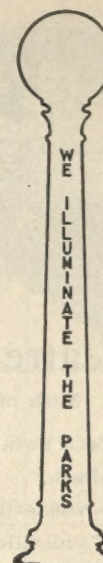


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What's on Your Mind

John Ruckelshaus (president Columbia Club)—I hope the thief who stole my two dressed geese will have indigestion for a month.

Ad Miller (manager of English's)—It's all over but the smoking.

Leonard Quill (director Circle Christmas party)—I'm glad Christmas comes but once a year when the responsibility for 3,000 children is part of my job.

Harper J. Ransburg (county chairman, European relief)—I don't believe there is a person in Marion county who would wilfully let a child starve to death—but they are starving in Europe and we ought to help.

Dr. Smiley—I've got a friend who is going to the woods for a few weeks to wear some Christmas neckties.

Clinton H. Givan (lawyer)—If I am elected speaker of the house of the next Indiana legislature—!

Howard Wilcox (auto race driver)—I like France so well that I am going to try to win the French grand prize of 1921.

Ed Jackson (secretary of state)—I may be 47 years old but I don't look it.

Clyde Robinson (cashier Marion County State Bank)—They don't grow turkeys any fatter than they do in Decatur county.

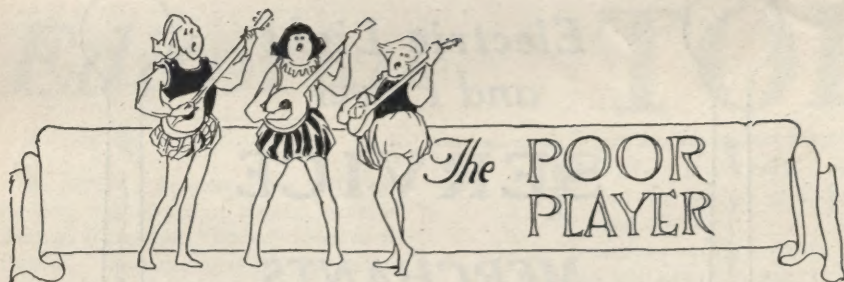
George Stout (advertising)—Among other things I got four socks for Christmas.

Foster Clippinger (bond salesman)—I guess the only thing worrying me, now that my term as president of the local stock exchange has expired, is "What are we going to do with our ex-presidents?"

Jim Pearson (Holcomb & Hoke Co.)—Christmas here are not like they used to be in Fort Scott, Kan., where I have enjoyed hundreds of them.

Bill Herschell (a member of the Melodeon Trio)—The weather man who invented below-zero weather must have been jilted by a low-shoe girl.

Clara Burnside (inspector of police-women)—The night may be filled with jazzy dance music until midnight—but no later.



Theatre Calendar

Week of January 1

English's—"Twin Beds," entire week.

Murat—Dark.

Keith's—Vaudeville.

Lyric—Vaudeville.

ENGLISH'S

How inborn dramatic talent is a great aid when the opportunity to act arrives is shown in the work of Zaina Curzon, the charming farceuse who is featured in Margaret Mayo's laugh festival, "Twin Beds," which comes to the English for a week's engagement beginning Monday, January 3d.

This is Miss Curzon's second appearance in a featured role. Her first important engagement was during the original run of the Boston engagement in the role of Blanche Hawkins in "Twin Beds." Later she appeared in "Fair and Warmer," although she has done considerable work in supporting casts playing ingenue roles. She is very young and has been in farce-comedy only a few seasons, but she is an actress, and she plays the role of the young wife in "Twin Beds" as naturally as though she was the bride herself, which, according to Margaret Mayo and Margaret Clark, who have reached the pinnacle of light comedy roles, is the true test of acting genius.

Miss Curzon came by her acting talent naturally, and since her childhood she has been doing things along acting lines. She was born a mimic, and entertained her parents when she



ZAINA CURZON

who appears at English's week of January 3rd in Margaret Mayo's farce, "Twin Beds."

was just a child with her amusing impersonations. Then as she grew up she was in demand for amateur theatricals. Living in New York and having a pretty face and figure she naturally drifted into Broadway productions.

KEITH'S

Another of those high-class vaudeville bills that are making Keith's "the show place of Indianapolis" will be offered in the forthcoming program next week starting Monday afternoon.

Topping the program is Laura Pierpont, the popular stage star, who is now appearing in vaudeville in an act called "The Guiding Star," and written by Edgar Allen Woolf and staged by Taylor Granville. During the act Miss Pierpont enacts three different and distinct characters. Miss Pierpont will be supported by J. R. Armstrong, Carolyn Mackey and John McKenna.

Schichtl's Royal Marionettes will provide amusement for the kiddies and the grown-ups. These little figures, under the guidance of those on the stage, seem imbued with life. George Lane and Tom Moran, a pair of "nut" comedians, will offer their celebrated comedy skit called "Listen Mickey." Lydia Barry, she of the famous Barry family, whose names have been prominent in the theatrical world for years, comes in a new singing act. Billy Glason, a youthful comedian, will contribute a singing act in which he takes off the topics of the day. This act was written for him by Neal R. O'Hara, staff humorist of the New York World. The Four Ortons will offer a novel and hazardous wire act. The performance will be terminated by the Unusual Duo who do a novelty skating act.

The performance will open with the Kinogram News weekly and the Literary Digest Topics.

MURAT

An important musical event locally will be the Tetrassini concert at the Shubert-Murat on Sunday afternoon, January 9th. The famous coloratura soprano will come to Indianapolis under the direction of Bradford Mills and her concert is not one of his regular series but an extra attraction.

Tetrassini is making her farewell tour of America under the management of Doc Leahy, the San Francisco impresario, who "discovered" her. It was at the old Tivoli Opera House in San Francisco, which flourished so successfully under Leahy's direction in the years before the earthquake, that Tetrassini made her first American appearance.

It is said that Mme. Tetrassini has never sung so well as she is now sing-



LAURA PIERPONT

who will be seen with her players in "The Guiding Star," a playlet by Edgar Allen Woolf, at Keith's week of January 3rd.

ing. One of the biggest audiences of the season greeted the diva at her recent recital at the New York Hippodrome and accorded her a reception that has not been given a singer in New York in years.

With Tetrassini there will be as assisting artists Francesco Longo, pianist; Max Gegna, 'cellist, and J. Henri Bove, flutist, who will be heard in several ensemble numbers. The program follows:

- Waltz from "Nutcracker Suite"-----
-----Tschalkowsky
(For 'Cello, Flute and Piano)
Messrs. Longo, Gegna and Bove
Aria—"Caro Nome" (Rigoletto)---
-----Verdi
Mme. Tetrassini
Symphonic Variations-----Boellman
Max Gegna
(a) Occhi di Fata-----Denza
(b) Se Fossi-----Quaranto
(c) Come le Rose-----Lame
Mme. Tetrassini
(a) Serenade-----Lavignac
(b) Valse-----Chopin
(For Flute)
J. Henri Bove
Rhapsodie-----Popper
Max Gegna
Grand Aria, including the "Mad
Scene" (Lucia)-----Donizetti
Mme. Tetrassini
(With Flute Obligato)

LYRIC

"Belltones," a quaint musical offering introduced by a quartet of girls clad in the fashion of bygone days,



SCENE FROM "A SUCCESSFUL CALAMITY"

Mrs. Herbert Woollen, Thomas Hendricks, Anton Vonnegut, Arthur B. Grover, Miss Katherine Watson, Miss Anna Louise Griffith and Gilbert Hurty are discussing the calamity.

and introducing a carefully selected program of vocal and instrumental numbers, comes to the Lyric next week, dividing the headline honors with the Four Astrellas in their Knockabout Revue, a very different pantomimic acrobatic divertissement. Then there will also be Colonel Pattee and Comrade, old soldier fiddlers, in an inspiring act, smacking of the Civil War period in which the old veterans play such familiar tunes as "Turkey in the Straw," "Money Musk," "The Arkansas Traveler," "The Mocking Bird" and others which only the old-time fiddler can do justice to. Margie Carson, billed as "California's Sweet Songstress"; Tyler and St. Clair, novelty xylophone experts, who specialize in syncopated melodies; Hunter, Randall and Senorita in a laughable military travesty called "On the Border of Mexico"; Elwood and Leeds, presenting John Hyman's playlet, "A Love Epidemic"; Bell and Bann, live-wire comedians, with a budget of original comedy material; a Fox film farce, "Pals and Petticoats"; the Pathe review and the Bray pictograph.

Star of Bethlehem

The Christmas play of the Little Theatre, "The Star of Bethlehem," was presented Thursday evening, December 23, at the Masonic Temple. It is an arrangement of old miracle plays, including the episodes of the shepherds watching by night; the journey of the three Magi and their coming to Herod's palace; an incident of humorous cast wherein a rogue steals a sheep; and the final arrival of shepherds and kings at the cradle of the babe in Bethlehem. Between the various episodes, the Angel Gabriel glided forth and posed with folded hands before a background of celestial blue, explained the moral of the play and admonished the congregation to amend their ways. The tone of the old morality play was maintained throughout, in the simplicity of stage setting, the quaint forms of speech, the peregrinations through the audience made by the kings who came from afar, and the religious chanting from off stage.

The play, which was presented under the direction of Mr. George Somnes, was thoroughly consistent in its early English atmosphere, and the vocal accompaniment by the Cathedral Quartet, under the leadership of Mr. Edward LaShelle, added greatly to the impressiveness of the performance.



Fred Schortemeier, state G. O. P. secretary, glad-handed a big crowd of Republican editors who were here last Friday.

Jesse Eschbach no doubt believes that he who laughs last laughs best. At any rate he has a chuckle coming from the report that the United States Chamber of Commerce is going to make a study of the Indiana price control law.

That disturbance you hear in the neighborhood of the ball park is Jack Hendricks wrestling with his annual dream of a pennant.

It was a graceful act by the John H. Holliday post of the American Legion to distribute Christmas gifts to ex-service men, not in hospitals, and not otherwise remembered.

The sellers of burglary and holdup insurance policies ought to take advantage of the "crime wave" and advertise their policies.

Gustav Schmidt, president of the Indiana Motion Picture Association, when in New York recently, says he paid \$7 for a small pitcher of lemonade on a roof garden. Perhaps it was "spiked?"

William D. Kerlin is now Commander Kerlin, having been elected as head of Raper Commandery, Knights Templar.

"Hank" Williams, chairman of the entertainment committee of the Advertising Club, provided a nifty entertainment for the members at the last meeting, including music and magic.

Roltaire Eggleston, who had such good luck performing among the convicts at Michigan City, repeated his program before the Advertisers' Club last week, although there was nothing suggestive in the repetition.

It now appears that Burt New will have rough sledding in having his nomination as collector of internal revenue for Indiana confirmed, inasmuch as Senator New thinks that the office ought to be saved for some good Republican. Tough luck.

Frank Greeson is lucky if anything. He had been out of work for several days and nothing in sight, when he received a message to the effect that his uncle in Wyoming had died and left him \$30,000 and three ranches. We scoff at such when we see it in the movies—but it is true to life.

The first twenty-four hours of the operation of the 1-cent transfer charge on street cars showed a slump

of 12,000 transfers. What good will the 1-cent charge do if riders don't buy transfers?

U. S. Commissioner Howard Young is rather critical of who signs bonds in federal cases, and so turned down two professional bondsmen who were recently barred out of police court.

The job of exchanging Christmas presents so they will "fit" is now going on.

If a policeman stops you and asks you a number of questions, just remember that he is "playing safe" in trying to stop the crime wave, and answer politely and save embarrassment.

The rumor is that Judge Collins is going to resign and become a candidate for mayor. What will Lew Shank think of this?

Many Indianapolis school teachers visited the Monument and its collection of relics during the holiday week, Col. Oran Perry, superintendent, having extended the courtesy.

Over in Cincinnati, tickets for the opening game of baseball are being sold. This sounds good to the man who has to buy a ton or so of coal occasionally.

The Indianapolis moonshine maker, who told his little daughter that he was making candy instead of "white mule," ought not to have been surprised that the tot gave it away when the police came to search the house.

Adj.-Gen. Smith has been over in Shelbyville inspecting a company of national guard being organized. After a while we'll have some more Indiana soldiers.

Apparently Frederick Van Nuys does not want to entertain the Kokomo booze party in Federal Court, when it is not his time to entertain.

Frank Bull says the crowd will be singing "Oh Blue law land, oh, Blue law land," one of these days.

Roltaire Eggleston is recovering from a strenuous day—he had the newsboys of the city as his guest at Keith's on Friday last. Some job.

Ralph Lieber did a good job in helping to entertain the children at the Christmas party at the Circle.

T. S. Elrod received a nice Christmas present the other day—a check for \$100—for telling "Why Is a Motor Club." No wonder Tom is so familiar with Santa Claus.

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Your Troubles

❖ Shop Tours ❖

This is the open season for making good resolutions. If you belong to the G. A. R.—the Grand Army of Resolutioners—you are planning a coming year so full of activities that it will make every past year as eventless as a poker game "for fun."

But what's the use of a good resolution unless you have proved to yourself that you have lived up to it? With the stern task of making a new resolution is combined the pleasant occupation of selecting a diary to keep a daily record of your activities.

The shops, this season, offer a wide and varied assortment of this indispensable adjunct to one's writing desk. There are small diaries, slim and neat, in which one can jot down one golden line of the day's doings. This type is just the thing for a man who is giving up smoking. Before an accusing household he can exhibit the written proof that he "did not smoke today." Or, if his resolution has wavered and broken, he can turn back the pages of the little diary and with a smile, enjoy the entry, "Smoked my first cigar of the year today. Great stuff!"

If you are so busy that these popular line-a-day diaries are not ample enough, the shops offer diaries in graduating sizes, styles and shapes. Quite fitting for the young man who dances, golfs, plays tennis, reads a bit, is a diary of coat-pocket size, done in brown limp leather. This size offers a full page for the day's doings so that the young man may enter his social, athletic and intellectual activities without resorting to vague notes. Satisfying to those of a different taste are diaries done in shiny leather. To suit those of more fastidious tastes are some in mottled suede leather and in morocco.

From the modest entry "brite and fair" to the secret confession regarding the appearance of The One Girl upon some particular occasion is a space of some ten or fifteen years, but diaries for gentlemen of both classes may be found. The young freckle-face takes delight in entering his accounts in the back of a little book built on race-horse lines, while he fills the front of the book with spicy tales of fruit cake foraged in secret from grandmother's pantry. Lads who carry papers and keep tab on their income like to use these business-like books, in which they can enter up their customers' names, their lists of holly wreath buyers, their expenditures and the events of the day.

If you have been remembered by a young man whose gifts made you wish you could send him something nice for a tiny New Year's present, let us recommend a limp leather diary with a lock and key. Can't you see his first entry?

"January 1, 1921. This precious little book, given to me by the loveliest woman in the world, shall contain a complete record of our friendship. Perhaps by this time next year I can show her these pages, never un-

locked before except by me—" And more of the same.

For young girls who have four or five dollars of Christmas money to spend there are dainty books with spotless unlined pages, beautifully bound in soft dull leather, of rose, tan or gray-blue. The girl at the counter recommends these specially to the girl with artistic tendencies, for the blank pages can be illustrated to advantage, and if she is clever enough the day's doings may be recorded in picture.

Stationery has been growing daily more gorgeous. Lately the linings have taken on the most exotic colorings, and plain and dignified exteriors conceal linings that glow with fire and color. Whether a letter that comes in an envelope lined with flame color is warmer than one that comes surrounded by sea green is not guaranteed by the maker, but the writer must be inspired to some extent by his materials.



The House of Baltazar

William J. Locke founds his latest novel on a unique situation—the complete mental and physical isolation of a learned man in war-torn England. John Baltazar, of "The House of Baltazar," was a man who was always making rash promises and mad resolves, and then painfully carrying them out, though he suffered vastly in doing so. A young and brilliant mathematician at Cambridge, he fell hopelessly in love with a young girl, and then deciding that he could not blight her life with his love, he closed up his Cambridge life with neatness and completeness, and without a word of explanation to his wife or colleagues, disappeared for eighteen years in China. He returned to London for a month's holiday in 1914, and to punish himself for yielding to the temptations of strong drink, he penalized himself three years of solitude and hard study in a secluded farm on the moors, with only a young Chinaman as servant and companion. Having given orders to Quong Ho that he was not to be troubled by any news of the outside world, he was obeyed implicitly, and lived in absolute ignorance of the brewing of the European war and the first two years of the struggle. Chance dropped a bomb upon his isolated home and wiped it out completely, forcibly calling him back to association with his fellows. The discovery that he had a son of whose very existence he had been ig-

One set of writing materials is in heavy paper, with tissue lining of scarlet, on which are decorations of black and gold. Other similar combinations show blue and purple on green, coral and silver on pale blue, yellow and brown on delicate gray, and green and lavender on cream.

* * *

A lady who smokes is the proud possessor of an ivory and silver cigarette holder given to her by her husband for his birthday, a scheme of giving which, by the way, is in use in several families. Not always having a pocket convenient, as a man has, she frequently found herself wanting her holder when it had been left upstairs, or if she carried it down, she wanted to read and smoke in her room, and the holder would be left on the library table.

She rather hoped that Christmas would bring her another holder to be kept downstairs, but never having mentioned it, and knowing that her husband was not in the least clairvoyant, she was delighted when she found herself a very satisfactory holder at the remarkable price of five cents.

norant for twenty years, his rediscovery of Marcelle—the girl for the love of whom he had left England—and his plunge into the business of the war, cut him off definitely from his old life of a recluse, and furnished ample basis for romance, intrigue and heroism to engage all the energies of even a "human dynamo" like John Baltazar.

The story is unusual in that its hero, the redoubtable "J. B.," is fifty years old and the heroine is fully thirty-eight. Both, however, are remarkably well-preserved—as a matter of fact, at the height of their development—and there is nothing kittenish about them. Baltazar, Junior, has a romance of his own—two, to be exact—but Mr. Locke dispatches both of them summarily and the young man is apparently heart-free at the last page. In "The House of Baltazar" one rather misses the philosophical and yet merry mood of an Aristide Pujol or the abandon of a Beloved Vagabond, but Mr. Locke evidently can not be whimsically merry in the same breath with the mention of the great war. He does unbend to the extent of equipping Baltazar with dancing but inscrutable eyes. (John Lane Company, New York.)

Philosophic Nights in Paris

A number of fragments and short essays from the works of Remy de Gourmont have been translated by
(Continued on Page 17)

Her ivory holder has an oval opening, not the best fit in the world for the after-dinner cigarette with her husband, who passes round the Lucky Strikes. As the new holder is round, it will be kept in the library, while the aristocrat remains in the boudoir, where it gets chummy with Deities.

Despite its insignificant price, which puts it in a class with Gold Dust, the holder is a neat little article of bamboo or other light wood. It weighs much less than the more expensive ambers, ivories, jades and compositions, it is not bad looking, and it may be obtained at a downtown tobacco shop in a choice of three lengths.

Old 1920's Farewell

Old Man Nineteen Twenty limped into our office on his way out of Indiana, and leaned wearily against a filing cabinet. He was wearing a silk shirt that looked as though it had not been on speaking terms with a laundry in many moons. His shoes were badly in need of a shine and his trousers were frayed at the bottom, while, at intervals, a disconsolate expression stole over his bearded face.

"This is the roughest world I have ever tried to manage," he sighed, "I gave this old globe a nice start when I first took over the reins. I saw to it that every one had plenty of money and an equal amount of things to spend it on.

"I had plenty of friends then. But now, since I ran into a little hard luck they have forgotten everything I did for them. They have not only forgotten what I have done, but they have engaged a young upstart to take my place. That's gratitude for you.

"Whoever heard of Nineteen-Twenty-One? No one knows a thing about him, where he came from, or what he has accomplished. Well, I don't envy him his job. From the looks of things, he'll get it in the neck a little deeper than I got it.

"They really don't give a man a chance. I was working my head off to get this business depression tangle straightened out, and I was making a little headway, too. But then they sent a big bruiser up against me. They told me it was to be just a friendly bout with a gentle soul named Santa Claus. I was licked.

"What a world! If that was a friendly bout, I'd hate to be opposite him when he forgot his gentleness. Honestly, he hit me with everything but the Civil War. And in the last round he must have been feeling a little more friendly than usual, for he slammed me in the calendar and knocked me for a row of fifteen-cent lunches. I went down for the count and the whole gang jumped on my prostrate form and revived the Barn Dance.

"I placed myself in the hands of the best financial experts in the country, but even now I am suffering acute concussion of the change pocket."

The old man straightened his shoulders and his eyes took on their former twinkle, "I had a lot of fun, though. For one thing, I gave an army of prohibition agents the chase of their lives."

Watching Vaudeville Wheels Turn

(Continued from Page 5)

but I suppose he thinks the theatre ought to buy them," she tells the stage director. "But then they don't get any for me—what does he expect for his money?"

She is a very amiable person and is very sweet to everyone, as she has need to be, for her act keeps the whole staff back-stage on the jump. First she poses as the Goddess of Liberty with torch held aloft. As the curtain drops, she jumps from her pedestal hops to where Momma has her next costume ready, falls into it, and leaps back onto the pedestal by the time the electrician has removed the torch and substituted for it a tambourine that is lit up with a rose-colored glow. For a moment, she is a Spanish dancing girl; then the curtain; the two-dimension cannon is hauled on the stage, the posing lady grabs a classic tunic and a sword; and when the curtain goes up there is Victory or Bravery, or someone of that family in heroic pose. To change lights and properties for an act of this sort is a strenuous business, and when the curtain drops and the exit march tunes up, everybody breathes a deep sigh of relief.

During the whole program the stage director has done his best to keep everybody going smoothly. The posing lady got the new light effect she wanted; when the little singer came out after her change of costume and bemoaned that the fastening of her dress was all wrong, he reassured her—yes, it was all right; and he vowed that the fellow with the horse-laugh who was so immensely tickled by the Jones and Johnson number wasn't kidding the show—he was really amused. Then Miss Brown was distressed because she couldn't make Mr. Black pep up for their skit, and she wondered if it would do any good to punch him a hard one. She took her own advice and when she came tripping off after her song, asked Mr. Stage Director if she'd hit him too hard—"Do you suppose he'll be sore?" Reassured by the soothing reply, she pranced out again, and the team worked up a proper amount of pep.

At the side of the stage where Mr. Brown has his office, there is a small schedule pad and watch, and the time when each act finishes is put down here. The orchestra begins at 2:15 sharp—you can set your watch by it almost as safely as by Western Union—then the pictures and the overture begin, and at 2:24 or 2:29 the appointed hour—they are over, and the opening act is on. An exact record is kept of the time on every performance, so that there is no chance for an actor to run in extra stuff—he has to finish on schedule time.

If there are any cuts made in the show at the beginning of the week, anything objectionable that has been censored, strict watch is kept by the stage director that the cut is not re-instated. For instance, that sure-fire laugh provoker, "Damn," can not be used in wholesale quantities, and any "Damns" ruled out on Monday night are not allowed to show up during the

remainder of the week. Everything that is censored is kept out of the show during the entire week.

The people on the week's vaudeville bill are just like so many children. Their "act" is the most important thing in the world to them, and anyone who regards their "act" with proper respect and sympathetic appreciation is sure of their regard. They must be handled with tact and diplomacy, but everyone who has anything to do with them will pronounce them, even at their worst, a good-hearted lot.

On the morning before Christmas they gave an extra performance for the newsboys, not because they got any extra pay, but just out of their unflinching good-humored willingness to give pleasure to the kids.

In this particular instance, their reward for kindness wasn't long in arriving. On Christmas eve, Keith's gave a big party for all their employees and every one on the bill that week. After the evening performance the Christmas tree was set up on the stage, a long table was spread there, and a regular Dickens' Christmas dinner with the roast pig and all the fitting roast pig accessories was served, a gorgeous celebration. When this sort of Christmas party is characteristic of the management's attitude toward the players, it is no wonder that Stage Director Brown reports very few actors with excess temperament on the program for the year.

Federation of Clubs

The programs for the Woman's Department Club for the week of January 3d are as follows:

Department of Art—The Early Italian Renaissance Class in History of Art will have a lesson January 5th, the subjects of which will be "The Illuminators and Mosaists of the Eleventh and Twelfth Centuries," and "The Painters of This Period, the Lack of Any Surviving Work."

Department of Business Women—Mrs. Demarchus C. Brown will give an address on January 6th. Pianist, Mrs. Rice Lambert.

Department of Literature—The following papers will be read at the meeting on January 5th: "John Galsworthy," by Mrs. Frederick Balz; "John Maxfield," by Mrs. R. S. Ludlow; "Some Recent Voices," by Mrs. J. M. Dungan.

Physical Research Section—At the meeting on January 5th, "Psychic Phenomena" will be the subject of a talk by Sara W. Crum.

* * *

At a meeting of the Woman's Research Club with Mrs. A. K. Hollowell, 2507 College avenue, on January 3d, the members will hear Mr. E. U. Graff, superintendent of public schools, give a talk on "An Educational Program for America."

* * *

Guest Day will be observed by the members of the Indianapolis Woman's Club on January 7th at the Propylaeum. Mrs. Frank N. Lewis will speak on "Japan Illustrated."



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The Fortnightly Literary Club will meet on January 4th at the Propylaeum. "The Ethics of Economy" will be the subject under discussion by Mrs. Jesse Moore and Mrs. Harry D. Tutewiler.

Mrs. Otis McCracken, 3057 College avenue, will be assisted by Mrs. Frances Zorger in entertaining the New Era Club on January 3d. Mrs. Nellie B. Petri will read a paper entitled "Rosa Bonheur," and Mrs. Charles Graul has prepared one on "Correggio."

Topics

is fairly representative of the sort of printing and presswork that combine to make the Enquirer product distinctive.

We have produced all numbers of this magazine from the first.

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.. Motion Pictures ..

Week of January 2, 1921.

Alhambra—Enid Bennett in "Silk Hosiery;" Held by the Enemy.

Circle—Charles Ray in "Nineteen and Phyllis."

Colonial—Douglas Fairbanks in "The Mark of Zorro."

Crystal—Mitchell Lewis in "Burning Daylight."

Isis—Up in Mary's Attic.

Mister Smith's—Blanche Sweet in "The Girl in the Web."

Ohio—Madge Kennedy in "The Girl With the Jazz Heart."

Regent—Pearl White in "The Tiger's Cub."

Alhambra

Enid Bennett will appear at the Alhambra the first half of next week in "Silk Hosiery," a romantic comedy which introduces the star as a sort of a modern Cinderella. Frank Dazey, who wrote the story, was evidently inspired with the plot by the recent visit to this country of the heir to the British throne, for the action is woven around a crown prince who, while on a tour of America, is made the victim of a bold plot on the part of thieves, who are thwarted, however by the heroine, a model in a fashionable modiste's shop—the part enacted by Miss Bennett. Thrills are plentiful, and the star is given excellent opportunity in one of the most whimsical characters she has ever portrayed. The Fox news weekly and a Mutt and Jeff comedy will be added. On Thursday and for the rest of the week the famous drama, "Held by the Enemy," will be the attraction.

Circle

Charles Ray plays the part of a young man who strives to be a living fashion plate in "Nineteen and Phyllis," the feature attraction at the Circle Theatre the week beginning January 2. Mr. Ray abandons his farm costume for an up-to-the-minute mail-order-house-garb as a dapper nineteen-year-old city youth, whose twin ambitions in life are to win Phyllis and to pose as a southern gentleman. When his rival appears at a party attired in the only dress suit in the community, he goes to work immediately to plan a new-style campaign to win fair Phyllis, but a burglar nearly spoils it all. Sixteen-year-old Clara Horton heads the supporting cast. A comedy, "The One Best Pet," a New Year tableau—"Miss 1921 Presents—," and a Circlette of News, are also included in the program.

Crystal

"Burning Daylight," a screen version of Jack London's novel, will be shown at the Crystal Theatre the week of January 2. The scene of the story shifts from the gold fields of the Yukon and the Arctic village of Garaguk to the stock exchange on Wall street. Through it all, Elan Harnish or "Burning Daylight," as he is called in the North, stands out as a powerful fighter, whether for mines or money. The cast includes Mitchell Lewis, Helen Ferguson and William V. Mong.

Mister Smith's

So many crimes are credited to "The Girl in the Web" that in self-defense she has to turn detective and solve the mystery and catch the criminals. Blanche Sweet is the girl who unravels the web in this screen version of Geraldine Bonner's story, "Miss Maitland, Private Secretary," which will be shown at Mr. Smith's Theatre the first week in the new year. Miss Maitland is accused of stealing her employer's jewels, kidnapping her granddaughter, and alienating the affections of the child's father, but by efficient sleuthing, she clears herself. A Larry Semon comedy will also be shown.

Ohio

Madge Kennedy plays the two leading roles in "The Girl With the Jazz Heart," the feature picture at the Ohio Theatre for the week of January 2. In one part she is a demure little maid who flees from her home in a religious community in Pennsylvania because she does not want to marry the uncouth farmer who has been selected to be her husband. She has answered an advertisement in a matrimonial gazette and has arranged to meet a wealthy young miner in New York. When the time comes to keep her appointment with him, she hasn't the courage, and in despair, she turns to the slangy jazz-hearted telephone girl, also played by Madge Kennedy. Their joint jazz-adventure furnishes the climax of the picture. Literary Digest Topics and a comedy, "Going Thru the Rye," complete the program.

Colonial

Douglas Fairbanks comes to the Colonial all of next week in his latest photoplay, "The Mark of Zorro." The story is an adaptation of Johnston McCulley's novel, "The Curse of Capistrano." The redoubtable Doug. plays two roles; one is that of the mysterious Senor Zorro, a crusader in the interest of justice; the other is that of Don Diego Vega, a wealthy, supine, inactive individual.

The main action of the story has its locale in early Southern California. Indolence reigns until the agile Doug enters the scenes and everyone has to step lively, as usually happens whenever he makes his appearance. Full of swift action, the play has a strong love interest quite different from that attempted heretofore.

She Speaks Right Out

(Continued from Page 6)

garity. Almost any dance can be made vulgar if it is danced in a vulgar way. During the last fall, Miss Burnsides says, an indescribably vulgar dance, a nameless dance in polite circles, gained a certain vogue in public dance halls. Policewomen, however, prohibited it immediately, and after a short struggle, have practically rid the public dance of this suggestive dance. Dances of this sort start in the commonest dances, and, strange to say, are often taken up by people who dance at clubs and private dances, frequently by the young and ungoverned boys and girls of high school age; and at dances of this sort it is very difficult indeed to exercise an efficient censorship.

People have a habit of regarding police matrons as ogres present at the dance for the sole purpose of making themselves disagreeable, and, in the face of such an attitude, it is practically impossible for the police matron, no matter how tactful, to accomplish anything. If the mother of one of the dancers is selected as matron for the evening, though she may realize that improper dancing is going on, she feels like one of the invited guests and hesitates to correct any of the young people. She is exquisitely uncomfortable; she wants to do something, but because she can not bear to humiliate any of the young folks, she generally does nothing at all. This business of actual censoring of dances is a very disagreeable job, a task requiring infinite tact; and an efficient chaperon, broad-minded but not lax, firm, but not domineering, is a paragon not often available.

Until boys and girls of high school age are subjected to a stricter home discipline, chaperons and police matrons can not accomplish much. There have been a number of requests from mothers who do watch over their children carefully that the twelve o'clock closing rule for dances be enforced so that their sons and daughters will not be regarded as mollicoddles because they must start for home at midnight. These careful mothers hope that by making midnight the time of closing for all dances, their well-cared-for children will not be regarded as conspicuous or as spoilsports when they leave for home at a reasonable hour. Miss Burnsides has announced that the twelve-o'clock limit will be put on all dances during the holidays, except on New Year's eve, when watching the old year out is, of course, the point of the evening.

Every year one hears these same horrified statements as to the decadence of the dance. No dancing master teaches the objectionable dances, and still they continue to appear. Probably this year is not remarkably worse than other years, particularly since war times, but if the young girls and boys are to be safeguarded from vulgarity and immorality, not only school authorities, policewomen and chaperons, but parents in general, must realize their responsibilities. However, let us hope that, no matter



Program Beginning Sunday,
January 2, 1921

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how exemplary the dance may become, it will never make necessary a return to corset wearing.

Buying Books

There are ways and ways of buying books.

"What have you for a dollar and a half?" asked one woman.

After looking over a table marked \$1.45, she asked to see the \$1.90 books, and, evidently by the "Eeny, meeny, miny, mo" system, selected a book, paid the \$1.90, and marched out, utterly satisfied, having obtained a good, durable volume.

On and Off Broadway

By Eugene Jepson Cadou

Since the recent robbery of the Hotel Astor, when the police were notified by the breaking of a window and the showering of a traffic policeman with its contents, the ears of the "finest" are kept attuned to the tinkle of glass. Only a few nights later at 5:30 o'clock an Irish copper, standing in the 1300 block on Broadway, was startled by the crash of a pane of glass on the sidewalk.

Looking up he saw a big hole in a tailor shop window. He ran up the four flights with his night stick clenched in his hand. Those who followed him found the cutting room quiet, but the marks of a struggle were seen in overturned bolts of cloth and chairs and one chair half way out the broken window. In vain the cop looked for some signs of life and then out of the darkness there proudly walked a big maltese cat with a mouse in his mouth.

The cat in his chase for the mouse had knocked over the chair, which was on a table, breaking the window. The ensuing remarks of the bluecoat will be found in "Real Speeches of Uncle Joe Cannon," that is, if such a volume is ever written.

Everybody is talking about the cops nowadays, from Police Commissioner Enright down or up, as the Tribune would have it. So here goes another police yarn:

A young man who divides his time between pinochle and collecting Japanese art started to his home in Brooklyn the other day in a taxicab with a number of prints and paintings. In Canal street, near the entrance to Manhattan bridge, the car was stopped by a thick-necked detective, who insisted upon looking into the machine. "What's all them things?" he demanded, suspiciously.

"A kakemono painting by Kunisada," said the young man, glibly, "and prints by Katsukawa, Shunsko, Utamaro, Kiyonaga and other celebrated masters of the Uliyoye school."

"Is that so?" asked the detective not too gently. "Where did you get them?"

"I bought them."

"Did you pay real money for them things?"

"Sure."

The detective scratched his head and turned to the chauffeur.

"Drive to Bellevue Hospital," he said, "quick!"

It required several blocks for the young man to convince the detective that he was altogether above the chin. Finally the detective said:

"Well, I'll let you go this time, but you take my advice, young feller, and watch yourself."

While on the subject of lunacy, it may be of interest to note that despite the scarcity of living quarters, high rents, the soaring prices of furniture and the general expensiveness

of everything required by newly-married couples, all previous records for the number of marriage licenses in New York will probably be shattered when the final figures for 1920 are in.

Some of the most popular songs of the moment, according to Broadway dealers, are "Look for the Silver Lining" and "Whippoor-Will," from Ziegfeld's show, "Sally," which opened last week on Broadway with Marilyn Miller and Leon Errol; "I Love You" and "Love Has Come to Me," sung by Nora Bayes in her new vehicle, "Her Family Tree," and "Margie," "Darling" and "Feather Your Nest."

New York grog shops and private bootleggers are busy rustling up the supply for New York's New Year's eve, which promises to be a trifle moist in spite of the activities of the latest prohibition commissioner for Gotham district. Each commissioner starts with good intentions and then resigns when he realizes the hopelessness of his task. They change commissioners every few months, but the hootch still trickles out of the warehouses.

The modern Alger novel will end with the young hero marrying the bootlegger's daughter and being taken into a junior partnership in her father's hootch store. Merchant princes are pikers *aujourd'hui*.

The Wayfarer

(Continued from Page 6)

open to the townspeople and the people of the county. Nobody went away from his home without a handshake and good wishes.

"What did he have to drink? * * * Huh! His egg-nogg was the best in the county and lasted the longest. His cider and other milder drinks were equally as celebrated * * * But it is all past now. I have often wondered why that delightful old custom of open house has not been continued generally. In some localities it still prevails, but I suppose that in this day of the high cost of everything, the mad rush to have somebody else do your entertaining is partly responsible for its abandonment. People don't want to be bothered, and besides it takes some leisure and oldtime gallantry to have open houses, and in these days we are sadly lacking in both."

After the oldtimer had gone the clerk swallowed a few times and wiped his lips. "Gosh, wouldn't I liked to have lived in those days!"

"Why," I said, "do you fancy this oldtime gallantry stuff—the stately minuet, the formal calling, the—"

"Wait a minute," the clerk broke in; "I don't fancy any of that stuff particularly—but what the old man said about the egg-nogg is what I mean."

—C. S. G.

Growing Old



Alas, I'm growing old, I guess.
To sundry ills I must confess;
My hair is touched with frosty gray
Around the temples; and the way
In which my eyes act bothers me,
Without my glasses I can't see
To read; the blurring print
Serves well to give a passing hint
Of growing old.

So many little things each day
Remind me in a subtle way
That I have reached the turning point;
The aching muscles and the joint
That utters its protest of pain
When in forgetfulness, I'd fain
Attempt some trick of former years
In trying to beguile the fears
Of growing old.

I find my int'rest, too, is slack,
I'm now content to just sit back
And view the passing swirl of life
Without engaging in the strife.

The pleasures that I used to find
Worth while, are passing out of mind,
And so are all my youthful dreams,
It is the ordained way, it seems,
When growing old.

Ah, yes, I'm growing old, I guess,
I say it without bitterness,
I've lived my years as best I could,
To win a measure of success,
E're I had lost my usefulness,
And if in this point I have failed,
There are no vain regrets entailed,
While growing old.

I've laid no riches by in store
For selfish heirs to wrangle o'er.
Of this world's goods I haven't much,
But still I thank the Lord for such
Achievements to which I lay claim—
A conscience clear, a kindly name.
And as I journey mile on mile,
There is no falsehood in my smile,
While growing old.

—Henry K. Burton.

The Trail of the Bookworm

(Continued from Page 14)

Isaac Goldberg in a small volume called "Philosophic Nights in Paris." While these few short selections from "Promenades Philosophiques" do not give a very comprehensive view of the many-sided Gourmont, they present various interesting phases of his daring, independent, yet unostentatious philosophy. In "The Beyond" his opinions of all manifestations from "the other world" are summed up succinctly in the sentence, "It is far easier to confuse the human reason than the laws of gravity." "The Player's Illusion," he says in another essay, consists in his believing, consciously or unconsciously, that he is superior to his opponent. "The Colors of Life" is an exposition of an intriguing scheme to link people or characters in a story with some one color; if their lives do not flow on in peace and amity, it is because their colors clash. Other essays that are particularly interesting are "The Art

of Seeing" and "Helvetius and the Philosophy of Happiness." The last few pages of the book are devoted to some thought-provoking aphorisms. (John W. Luce & Company, Boston, Mass.)

Mrs. W. L. George, the second wife of the English novelist who recently lectured here before the Contemporary Club, died on December 10, at Houston, Texas, after a short illness.

January 12 will see H. G. Wells' first public appearance in the United States. His lecture will be given at Carnegie Hall. He will be in Chicago early in February, but it is not known as yet whether his itinerary of one-night stands will include Indianapolis.

The latest Robert Shackleton book, adding another city to his list, is "The Book of Chicago."

Mr. Edgar Lee Masters was a visitor in Indianapolis for a few days recently.

∴ The Weekly Potpourri ∴

Pure-food inspectors have been investigating the milk situation in Indiana and 46 per cent of samples collected showed milk far below the standard allowed by law. Indianapolis, however, made a fair showing, as there were but thirteen illegal samples out of forty-nine analyzed. In other cities the percentage of poor milk was much higher. In Terre Haute the samples ran a poor ten out of nineteen and in Vincennes nine out of thirteen. A cheap way of defrauding restaurant customers was found; cream off of larger bottles was poured off and sold at advanced prices. Considerably-watered milk was found, indicating that the old oaken bucket is still a friend of many dairymen and milk sellers.

A bill to create a juvenile commission which would have supervision over all juvenile matters, including courts, has been proposed and will be introduced into the next legislature. The proposal is the result of the recommendations of a commission appointed by Governor Goodrich. The state can not do anything better than to give an intelligent study of child-welfare problems, when it is borne in mind that the child of today is the citizen of tomorrow, and that a state is no better than its citizenry.

Evidently the "yeggmen" believed in "shopping early" in Indianapolis, to judge from the activities of this gentry during the last two or three weeks. The drastic action taken by the police authorities has reduced the force of the crime wave considerably and may entirely dissipate it.

The women of Marion county can rest easy. They will not be called for jury service, according to an announcement by Judge Chamberlain, who instructed the new jury commission not to put the names of women in the jury box. Judge Chamberlain consulted with other county judges and decided on the ruling. Just why they thought women wouldn't do as jurors has not been revealed.

One of the newer corporations organized in Indiana is the Railway Service Corporation with a capitalization of \$100,000, formed for the purpose of conducting railway repair shops. Apparently some railroads stand in need of considerable repairs.

New York is in the grip of a hic-cough epidemic—said to be due to a disease called "nervous flu." Indianapolis people who have passed through that epidemic lay the cause to some other reason—possibly "white mule." The only thing to be said in favor of the new disease is that it provides an air-tight alibi.

Technical High School basketball team was beaten by the Bloomington outfit recently, although the local lads

gave the Bloomington boys an awful scare. Tech has been touted as one of the best fives in the state—and it has been living up to its reputation.

"Sandy" Thompson, head of the brokerage firm of Thompson & McKinnon, has announced that his firm will establish seasonal two-branch offices in Florida, one at Bellaire Heights and the other at Miami. The latter office will be found in Carl Fisher's new hotel, the Flamingo. This convenience will be appreciated by Indiana customers of the firm who spend the winter in the Southland.

Indiana traveling men will learn with considerable pleasure that a bill has been introduced into Congress exempting hotel expenses of traveling salesmen in income tax payments. Heretofore travelers on a commercial basis were not permitted to deduct hotel expenses from their income tax reports. The traveling fraternity will be saved thousands of dollars by this action, as the law will also permit the deduction of taxi bills, railroad fare and other legitimate expenditures from their reports. Many "drummers" think this as important as having nine-quarter sheets on the bed.

As one of the Christmas gifts to the kids of the city, the park board has authorized the construction of a shelter house and bathing pool in Willard Park for next summer. This pool will be the first of ten authorized in the city parks. While it will take several years to complete the bathing pool program, it will be one of the best things the city ever did in the interest of child welfare. A pool where all sizes of youngsters can disport themselves in safety ought to cut down the drowning statistics in the city.

Old Santa Claus was right on the job in Indianapolis, if the mailing at the postoffice is any criterion. The record at the postoffice shows that two days before Christmas the mailing was almost 40 per cent greater than for the same date last year. While the volume of mailing was heavier statistics showed that the public spent less for its Christmas greetings than it did last year.

Indianapolis lumber dealers are announcing the fact that lumber prices have declined considerably here of late and in many cases approximate the pre-war period. The prevailing freight rates and cost of handling, however, will prevent prices from declining to new low levels. The indications for building in Indianapolis are bright and the predictions are made that this spring will see more building here than for several years. That there is a demand for all sorts of structures, and especially dwellings and business rooms, is evident. The thing to do is to meet the demands.

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PUBLICATION OFFICE, 1113-1114 PEOPLES BANK BUILDING
Telephone, Main 2382
INDIANAPOLIS

F. F. HASKELL,
PUBLISHER AND EDITOR

STANLEY GARRISON,
ASSOCIATE EDITOR

ONA B. TALBOT, ART DIRECTOR

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Once each season it becomes my pleasant duty to announce to the patrons of the Shubert-Murat Theatre an unusual and wonderful treat which stands out prominently above all other shows of the theatrical year.

Such an event is now about to occur here, and owing to the experience of last season, I desire to serve ample warning to my patrons of an opportunity that should not be neglected.

Last season all known theatrical records in this city were shattered to smithereens by the world's most beautiful production, "Chu Chin Chow," presented here by F. Ray Comstock and Morris Gest.

Theatregoers need scarcely to be reminded of the extraordinary demand for seats, of the terrific rush on the box office, of the packed houses and the thousands of would-be patrons who could not get near the box office in order to buy seats.

Nothing like the extraordinary success of "Chu Chin Chow" in this city last season has been known in a generation. It is a gigantic spectacle in 14 big scenes, employing more than 300 people.

Now I am proud and happy to announce that I have just contracted with Messrs. Comstock and Gest to bring "Chu Chin Chow" back for a return engagement, beginning Monday, January 24th.

Mail orders for all performances during the week of January 24-30 will now be received. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope for return of tickets, and enclose proper remittance. Prices: Nights—\$1.10, \$1.65, \$2.20, \$2.75, \$3.30; Matinees, Wednesday and Saturday—\$1.10, \$1.65, \$2.20 and \$2.75. These prices include war tax.

Since "Chu Chin Chow" was here last season, it has been gorgeously outfitted with new costumes, among them 45 new manikin costumes imported direct from London, and it has played a SECOND engagement at the beautiful Century Theatre, where it had already been played an ENTIRE SEASON. This superb and gorgeous musical extravaganza of the Orient is now in its THIRD YEAR in this country, and it is in its FOURTH YEAR at His Majesty's Theatre, London, where Oscar Asche is appearing in it to capacity houses.

If you have not yet seen "Chu Chin Chow," do not miss this last opportunity to see the world's wonder show in all its glory.

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TOPICS

VOLUME II

INDIANAPOLIS, SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, 1921

NUMBER 2

As the Villain Once Pursued Her

Old-Time Melodrama With a Thrill in Every Act Has Given Way to the Silent Drama of the Screen.

By Beatrice Sherman

"Who are you?" roared the villain. "Look and see," was the reply. With one hand the smiling hero jerked off his bushy whiskers, and with the other removed his slouch hat. Revealed!—the dear, familiar matinee idol, curly hair, blue eyes, rosy cheeks, and Windsor tie. The heroine could now be saved; for the hero had arrived.

The audience released its clutch upon the arms of its seat, took a deep breath of relief, and settled down for the home stretch of a good old-fashioned melodrama, the kind that was served up weekly at the old Park Theatre, or Theayter, take your choice.

Years ago, before the motion pictures had cornered the thrill market, when audiences were young and unsophisticated and there were no tired business men—those were the days when the ten-twenty-thirty shows flourished. Villains schemed and were foiled, heroes fought and always won, maidens loved and were married, and happy audiences laughed and cried in the proper places without any worries about the decadence of the drama or the Pullman fare of the chorus girl.

Indianapolis flocked in great numbers to see the good old shows—"Lost in New York," "The Evil Eye," "Messenger Boy No. 21," "The Queen of the White Slaves," "The Boy Detective," "The Fast Mail," and dozens of others with equally enticing names. Hours before the show began, the eager devotees of the drama would begin to arrive, bringing their dinners or suppers with them and gloating in anticipation of theatrical delights to come, while they waited for the doors to open. Often enough by the time one o'clock rolled round in the afternoon or seven o'clock at night the "Standing Room Only" sign would be hung out, the whole house sold before the doors were even opened. Then the exciting moment

finally came when the doors did open. The crowd tightened up, and with a leap began the race for the front seats of the gallery, galloping up the stairs at breakneck speed. And after the show the old colored janitor would grumble as he roamed around the lobby picking up chicken and ham bones, crusts and banana peelings, preparing for the hordes that would inevitably descend for the next performance.

Indianapolis was a good town for the old-time thriller, and many a company that had been doing poor business on the road cheered up at the prospect of coming to the Park. Here they were sure of a large and sympathetic audience. Here past losses could be made up, for wasn't the old Park one of the best and biggest popular-priced theatres in the Middle West?

One of the good old shows that made even the stage hand's heart leap up in his throat was "Blue Jeans," that rural drama with its famous sawmill scene. The setting was in southern Indiana, and the Rising Sun Band played its part in the show. When the city chap appeared upon the scene, the country girl lost no time in throwing over her bucolic lover and falling for the city chap's charms. But one dark night when he planned to go back to the town he was seized by the rustic villain, taken to the sawmill, bound gagged and tied to the sawmill floor, to wait for the saw-blade to grind him up.

"Steal my Sue?" said the villain. "Then saw, damn you, saw." And he left the hero to his fate.

Ah, but he had reckoned without Sue. As the saw buzzed on ominously, that noble girl, tied to a chair upstage in the superintendent's office, burst her bonds, seized the chair as a weapon, and wielding it with the blows of a Sampson, knocked down the wall of the sawmill, leaped to her hero's side, and freed him just as the fatal saw was ready to cut its cruel way into his tender flesh. Oh, but that was a show!

"Vesper Bells" was a rarely beautiful play. The scene was laid in the Alps, the snowclad Alps, and there was a glorious snowstorm. Poor Alice was lost in the mountains and the Saint Bernard dogs, equipped with flasks of brandy fastened to their collars, went in search of her. In these unhappy days, Alice would no doubt go out on her own hook to look

for those dogs, but in the good old days she simply waited for the dogs to find her snug and warm in a snow-drift. Meanwhile the storm raged on. Backstage the wind machine moaned and roared, and in the rigging loft, a stage hand stood, beating a great canvas sieved with holes, through which the snowflakes of cotton and salt and paper floated down in realistic fashion, swirled around by electric fan gusts from the wings. And at last the big moment came when the dog found Alice, and refreshed by the life-giving brandy, she staggered on to safety, guided by the faithful dog.

The occasion for the biggest crowds and the time for the gathering of all the sob squads, was when "Uncle Tom's Cabin" came to town. Even the women who were prominent church workers and who frowned on "shows" as lures of the devil felt justified in going to see Uncle Tom. Surely little Eva's going to heaven twice a day made the whole thing highly moral. One season a young actress would wear the halo of golden curls that marked the saintly little Eva, coming to life punctually after each performance to stand in the lobby selling her enchanting photographs; and the next season she would return with the dusky curls of Eliza, to take her daily and nightly sprint across the Ohio, pursued from one chunk of ice to the next by the barking bloodhounds.

It was years ago that "Uncle Tom" began that series of reincarnations known as revivals. In a big all-star cast that came one season to English's Theatre, Peter Jackson, the famous negro pugilist, played the avuncular role. Wilton Lackaye was doing Simon Legree, and during the heart-rending scene where Legree beats the old negro, Jackson, writhing under the cruel blows would set to voice to Lackaye, "Don' you hit me with that whip," and Lackaye would crack the whip more viciously than ever, and sub rosa in reply, "Who's hurting you?"

Although other shows have not stood the test of time like Uncle Tom, still there are many that were wonders in their day. "The Span of Life" had as big a thrill as any. The poor dear heroine had to be rescued from the upper floor of a building, which was burning or barricaded so that the only way to reach the damsel in distress was through the window. Four

Old-Time Plays Once Dear to the Heart of Park Patrons Now in the Limbo of Forgotten Things.

brave boys linked themselves into a human bridge, flopped down to her window from the window of a neighboring building, and the rescued girl walked across their prostrate forms to safety.

What did it matter that the brave boys and the escaping girl were members of an acrobatic troupe that traveled with the show for the single exploit of the rescue? Nobody knew that it wasn't the real golden-haired heroine who walked across the bridge, for that was before the movies had educated the public in the business of "doubling." Nobody knew either that each of the four brave boys was held up, not only by the arms of his comrades but by a good stout rope passed beneath his leather belt. So when this death-defying stunt was pulled off, the audience thrilled to its marrow-bones and swore those boys would get killed some day when somebody's grip slipped, and secretly hoped they'd be there that day.

Which recalls the incident of the lady fair who escaped from the villain's embraces by leaping from a window into a conveniently placed tree. One evening she missed the tree and instead of falling crushed to the earth, she hung poised in mid-air, refusing to fall till the astonished stage hand paid out enough rope to let gravity perform its accustomed function.

"On Trial for His Life" was a military melodrama that scintillated with brass buttons and gold braid and exploited the fate of the innocent soldier who was accused of having delivered the "papers" to one of the enemy. Anybody in the audience could have told the officers of the court-martial that it was the Mexican who had stolen the papers in Act I, but the Mexican testified that he had seen the soldier boy take the papers from the strong box, and the officers evidently believed him. When the perfidious Mexican was swearing on

(Continued on Page 15)

Shall Men of Indianapolis Wear Their Hats in the Elevators or Will They Join the Anti-Hat-Wearers Union.

Some redoubtable citizens of Cincinnati have banded together in a loyal brotherhood, a sort of modern order of Cincinnati, to guarantee to themselves the privilege of wearing their hats in the elevators of public and business buildings, whether or not there be any ladies present. Their action has caused considerable comment in Cincinnati and even in other parts of the country, but though there has been much discussion in regard to their insurgent action, no one seems to be disposed to take steps to call a halt to such a campaign before it becomes widespread.

From one building in Cincinnati the movement may develop until men in Chicago, New York, Washington and San Francisco will be going up and down freely in elevators every day and all day long, without ever a thought to the removal of their head covering when a woman enters the car. Instead of wating until this awful state of affairs has actually come to pass, why not organize at once a League for the Enforcement of Elevator Etiquette? The work of reform will then be greatly reduced, and the elevator-riding male will be more easily guided in the way that he should go.

Not only the question of whether or not hats should be worn in elevators but every kindred question of the true requisites for Chesterfieldian behavior in a lift, would come under the jurisdiction of the L. E. E. E.

Of course, the first thing for the league to decide would be just what correct elevator etiquette is in all its various ramifications. Up to date there is no volume of Hoyle on elevator-riding. Like the English common law, elevator etiquette has simply been built up on precedent, and what was considered good form in elevators twenty years ago is still comme il faut today. Therefore, a good piece of propaganda for the league to disseminate would be a neat pocket-size booklet on how to conduct oneself in becoming style while riding in an elevator—a sort of elevator blue book. Besides providing a means of uplifting manners, the booklet would no doubt be welcome entertainment for the tenants of the sixteenth and seventeenth floors who have a long, wearisome journey to make from the ground floor to their places of business.

The first subject to be treated in this compendium of elevator etiquette should be the point of friction which caused the open rebellion in Ohio—to wit, the hat. All hats, whether bowlers or fedoras, should be treated in the same manner, removed the minute a woman enters the car. It



is possible that certain exceptions should be made to this general rule. Perhaps an amendment should be made to favor the entirely bald or sparsely thatched heads; but, on the other hand, such a ruling would invite abuse, so that it might be preferable to stick to a ruthless order of all hats off, and leave it to the unfortunates who are not properly wigged by nature to buy a toupee, run the hazards of a drafty elevator shaft, or find an office location on the first floor.

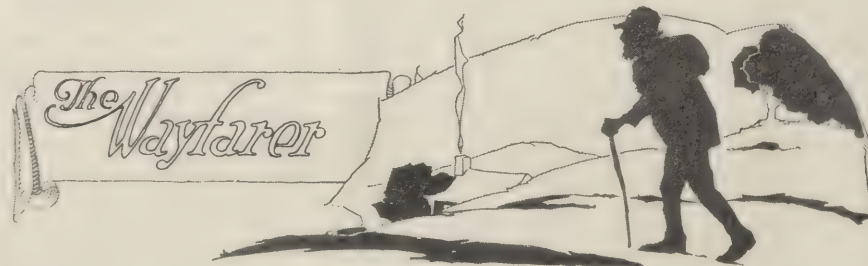
The next matter for consideration should be the order of entering the car. All women, of course, should be allowed to pass in first, the oldest going ahead, though punctiliousness would not necessarily require registration of ages to settle this point. The men should follow in the same order, unless they happened to come in one at a time. Persons who pushed in after the car was full or hovered in the doorway, undecided as to whether to go up or down, should be subject to a fine, to be collected by the operator and used for a joint fund

for aged elevator employes and crippled elevator riders.

The league might be expected also to deal in summary fashion with the man who smokes. Many are the people who have wondered at the logic of the fastidious gentleman who nips off his hat the instant a woman enters the elevator, but who goes on chugging and puffing at a moist and odorous cigar. The reform of this type of individual could now be completed by making smoking taboo in the league's blue book. It might even be possible to secure legislation making smoking in elevator shafts illegal.

The cigar is the only form of the vile weed that would call for stringent control, for the pipe and the cigarette do not flourish in the elevator habitat. It might be possible, therefore, to provide a neat nest of small pigeonholes where cigars could be checked, thus enabling the elevator operator to add a few honest pennies to his weekly stipend.

If a woman gets on the elevator on the first floor, bound for a destination



The man on the back platform of a pay-as-you-enter saw the "No Smoking" sign and held his burning cigar in his fingers, now and then taking soft inhalations of the smoke as it floated up from the burning weed.

"Beastly nuisance," he grumbled as he watched his cigar fire dying out.

A dyspeptic-looking individual sniffed the aroma (it really was a good cigar) and glared at the smoking weed. "I'm glad to say I never smoked in my life," he said to a third passenger, in virtuous indignation. "It's a destroyer—you can't tell me it isn't!"

"Yes," said the smoker; "it must be. Just read this!" And he handed over a newspaper with an account of the honors paid to "Uncle Joe" Cannon, who has broken the record for continuous service in congress. "Look at that cigar 'Uncle Joe' has in his mouth—poor old fellow! He has been seduced and betrayed by Lady Nicotine!"

The other back-platformers caught the subtle irony of the smoker's words and laughed discourteously. The dyspeptic one made a noise in his throat, thrust the paper back into

the hands of the defender of the weed and hastily sought the inside of the car—and a waiting strap.

"I'm not as old, quite, as 'Uncle Joe,'" said the smoker as he smiled kindly, "but I've smoked these many years. I am like 'Sam Slick the clock-maker.' The moment I take to the weed I become a philosopher. It is the poor man's friend; it calms the mind, soothes the temper, and makes a man patient under difficulties. It has made more good men, good husbands, kind bosses, indulgent fathers, than any other thing on this old earth.

"You may remember reading the incident of Guizot, the French historian, whom a lady caller found absorbed in a pipe. Guizot had reached a venerable age and the caller remarked her astonishment at seeing him smoking.

"'Madame,' he said, 'if I had not smoked I would have been dead ten years ago.'

"That's my fix. If I hadn't smoked I would have been dead ten years ago—and I guess 'Uncle Joe' would have been, too. I was born where the finest tobacco in the country grew. I have helped to burn many a brush-

(Continued on Page 16)

Who Will Decide Just What is Correct Elevator Etiquette in All Its Various Ramifications.

on the twenty-first, she should be permitted, if she so desires, to stand in the very front of the car directly before the door. Having taken up her position, she should not be jostled or shoved to one side by persons disembarking from the car at any of the floors intervening between the first and twenty-first. Neither should she be subjected to what is known as a "nasty look" by any of the individuals who are compelled to worm their way past her. No unfavorable remarks or disapproving grunts should be permitted either while the woman is on the car or afterward.

On the other hand, if a woman, bound for the third or fourth floor, chances to stand in the back of the car, this situation gives rise to a perplexing problem. When she calls her floor, and the elevator stops, the persons who stand between her and the door can scarcely be expected to step out of the car until she can make her way out. They might get left. But in the event of their all standing their ground and refusing to make way while the lady exits by dint of flying wedge tactics, a great deal of valuable time is lost. The question of the really proper procedure in a case like this should be submitted to the board of directors of the league, or perhaps to a general plebiscite of all elevator riders.

There are a great number of other matters which should be settled by the authorities of the league. Questions such as: whether office furniture or office employes should have precedence in the privilege of using elevators; the occasions when tips for elevator operators are in order and the exact amount; the propriety of the coin-slotted box displayed in some elevators at Christmas time, and whether the box should be frowned upon, merely countenanced, or contributed to, by the Chesterfield of the elevator; whether or not it is permissible to pass the time of day with office neighbors who use the same elevator every day; whether or not it is good form to ask the elevator operator to find out the name of the pretty girl that just left the car; whether a daily "good morning" to the operator is required or permitted or prohibited by the rules of good taste; should be carefully discussed and settled definitely by the authorities of the league. All their findings should then be incorporated in the book of rules.

As for the enforcement of elevator etiquette, an official of the league might be appointed in every large building to be on active duty during the rush hours and to see that no one violated the league rulings.



notes of Society



Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. McKeand of Richmond have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Wood. Mrs. McKeand was formerly Miss Jessica Wood.

* * *

Dr. and Mrs. C. A. Pritchard received New Year's afternoon for their guests, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Drake of Newark, N. J.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. George Fulwell and Miss Lento Fulwell of Cleveland, Ohio, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Gustav Pfeiffer for New Year's.

* * *

One of the prettiest holiday dances was given by Dr. and Mrs. O. G. Pfaff Tuesday evening, December 28, at the Woodstock Club. Mr. and Mrs. Lew Wallace and Miss Francis Parsons, of Binghamton, N. Y., were the guests of honor.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Murdock are in New York.

* * *

Mrs. John W. Kern, of Hollins, Va., is the guest of Mrs. Louis H. Levey.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. G. Barret Moxley received informally New Year's afternoon.

* * *

The marriage of Miss Martha Henderson and Henry Eitel was celebrated Monday, December 27, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Nell. Rev. Frederick Taylor read the service. Mr. and Mrs. Eitel have gone to Asheville, N. C., and will be at home after February 1 at 1811 North Meridian street.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Becker had as their guests for New Year's Mr. and Mrs. Robert Pinkerton and little son George of Detroit, Mich.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Williams have gone on a trip through the southwest, after which they will spend the remainder of the winter in California.

* * *

Mrs. Otto D. Lefler and daughter, Miss Aileen Louise Lefler, gave a dance Monday afternoon, December 27, at the Propylaeum in honor of Miss Madeline Dolfinger, of Los Angeles, who is to spend the winter with them. Miss Mary Evans assisted the hostesses.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Coffin had as their New Year's guests Miss Amy Karon, C. K. Karon, and Oswin McClarty of Louisville.

* * *

The annual Wellesley ball given December 30 at the Propylaeum, was one of the most beautiful of the holi-

day festivities. The committee in charge included Miss Amelia Henderson, Mrs. Francis M. Fauvre, Jr., Mrs. Homer McKee, Mrs. William H. Insley, Mrs. Gordon Cameron, Mrs. Charles W. Jewett, Mrs. Robert C. Winslow and Mrs. John E. Curry.

* * *

Miss Alice C. Butler of New York and Mrs. Cony Sturgis of Bryn Mawr, Pa., spent the holidays with their father, Noble C. Butler, and their sister, Florence Butler.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Wells have left the city to make their permanent home in Lake Forest.

* * *

Mrs. Samuel Dowden gave a holiday tea on Wednesday, December 29, for Miss Elizabeth Lockard and Miss Catherine Coburn. Mrs. Dowden was assisted by Mrs. William Coburn, Mrs. Augustus Coburn, Mrs. A. S. Lockard, Mrs. Henry Talbott, Mrs. Samuel Sutphin, Mrs. William Taylor, Mrs. Edward McKee, Mrs. Philemon Watson, Miss Katherine Watson, Miss Sallie Hauelsen, Miss Lucy and Miss

Alice Holliday, and Miss Anne Louise Griffith.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. John M. Shaw and Dr. and Mrs. John H. Oliver entertained with a dance on Tuesday evening, December 28, in honor of Miss Blanche Burckhardt Shaw and Miss Martha Louise Thompson.

* * *

Mrs. Charles Coffin Perry entertained with a dancing party Wednesday evening, December 30, in honor of her daughter, Miss Ruth Perry. Mr. and Mrs. James Perry and Mr. and Mrs. Norman Perry assisted in the hospitalities.

* * *

Eugene B. Schildhauer, of the New York Military Academy at Cornwall-on-the-Hudson, N. Y., returned home to spend the Christmas holidays with his father, Edward Schildhauer.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph C. Schaf have gone to Pasadena, Cal., where they will visit their daughter, Mrs. Hervey Bates Perrin. They will return in the spring.

Mrs. William Jackson Young and little son of Louisville, Ky., are visiting Mrs. Young's mother, Mrs. Thomas A. Taggart.

* * *

On New Year's day the marriage of Miss Dorcas Grinnell Sherwood, daughter of Oliver N. Sherwood, of New York, and Paul Megrue Fifer, son of the Rev. and Mrs. O. W. Fifer, of this city, was celebrated at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. Frank Morrison. The service was read by the father of the bridegroom. The attendants were Miss Helen Gale, of Evanston, Ill., bridesmaid, and O. W. Fifer, Jr., best man. Upon their return from their wedding trip, Mr. and Mrs. Fifer will be at home at 4310 Carrollton avenue.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. John Sloan Kittle received informally Sunday afternoon, January 2, for Miss Elizabeth Iles and Miss Bettie Thompson, of Rochester, N. Y., who is Miss Iles' guest.

* * *

Miss Jean Brown, assisted by Miss Charlotte Chance and Miss Natalie Coffin, entertained the Therapon Alumnae Club with a Christmas party, a yearly function of the club.

* * *

Mrs. Felix T. McWhirter left the city early this week to go to New York, where she is the guest of the New Rochelle Women's Club. She will address the club on "The Goal of Organized Womanhood," and will also speak before several other women's clubs.

* * *

Mrs. David Smith entertained informally Friday afternoon, December 31, for Miss Bessie McCrea, who was here visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. F. McCrea, last week.

* * *

Mrs. Booth Tarkington entertained on New Year's day with a luncheon for Miss Elizabeth Burford, who has been spending the holidays with her grandmother, Mrs. John C. New. Miss Burford has now returned to the Emma Willard School at Troy, N. Y.

* * *

Mrs. Paul Henderson and son David, of Cambridge, Mass., who have been guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Oscar Henderson, have gone to Los Angeles, Cal., where they will spend the winter.

* * *

Joseph Blair Daugherty has returned to school at Columbia, Mo., after a vacation spent with his parents, Major and Mrs. W. W. Daugherty.

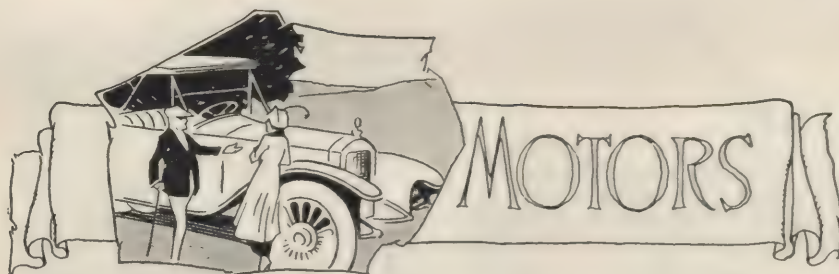
* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Herbert Shank, of New York, have been visiting at the home of W. H. Shank.



MISS ELISE G. PINKUS

Miss Pinkus returned from the Scudder School in New York City to spend the holiday season with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Pinkus.



By Thomas A. Hendricks

"Rescue Mission for Morally Delinquent Automobiles." Signs like this may not occasion any surprise in a year or so, unless something is done to curb the growing tendency of motor cars to get mixed up in all sorts of scandalous violations of the law.

Particularly distressing is the sad fact that the motor car and strong liquor seem to have an irresistible attraction for each other, an attraction that too often winds up in disaster for the joy boat. Only a few days ago it came out in a hearing before Judge Anderson in the local Federal court that about seventy-five law-breaking automobiles are now being held by the Federal authorities for parts they played in violating the more-or less—sacred Eighteenth Amendment to the inviolable—more or less—Constitution of the United States; for by the provisions of the Volstead Act, any vehicle used in transporting liquor in violation of the law is liable to seizure by the government.

This provision of the statute becomes of great and vital interest to automobile dealers, because in many instances the booze-bearing busses were sold on the installment plan to the man who led them astray, under a contract that provided that in case of default of payment of any of the installments the ownership of the car in question should immediately revert to the dealer. In some instances these contracts even went so far as to state that should the machine be used for illegal liquor traffic the title should revert to the dealer.

But it begins to look as if these contracts are not of any force in protecting the dealer once Uncle Sam gets his hands on the cars. In the hearing last week, Judge Anderson remarked that automobile dealers will do well to pay particular attention to the character of persons to whom they sell automobiles on the time-payment plan, and intimated that dealers could not avoid the penalties of the Federal statute by relying on the Indiana state law, which permits secret liens and contracts.

In examining into the situation in general, Judge Anderson brought to light the fact that as a general thing cars used by alleged bootleggers have been about one-half paid for, and he called attention to the fact that many of the purchasers were men who apparently were not in a position to pay for a car other than on very small installments.

Later on in the hearing the poor motor car came in again for a big share of blame when Judge Anderson said that the automobile, more than any other thing, made it difficult to effectually enforce the provisions of the prohibition law.

Should the law be interpreted definitely to mean that cars seized in liquor raids can not be recovered by the dealers who sold them, even if they hold liens for an unpaid balance of the purchase price, it will mean that Indiana automobile dealers will be mighty careful to whom they sell machines on other than a strictly cash basis.

The dealer will be placed in the position of a probation officer to every car he sells on the payment plan, and it will become his duty to see that its wandering wheels stick to the straight and narrow paths of law-abiding virtue, which, if uneventful and at times monotonous, are not so full of possibilities of disaster as are the more exciting roadways of illicit liquor running.

Indiana may be awarded the honor of constructing the special section of the Lincoln Highway, for which the United States Rubber Company has donated \$125,000, according to an announcement made by L. H. Wright, director of the Indiana State Highway Commission. Other states competing with Indiana are Ohio, Pennsylvania and New Jersey. The rubber company gave the money for the construction of an ideal section of highway with extra width, special provisions for turnouts, etc. The Lincoln Highway crosses northern Indiana from east to west.

Lon R. Smith, general sales manager and advertising manager of the Midwest Engine Company of this city, has been elected vice-president of the company. Mr. Smith will remain in charge of sales both of the Indianapolis and Anderson, Ind., plants. Before coming to the Midwest Company he was associated with the Buda Company of Harvey, Ill.

R. V. Law, head of the R. V. Law Motor Company and president of the Indianapolis Automobile Trade Association, has been mentioned as a candidate for the presidency of the National Automobile Dealers' Association for 1921. The election for president takes place at the annual convention of the association, which will be held this year in Chicago the last of January.

N. H. Cartinhour and R. V. Law are doing splendid campaign work in the interests of the Indiana Automotive Trade Association. Since the organization of the state association in Indianapolis November 5, both have visited a score of Hoosier cities and made talks before various dealers' organizations. Together they addressed a meeting of the dealers from Tippecanoe, Warren and Carroll Counties at Lafayette.

Federation of Clubs Calendar

The Clio Club will meet on January 14 with Mrs. Fermor S. Cannon, 4014 North Pennsylvania street. Mrs. William Evans will have a paper on "Contemporary American Novelists," and Mrs. Frank B. Wade will read one entitled "Hergesheimer Ernest Poole."

The Fortnightly Study Club will meet with Mrs. Edwin J. Barnett, 542 Sutherland avenue, on January 10. Two papers will be read: one entitled "The National Bank," by Mrs. James Gaul, and another by Mrs. Lafe D. Weathers on "The Federal Reserve Bank."

Mrs. Muriel Kemper, 31 North Highland avenue, will entertain the Friday Afternoon Club on January 14. Mrs. Clara Huffman will talk on "The League of Nations and What It Means," and Mrs. Stella Titus will tell of "A Journey Through Armenia."

On January 14 the Friday Afternoon Reading Club will meet with Mrs. Charles Cherdron, 1414 North LaSalle street. Mrs. Kate Conder will describe "New Orleans, the Crescent City."

The Ideal Embroidery Club will meet with Mrs. William Holland on January 12.

"Platters" will be the subject of study of the Indiana Ceramic Club on January 10, when Mrs. A. R. Dewey, 3204 North Illinois street, will act as hostess, assisted by Mrs. John O'Neill.

Mrs. H. C. Gellatly, 23 Johnson avenue, will entertain the Irvington Coterie on January 10. "Writers of Romance" will be the subject of discussion. Mrs. M. D. Lupton will talk on "Three M's," and Mrs. Fred N. Hooker on "Alice of Old Vincennes."

The Irvington Fortnightly Club will be entertained on January 14 by Mrs. Howard Passell, 115 North Drexel avenue, assisted by Mrs. Wayne Reddick. "New Ideals in Education," will be given by Mrs. W. H. Gadd, and "Indiana—Art" by Mrs. L. P. Harlan. Music will be furnished by Mrs. S. L. Potter.

The regular meeting of the Irvington Tuesday Club will be held at the home of Mrs. Charles Cunningham, 45 North Hawthorne Lane, on January 11. Mrs. Harry G. Hill will discuss

"Phases of Industrial Problems of Today," and Current Events will be given by Mrs. Lon Craig.

The hostesses for the meeting of the Magazine Club on January 8 at the Y. W. C. A. are Mrs. F. W. Gunkle, Mrs. O. R. Sumner, Mrs. A. E. Shirley and Mrs. C. M. Gibbs. Three papers will be read: "The Burgundian Age," by Mrs. J. L. Benedict; "Charles the Bold," by Mrs. Ralph Waldo, and "Knights of the Golden Fleece," by Mrs. F. M. Montgomery.

The Meridian Heights Inter-Se Club will meet on January 11 at the home of Mrs. H. L. Mitchell, 4012 Broadway. Mrs. L. G. Rothschild will give a description of "The Great Lake Country," and Mrs. B. W. Heaton, "The Middle West."

The Monday Club will meet at the Propylaeum on January 10. Mrs. Laura Donnan will speak on "Citizenship."

Mrs. Clem Johnson will be assisted by Mrs. Charles Sommers in entertaining the New Century Club at her home, 1729 Park avenue, on January 12. "Ella Wheeler Wilcox" will be the subject of a paper by Mrs. Charles Sommers. Reading of Poems will be given by Mrs. Otis McCracken, and Songs to Illustrate by Mrs. Frank Miller and Mrs. Lela Dial.

Over-the-Teacups Club will meet with Mrs. J. C. Moore, 1821 North Pennsylvania street, on January 14. Current Events will be discussed by Mrs. Wilmer Christian and Miss Frances Brownell.

The Parlor Club will meet on January 10 with Mrs. R. H. Miller, 1301 North Alabama street. Mrs. Harry Tutewiler will read a paper on Mary Roberts Rhinehart and Gene Stratton Porter and Mrs. W. R. Rexford will read another on Margareta Deland and Kate Douglas Wiggin.

Mrs. L. P. DeVelling, 3954 Ruckle street, will entertain the Sesame Club on January 10. "East Angels" will be read, the introduction by Mrs. Joseph Bradford and the story by Mrs. J. M. Chenoweth.

The Welfare Club will meet at 2:30 o'clock on January 10 at the Woman's Department Club.

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A Decade of Musical Effort

Pioneering in Concert Field in Indianapolis a Task of Many Ups and Downs, Says One Who Knows.

By C. S. Garrison

In the last decade Indianapolis has made great progress in its musical education and appreciation. It has reached the point where the question arises: Why not have a structure devoted to music—or at least a hall of capacity enough to accommodate the lovers of music?

It is a far cry from the time when an auditorium seating 300 persons was big enough to accommodate concert ticket buyers, to now when the largest opera house auditorium is not large enough to accommodate those who would hear the best the musical world has to offer.

Ona B. Talbot, who is the pioneer in public concert performances in Indianapolis, and who is the head of the Indianapolis Fine Arts Association, recently related some of her experiences in pioneering concerts in a city which was noted twenty-five years ago for its lack of musical appreciation.

The experiences which the first symphony orchestra ever organized in Indianapolis passed through, is a case in point. Karl Schneider, a musician of much ability and worth, came to Indianapolis some twenty-five years ago and organized a symphony orchestra composed of men who had more than a passing reputation for musicianship. As a musical organization the orchestra was all that could be desired, but it starved to death after about three years' effort on the part of a number of leading citizens of the city to keep it alive. Mrs. Talbot was secretary of the orchestral board, and Mrs. Henry Jameson was president. These two women, with others of the board, sold tickets for the concerts and in other ways raised money to keep it going. The first concert was given in what was then known as the Grand Opera House, now Keith's. The second and third seasons the concerts were given in English's Theatre, and while they were artistic and well worth the effort expended on them, the public was not inclined to patronize them, and the orchestra, the next year, was compelled to disband for lack of support. A number of the leading women of the city were patronesses of these concerts and a few of the men were patrons. Notably among these were Hugh J. McGowan, Mrs. McGowan, Mr. and Mrs. George Gay and John R. Williams. They were subscribers and boxholders to the first concert and Mrs. McGowan and some few others have been continuous subscribers to

every concert since that time.

Mrs. Talbot related that her connection with this orchestra started her on the road as an impressario in Indianapolis. She was approached by Theodore Thomas, director of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra at that time, and asked to sponsor a series of concerts by the Thomas orchestra in Indianapolis, which she did. These concerts were given in Tomlinson Hall some twenty-two years ago and were attended by Indianapolis society folk generally.

"Mr. Thomas told me," said Mrs. Talbot, "that there was a chance to make Indianapolis musical and he thought I was idealistic enough to attempt the giving of concerts. I liked the idea and accepted the challenge. I was warned to keep up my ideals and not to sacrifice musical art for the money-making end of it. Many times since then I have been tempted to do this, but I always remember that warning—and don't. I have never yet sold a ticket to a concert that I have had to walk on the other side of the street to keep from meeting some of my patrons from a sense of shame."

For a quarter of a century Mrs. Talbot has been connected with the musical growth of Indianapolis. Following the Thomas orchestra concerts she has been directly connected with public concerts in Indianapolis.

The next concert brought to Indianapolis was given in what was then known as the German House, and Elsa Rugger, a noted cellist of that time, was the artist. In keeping with the small auditorium—seating about 280 persons—and with the quality of the program the hall was decorated in greenery and lit by candles. The net proceeds of this concert, Mrs. Talbot says, was \$290. "It was after that concert that I took my troubles to Charles R. Williams, then editor of the News. He said he thought I was crazy to attempt a program I had outlined to him, but he said he thought

Indianapolis needed more music and was willing to give the matter full publicity.

"About that time—in May, 1903—the Claypool Hotel had been finished and was ready for the formal opening. I was engaged to provide the program and decided to have a concert. I engaged Schumann-Heink, who was then in her glory as a singing star, and paid her \$600 for the one concert. I was asked by many where I was going to get the \$600, but I got it by going out and selling the tickets myself. I sold a card good for two tickets at \$5. Thus any one wanting three tickets had to buy four. Just imagine trying to do that nowadays!

"But the concert was a great success and was attended by notable from Indianapolis and over the state. The patronesses included Mrs. Charles Warren Fairbanks, Mrs. Winfield Durbin and many other women.

"With the profits I obtained from this concert I went to New York and from one manager bought all his artists for the next season's concerts. These concerts were given in the assembly room of the Claypool, the hall being plenty large for the patronage.

"From that time I bore one thing in mind: a real musical auditorium for Indianapolis and the best music in it that can be obtained. I am frank to say that this dream will, in the near future, be realized."

A glance over the programs of the various concerts given in Indianapolis during the last decade shows that most of the world's greatest artists have appeared here. Enrico Caruso is the one big exception. Attempts have been made a number of times to bring Caruso here, but the lack of a suitable auditorium has always been the handicap.

Mrs. Talbot relates that she made a contract with the famous tenor a few years ago to sing in Indianapolis at a price of \$10,000. The concert was planned for the coliseum at the fair

City Has Grown in Appreciation of the Best in the Universal Art--Need of Music Hall for Indianapolis.

grounds, but after Caruso learned that the place had no floor in it, he canceled the contract. He declared that the setting for his singing must be artistic and no makeshifts would be tolerated.

The Galli-Curci concert is another instance of the need of a hall with more seating capacity. Owing to the limited seating of the Murat Theatre—as commodious as it is—several hundred orders for tickets to this concert had to be returned. "At least 2,000 more tickets could have been sold to this concert if there had been a place large enough," said Mrs. Talbot.

Statistics show that no other city the size of Indianapolis has had as many notable concerts as this city has. No musical prodigy or dancer of international note has come to the United States without having appeared in Indianapolis some time during their tour.

Mrs. Talbot, who has been in New York for several days, is booking the 1921-22 fine arts program, and it is understood that a number of new faces will be seen here during the next season.

"I am proud that I have had to do with the musical appreciation of the Indianapolis public," said Mrs. Talbot, "and while I have had several offers to leave Indianapolis, I have turned them down. I hope to see my vision of a real musical auditorium for Indianapolis realized—that's why I am going to stay. It will be worth any sacrifice I can make."

The Canoe Club

Considerable interest is being manifested in the ultimate disposition of the Indianapolis Canoe Club and property, which recently passed into the hands of a receiver. Following the filing of a petition for receivership by a creditor, the court appointed Russell Willson as receiver. The court also ordered that all claims against the club be filed on or before January 29. Just what the outcome of the receivership will be is not known at this time, although it is rumored that the property will be taken over by some of the individual stockholders. There is also talk that the club may be reorganized. However, at this time nothing definite has been done. The club's indebtedness is about \$30,000. The property is valued by real estate men at considerably more than this.



MRS. TALBOT'S OFFICE

On the ninth floor of the Hume-Mansur Building the Fine Arts Association has its booking office with Mrs. Talbot and Mrs. Martens.

Editorial

CORNEB BEEF

Corned beef may be a plebian dish in the eyes of those who dine on lobster a la Newburg, baked guinea fowl, and such other dishes that tempt jaded appetites of the knee-skirt and silk-hat crowd, but it and similar food furnished the brawn that helped to build America.

Attention has been called to corned beef and its concomitant, cabbage, and to corned-beef hash and other delectables made from this stick-to-your ribs dish, by a campaign of advertising now being conducted by the government to sell some of the huge stores of food owned by Uncle Sam.

Corned beef is not only a good dish but, according to the government price schedule—wholesale only—it can be sold at ridiculously low prices to the consumer. It certainly takes the edge off the high cost of living, if you have a canvasback desire with a corned beef income, which most of us have.

But what is better, if you have a keen appetite, than a supper dish of corned beef hash as an old negro mammy used to send it to the table: A steaming skillet of the hash, baked in its own gravy in the oven, with diced potatoes, a bit of onion, a sweet pepper and a dash of cayenne. She prepared slices of toast on hot plates placed thereon a poached egg with its yellow eye uppermost, and topped the layout with a few spoonfuls of the baked hash. A supper fit for the gods and for any red-blooded healthy human who wants natural food undisguised by sauces and "goo."

Of course, to the person with a vitiated appetite who wants a nut sundae or macaroons and muscatel this dish might not hit the spot for the first time—but take this same person on a twenty-mile hike with the mercury at zero and then set him down to this dish and he would wonder when the Angel Gabriel turned into a chef.

Uncle Sam with his campaign for cheap food may do a good work in teaching the people that simple food is best after all, just as the simple life in all its ramifications is best morally, physically and financially. More power to the corned beef habit. May it continue to grow!

FLAT-TO-CURB

The move on foot to change the automobile parking regulation in the loop district from parking at an angle to flat with the curb is a good one and ought to receive serious consideration. The angle method of parking fills up the street to such an extent that autos in the traffic have to use the middle of the street, thus in rush hours blocking street car traffic on virtually every line in town.

The local engineering society a few days ago passed a resolution condemning the angle method of parking and recommending the flat-to-curb

plan as one method to relieve congestion.

The flat-to-curb plan was tried for a short time, but owing to objections raised by members of the Merchants' Association, who said it "hurt business," the angle style was again brought back. Most of the larger cities of the country have adopted the flat-to-curb plan as the best. In Indianapolis it would speed up the street car service to a great extent. Where

a car sometimes takes twenty minutes to make the loop from Ohio and Pennsylvania streets and back again, it could do it in fifteen minutes or less. Street car traffic is notably slow in downtown Indianapolis, especially for some lines. Those using Massachusetts avenue, for example, have to pass ten traffic semaphores before getting away on the trip. This coupled with traffic jams from long lines of motor cars, makes for delay



HOME SPUN YARNS

J. I. Holcomb and Fred Hoke, both of them alive to their civic obligations to Indianapolis, are, under the firm name of Holcomb & Hoke, teaching the civilized world to like American popcorn. One of their "butter kissed" machines, driven by electricity, has this week been popping quantities of corn in the lounging room of the Chamber of Commerce, where waxed bags of the corn have been distributed at the noon hour, and the machine has been proving its ingenious mechanical qualities, while the corn itself, light and fluffy as snow, has been much in demand among men who lunch at the chamber.

The Holcomb & Hoke Company has in its time made 16,000 of these corn-popping machines and distributed them far and wide over the earth. Many of them have gone to department and drug stores in Canada. Before the world war began, popped corn from made-in-Indianapolis machines became popular in far off Odessa. The people of Auckland, New Zealand, like to watch the busy Indianapolis machines turn out bags of the appetizing product, and Holcomb & Hoke have also made popped corn popular in Honolulu. These machines are in daily operation in a number of cities of South America, notably Buenos Aires and Rio de Janeiro. The English like popcorn of the American variety as well as do the

Spaniards of the South American countries. * * *

Holcomb & Hoke are now spreading the fame of Indianapolis through the medium of popcorn among the people of France. The latest shipment from the Indianapolis factory was made up of five poppers, now on their way to Paris, where they will operate in cafes and confection stores of the boulevards.

There are many countries over the world which do not grow small grain corn for popping purposes, so it is necessary for Holcomb & Hoke to obtain huge quantities of this corn from American farms and supply the operators of the corn poppers in distant lands.

There is money in popping corn where the public can see the operation, the flaky corn and its aroma being irresistible. One of these machines will pop eighty ten-cent bags of corn an hour, and in thousands of instances the machines can not keep up with the demand. One of the busiest of these machines is in a location in Indianapolis where many thousand people pass it every day. It is said that the rental for floor space for this machine is \$150 a month. It requires two operators to pop the corn, sack it and hand it out to the public, yet, despite the "overhead" and other expenses, the machine makes money for the man who owns it. LANNES McPHETRIDGE.

TOPICS

TOPICS is a weekly journal devoted to music, literature and the theater and to discussion and comment of current affairs.

Endeavor will be made, while following the best standards in all departments, to present the Indiana perspective on national and world events as well as to lay before the world the things this community is doing and thinking.

Original and critical contributions are invited.

Subscriptions will be received at four dollars the year in advance; three months trial, one dollar.

The advertising of reputable concerns will be printed at rates to be had at the office of publication.

F. F. HASKELL, Publisher and Editor

STANLEY GARRISON, Associate Editor ONA B. TALBOT, Art Director

PUBLICATION OFFICE, 1114 PEOPLES BANK BLDG., INDIANAPOLIS
MAIN 2382

Editorial

in a serious manner. If the flat-to-curb plan will help speed up the cars, let's have it.

NEW SAFETY ZONES

Just now the city is trying out new traffic regulations in Monument Circle—one of the most dangerous places in the city for pedestrians. A safety zone has been established at the intersection of Meridian street with the north segment of the Circle. A policeman has been stationed there to take note of the effect of the regulations and to see that they are obeyed.

Thus far, there is every indication that the experiment will be a success. If it proves so, safety zones will be established at the other street intersections.

If this is done pedestrians will be required to cross at the designated intersections, instead of "jay-walking" at any point they may wish to cross. The habit has been to cross the Circle at about any spot the pedestrian happens to be when he takes a notion to get on the other side. This has resulted in a number of fatalities. Attention, however, is called to the fact that even with safety zones the pedestrian has to be careful in crossing now, because of the congestion of automobiles at the corners hiding approaching vehicles. This fault ought to be corrected and doubtless will be.

The congestion of cars downtown grows, and, of course, presents a more difficult problem. The public will have to do its part in saving itself from injury by obeying traffic regulations; at the same time, the careless and indifferent motorist must be made to know that the walking public has equal rights with him in the use of the roadways. By all co-operating many of the accidents, due to the motor car, may be eliminated.

TAKING THEIR LOSSES

One of the first, if not the first, of the great industries of the United States to get back to "normal" is the shoe manufacturers. Their example is being followed for the most part by the shoe retailers, who are taking their losses and restocking with lower-priced footwear.

Announcements from shoemakers of New England say that spring footwear will be considerably cheaper and that shoes generally will retail under \$10. This is a good sign and indicates that the readjustment period is not a theory, with the shoe men at least. Pronounced optimism is observable in the leather market, is the report, and while leading tanners do not think that liquidation is entirely completed, it is believed that the worst is behind them.

Indianapolis merchants report a fair holiday trade and liquidation is going on with a vengeance, if the daily advertising is to be believed. Even the smaller merchants have got the habit, and cut prices are noted on about everything.



The Business Outlook

In discussing the business situation of the country, the National Bank of Commerce of New York says that sentiment is noticeably improved in many directions regarding the outlook for 1921. It says the interest of both business men and banks demand that the present readjustment be gone through with in orderly fashion, so that business activity may be resumed on a sound basis.

"Sentiment representing forward conditions," says the statement, "which until lately has been almost uniformly depressed, is now noticeably improving in many directions. * * * What is required now is courage and respect for fundamental economic principles. Artificial palliatives which are being urged with a view to obviating the difficulties of the adjustment—particularly proposals involving further inflation and cheapening of credit—must be avoided."

The statement further says that the controlling and outstanding factor in the situation today is the relatively small amount of raw materials and manufactured goods being moved. The explanation is given that stocks in the hands of retailers are sufficient to meet the needs of the consuming public.

"Improvement of business activity," the statement continues, "awaits adjustment of retail prices to a level satisfactory to the public."

Farmers, it is pointed out, who constitute the largest single class of consumers and who have already experienced considerable reduction in prices of their products will not resume buying, except from hand to mouth, until the price of what they buy bears a closer relation to what they've got to sell.

This necessary price readjustment is under way and will be expected to make more headway after the first of the year. Many Indianapolis business men are of the opinion that business will show considerably more activity after the first of the year.

Judge Gary Hopeful

Judge Elbert H. Gary, chairman of the board of directors of the United States Steel Corporation, in a recent interview in New York, said that the present economic depression in the United States is due to natural and necessary readjustments. He said that while there were many things in the industrial atmosphere of a disquieting nature, he was hopeful and confident of the future.

"The reason there were not more failures in business," Judge Gary said, "is because of the vast wealth of the country, its vast resources and the best spirit in the finest people in

perhaps the greatest country in the world."

Judge Gary said there was abundant proof that there is plenty of money in the country and that the people are willing to spend it freely just as soon as selling prices are considered fair, reasonable and stable.

Dividend Declared

Directors of the State Savings and Trust Company recently declared a semi-annual dividend of 3 per cent. Today checks are being mailed to all stockholders of record. The dividend is an increase of 1 per cent over the last dividend payment and places the stock on a 6 per cent basis. Eben H. Wolcott is president of the company, and said that the business of the company was very gratifying for the year.

Clippinger Named

H. F. Clippinger has been appointed the Indianapolis member of the publicity committee of the Investment Bankers' Association, which Roy C. Osgood, of Chicago, president of the association, recently named from banks in several of the larger cities of the country. "Clip" is manager of the bond department of the Fletcher Savings and Trust Company, and formerly was a newspaper reporter.

Indiana's New Banks

Charles W. Camp, Indiana state bank commissioner shows in his yearly report thirty-nine state banking institutions were formed during the last twelve months, whereas there were only twenty-eight organized the previous year. It is also observed in the report that the number of private banks in the state is becoming less each year. In 1919, nine private banks surrendered their charters and became state banks, and one ceased business. During 1920, twelve private banks became state banks and two were converted into trust companies. Two private banks were formed in 1919 and eight during the last year. Seven trust companies were formed each year.

Only one state bank failed in 1920. This was the Farmers' State Bank at Milton. The fact that the bank was insolvent was disclosed when the cashier committed suicide. In this case, however, there was no loss to the depositors. One or two other banks had to be closed for a short time because of the activities of their presidents, but their affairs were straightened out by the directors and they did not fail. In 1919 there were no bank failures in the state. In 1918 and 1917 two failures occurred in each year, but in these instances the depositors lost nothing.

Electric Light and Power SERVICE

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C. O'B. MURPHY, General Manager

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ON THE 30TH CIRCLE
OPTOMETRISTS-OPTICIANS
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National City Bank

SECURITY
COURTESY

INDIANAPOLIS

What's on Your Mind

Ed Tutt (former police reporter)—The legislature and congress made all our resolutions this year.

* * *

Charley Kepner (Claypool Hotel)—I noticed there was a lessened demand for ice New Year's morning.

* * *

A. Bennett Gates (president of Hotel Severin)—Nobody can deny but what this New Year celebration was quiet.

* * *

James Collins (criminal court judge)—Guntoters must go—even if they have to go to jail.

* * *

Fred Hoke (before the credit men)—Business has been on a big drunk—and it is still dizzy, but recovering.

* * *

Luther Shirley (undertaker)—You don't have to die to come and see our new building.

* * *

Jesse Hanft (president Advertisers Club)—Speaking of latchstrings—have you tried the one at the Advertisers Club?

* * *

George Smith (insurance)—Honestly, this is the best policy.

* * *

Frank Litchert (secretary to Governor Goodrich)—It's not goodbye, but au revoir.

John Orman (his New Year's card)—Happy New Year—my wish for you is a nineteen plenty one.

* * *

Chic Jackson (artist)—I'm against the state constabulary because I'd like to go some place that is not supervised by something or somebody.

* * *

Russell Willson (new president of the city council)—This is so unexpected!

* * *

Irving Lemaux—If dad was not a candidate for the mayoralty nomination maybe I could be city chairman.

* * *

Chief Loucks (fire department)—The two platoon system for firemen will give the boys a chance to take a little exercise away from the fire stations.

* * *

Dr. Herman Morgan (city health officer)—Don't take 'em off too soon—you'll regret it if you do. I'm referring to wool hosiery and heavy undies.

* * *

A. L. Block (manager L. Strauss & Co.)—No, we are not selling men's clothing with the buffet hip pockets this season.



Theatre Calendar

Week of January 10

English's—"Satires of 1920." Three nights.

Murat—Mme. Tetrazzini. Sunday afternoon.

Keith's—Vaudeville.

Lyric—Vaudeville.

ENGLISH'S

A young Indian chief, with Chesterfieldian manners and a Harvard accent, is responsible for one of the most marvelous numbers of "The Satires of 1920." Fanchon and Marco's super-revue, which comes to English's for three days, commencing Monday, January 10.

This number, "The Shrine of the Zunis," a wonderful exhibition of Indian mysticism and dancing, was suggested to Muriel Stryker, who stages it, by a youthful brave at the Warm Springs Reservation at Pendleton, Oregon. Miss Stryker, whose nautch dance in Fanchon and Marco's success of last season, "Let's Go," won her fame, conceived the idea of an Indian dance as a feature for this year's production. Beyond the fact that it must be entirely new and startling, her ideas were vague. Marco suggested a trip to the Oregon reservation.

Here she met one of the new generation of red men, a Carlisle graduate who had seen "Let's Go." Knowing her capabilities from this he outlined for her the dance, taught her the dif-



MURIEL STRYKER

This young lady with the fish spear comes to English's for three days beginning January 10th with "Satires of 1920."

ficult steps, and sketched the scenery and costuming. Miss Stryker says unadorned nature was his idea of garb. She has added beads and a feather or two.

Assisting her in the graceful offering are the Wright dancers and a score or more of Fanchon and Marco's "peaches," dazzling, pretty California maids.

Comedy holds a most important place in the offering and is interpreted by five noted funsters, Lloyd and Wells, Arthur West, Al Wohlman and John Sheehan. Others of especial note in the cast are the prima donna, Miss Eva Clark, Muriel Stryker, Daisy De Witte and Lucille Harmon. The maidens, fascinating in gowns and much more abbreviated apparel, are one of the big drawing cards, and listen, ladies, the fashion show which closes the performance displays creations that are marvelous. They came from the shops of Lester of Chicago.

The book of the piece is by Jean Havez, whose pen is in large part responsible for the success of Ziegfeld's Follies.

KEITH'S

"Doc" Baker, the noted quick-change artist, and a company of musical comedy players, including a beauty chorus and such well-known principals as Polly Walker and Bud and Jack Pearson, will offer as the headline attraction at Keith's next week a revue of fun, fads and fashions called "Flashes." The playlet has a thread of a story based upon the idea of two attaches of the Grand Central Terminal, New York, imagining that they realize all their hopes and dreams about the girl and the man they each love and admire. Josephine, played by Polly Walker, who is the guardian of a newsstand in the stations, and Pasquale, an Italian news agent, portrayed by "Doc" Baker, confide in each other and confess that they love clothes and people of fashion. She, in a childish way, tells him of her love for her ideal man, a fashion plate advertisement, and he in turn tells her that he adores women of fashion always, pictures in publications such as "Vogue" and "Vanity Fair." While they talk of these things they find themselves in front of a huge magazine. The figures come to life and step from the pages and from there on both indulge in all the clothes they can wear and realize their hopes to become what they have long loved and admired.

Tom Patricola, assisted by Irene Delroy, will offer an act called "The Girl and the Dancing Fool," in which Patricola will show his prowess as a dancer which gained him the above title. Harry J. Conley and his pretty



MARGUERITA PADULA

She comes to Keith's the week of January 10th as one of the headliners.

partner, Naomi Ryan, will offer a story with song accompaniment, "Rice and Old Shoes," in which Mr. Conley portrays the role of an up-to-date "Rube." Marguerite Padula will contribute an act in which she gives a song study of boys. She sings, plays and whistles. The Great Koban and company consists of three clever Japanese who will present a combination novelty of head balancing, posturing and foot juggling. A feature of the act is the head jumping by one of the members Kaichi, who accomplishes the feat of jumping upstairs upon his head. Marie Walsh and Irving Edwards will offer songs and dances. Sailor Bill Reilly, formerly of the U. S. S. Michigan, will present special songs, stories and a piano-logue. W. D. Pollard, a "nut" comedian, is also a clever juggler and will offer a new variety of comedy and juggling. The Kinogram News weekly and the Literary Digest paragraphs will be included in the program.

MURAT

The career of Mme. Luisa Tetrazzini, who will be heard here in concert Sunday, has been replete with extraordinary events. The most recent was her singing by wireless for the Navy boys far out at sea, when her golden tones were wafted across miles of water as clearly as though she were singing in a concert hall. A signal honor was conferred upon Tetrazzini in being chosen for this demonstration.

Another occasion which stands out as unique was when the famous artist sang in the streets of California on Christmas eve a few years ago as a tribute to the city in which she was first heard in this country and where she is beloved by every citizen. Two hundred thousand persons gathered to acclaim her at this time.

"Lucia" is Tetrazzini's favorite opera, and she is practically the only

singer who sings all of the coloratura embellishments of the "Mad Scene" as they are written. If she deviates at all it is to add further trills and altitudinous notes. Local music lovers will have the opportunity of hearing Tetrazzini sing this aria with flute obligato Sunday afternoon at the Murat Theatre. The concert is under the direction of Bradford Mills and Merle Armitage.

LYRIC

For its headline attraction next week the Lyric will offer the big scenic production "The Lincoln Highwayman," a playlet that is packed with thrills, comedy situations and dramatic moments. It is staged in elaborate fashion with a whole carload of special scenic and property equipment. The locale is a garage on an isolated portion of the Lincoln Highway, and a party of autoists form an interesting group of characters participating in the action. Other features will include the Organdy girls, a quartet of vocalists who have an act that is said to be well away from the beaten path; Broughton and Turner, a comedy team in "Just Landed," a skit in which a customs house inspector and an Irish colleen engage in a duel of wits with humorous results; Jessie Keller, a young woman cyclist who is billed as "Venus on Wheels," and who will be remembered as the beauty of the famous Keller troupe of expert riders; Godfrey and Henderson in an assortment of song and talk styled "Before and After;" Rozita and Bingham, singers and accordionists, who are popularizing grand opera with patrons of the varieties; Jack and Tommy Weir in a blackface absurdity, "At the Races," and Happy Harrison and company offering a comedy animal act called "Circus Days." Carter Harrison in a farce entitled "Spirits," the Paramount magazine and the Pathe review will be shown on the screen.



TETRAZZINI

A singing star of the first magnitude, who will appear at the Murat Theatre Sunday afternoon in concert.



Judge Walter Pritchard of the city court doesn't appreciate "cave man" tactics and said he preferred Blackstone to a recent defendant's views on the subject of "correcting" friend wife, so he fined him \$1 and costs on the vulgar charge of wifebeating.

* * *

About the only man who enjoyed New Year's in the old way was the chap with a hip-pocket supply who slipped out in the alley for a nip of something with a kick in it.

* * *

If George Lemaux becomes a candidate for mayor, what will the gas company do with somebody to "go to the mat" with?

* * *

James P. Trenton, superintendent of the city street railway company, has the right idea about automobiles slowing up street car traffic when parked at an angle on the street.

* * *

Harold Jaffe, after viewing the cold wave, has gone to Jacksonville, Fla., on a trip.

* * *

Charley Rush, city librarian, has gone to Chicago to attend the mid-winter meeting of the American Library Association and incidentally tell the delegates what an unusual library Indianapolis has.

* * *

Passengers using the Broad Ripple car lines will "pay as they leave" instead of as they enter, which, by the way, would keep down traffic jams in the loop district if the plan was used by city cars on outbound trips.

* * *

Brigadier G. F. Casler of the state organization of the Salvation Army welcomed some 2,500 children at the Christmas treat last week for the children of Indianapolis. It was "worth the price" to see the joy exuded from the youngsters who crowded Tomlinson Hall for this annual treat by the Army folk.

* * *

Governor-elect McCray and Mayor Jewett forgot politics long enough to talk hog raising before the Indiana Swine Breeders' Association, which met here last week.

* * *

An Indiana man visiting in Grand Rapids, Mich., went out to get a shave a few weeks ago and hasn't yet returned. Some barbers must be wretchedly slow.

* * *

Lloyd Claycombe, who has the honor of being national chancellor of the Lambda Chi fraternity, did a good job in welcoming the delegates to the convention here last week.

* * *

Roilaire Eggleston may be responsible for this story, although it can not be proved on him:

A man entered a bird store and said to the proprietor:

"I saw your ad about a man wanted to retail canaries."

"Yes; do you want to go to work?" said the proprietor.

"No, I don't want a job," was the reply, "but what I'd like to know is, how did they lose their tails?"

* * *

Fred Hoke recently addressed the credit men on a review of the year's business—and Fred can make as good a business speech as he can a campaign speech.

* * *

Tom Roberts was one of the speakers who told the members of the Indianapolis Advertisers Club how a club ought to function. Tom can take 'em apart and put 'em together without a mistake.

* * *

Luther Worley has no kick as to icy pavements. A highwayman held him up the other night and when he attempted to hit Worley with a revolver butt the robber slipped on the ice and fell, while Worley faded away.

* * *

William L. Elder has been notified that his resignation as collector of internal revenue for this district has been accepted to take place when his successor has been appointed. Perhaps Burt New will yet get the job in his New Year's stocking.

* * *

Jack Hendricks is going to take his Indians to Crawley, La., for their spring training. Here's hoping!

* * *

By the way, Hank Schrieber, shortstop for the Indians, has signed a contract for next season—the first one of the tribe to get solid with the boss.

* * *

Walter Pfaff is about ready to graduate into the Sherlock Holmes or Nick Carter detective class. Last summer a negro whom he hired to wash windows at his home stole a \$400 diamond as part pay for the job. The other day Walter saw the culprit on the street, made a pencil sketch of him, turned it over to detectives who did the rest. This is a free ad.

* * *

J. R. Dunwoody, city chemist, found that milk sold in the city by Thaddeus McMullen of Greenwood was 40 per cent water. It seems that the old oaken bucket is still doing duty at the old stand.

* * *

Any one wishing a good pair of yarn socks can be accommodated by the Rainbow Cheer Association, which has started selling leftover socks that were originally knitted for the soldiers overseas. Mrs. Edna Dailey is chairman of the association.

ENGLISH'S

Mon., Tues., Wed.
Matinee Wednesday

**The
Fanchon
AND
Marco
Satires of
1920**

A New Musical Revue
With a Plot.

With a Company of 51.

PRICES:

Night, 50c to \$2.50
Matinee, 50c to \$1.50
Seats Selling

Thurs., Fri., Sat.
Matinee Saturday

CHARLES FROHMAN

Presents

**Ethel
Barrymore**

In the play in which
her triumph has
been without parallel
in the history of the
American stage.

"Declassée"

By ZOE AKINS

PRICES: 50c to \$3.00
Seats Monday

Shop Tours

This is the tale of a mandarin coat. Or rather, a complete mandarin suit, for a pair of trousers in the fashion of the Ming or some equally w. and f. known dynasty, is included.

The outfit was presented to a certain young woman of Indianapolis for Christmas by her husband. He did not travel to China to get them, but merely called up her favorite shop, asked for Miss C., who frequently waits on Mrs. A. and knows her tastes, and stated his desire. Whereupon she selected this brocade suit, a pinkish orchid, made with the flat neck and side closing, and lavishly banded as to edges of coat, sleeves, trousers and coat-vents with handsomely embroidered Chinese silk.

Mrs. A.'s sister had ordered a pair of heelless mules from Vantine's, pink silk toes embroidered in deeper pink and white. These Mrs. A. found an admirable addition to her costume, with which she dazzled all her friends.

But young Mrs. W. refused to be dazzled. Instead, she made the tour of the shops until she discovered the place where the costumes could be bought—before Christmas. Waiting for more to arrive from the Orient seemed an unsatisfactory solution for a problem that demanded action. So she bought material and is now making a mandarin suit.

Finding a brocade silk or satin was a simple matter in these days of dew-kissed and moon-glow and fantasy fabrics. Mrs. W. chose a vivid sea-green, with brocaded figures of bamboo and birds in self color showing at every turn and change of light. Then she began to search for embroidered Chinese bands, and, wonder of wonders, she found a choice assortment of them at a shop on the Circle, the sole spot in which they could be found to date. And not only bands, which run in long diagonals across squares of satin, but also embroidered pieces for fancy necks in scroll outline can be purchased. The complete set of bands and curly neck piece is arranged on one large section of shiny satin, and these squares come in both black and white. If you want a dainty mandarin suit, choose the trimming with the white background; if the effect is to be more dashing and gorgeous, choose the black.

For her green brocade, Mrs. W. selected a square of black. She is so enamored of the result, which is gradually being achieved, that she is urging her friends to rush down and buy up the squares before they are gone, for there are only a few. A brunette friend of hers is scouring the town for a brocade in the decorative "Chinese red," which is to be found in rounds of embroidery, piano throws and small cream pitchers, but is hard to find in dress silk. If the worst comes to the worst, she will buy a piece of plain red satin and embroider it in gold and black herself.

* * *

There is an epilogue to this story. Mr. A. has heard with some interest

of the still rippling waves caused by his gift to his wife, and he began to think that there must be some charm, unknown to him, in the wearing of a mandarin suit. One afternoon he tried on the pinkish orchid jacket, and from that moment he was lost to its allurements. Mrs. A. is nothing if not venturesome, and she is making Mr. A. a flannel lounge suit on the lines of her mandarin. He cares nothing for embroidery, and expressed a preference for the unadorned garments, but decoration is being thrust upon him, and he will have to wait a little longer before his evenings and days at home can be spent in the warm, light, loose comfort of a flannel mandarin suit, American made.

* * *

Fudge aprons that are a temptation even to the woman who has had too much candy during the holidays are on display in the needlework department of a local shop. They are made of Japanese crepe, in strawberry pinks, sky blue, and lemon yellows,



May Sinclair's latest book, "The Romantic," is one of those stories which it is very difficult to discuss without robbing it of its freshness for the prospective reader—the unpardonable sin for the reviewer. Not that "The Romantic" has an explosive plot which must not be allowed to go off at half-cock. The whole plot could be easily set forth in a short paragraph. It is the development of the character of the "Romantic" that is the intriguing feature of the story, and every reader has a right to follow up the fresh revelation of character for himself.

Romantic and prosaic are relative terms, and at the beginning of the story it is rather difficult to decide who it was that gave the story its title. Charlotte Redhead, who has just put a definite finis to a love affair when disillusion touched it, seems romantic enough with her scorn of lying and faking and her impatience with anything short of perfection. But when she meets visionary John Conway, she becomes by contrast the practical person who smooths over rough actualities so that the blessed romantic may not stub his wings. The big interest of the story is in high-souled John's reaction to the war when he and Charlotte go out to Belgium with an ambulance unit as a volunteer relief corps. John is not simply symbolical of romantic persons as a class; he is a particular, highly individual person,

and are of the style that slips on over the head and comes clear down to the waistline in back—a sort of sleeveless blouse with a plastron or apron front. A leather belt slipped through a casing in the back of the apron and buckled in front adds the needed touch of black, which is carried out in wildly futuristic designs of birds and butterflies and flowers around the neck and on the twin pockets. It is well worth while to go in for fudge-making for the fun of wearing one of these fetching aprons. What matter if the candy turn to sugar, if the cook's costume is becoming?

* * *

New coat chains have recently arrived from the East, and for anyone who finds it much easier to talk fluently, convincingly, and entertainingly when playing with a bauble or kerchief, these new chains should prove an aid to oratory. They aren't sensational—not the knobby, big, bead necklaces that have such a heavy look they seem to be weighing their wearer down. These latest chains are barely more than a delicate thread of silver; some are perfectly plain twisted ropes of thin silvery metal; others

have amethyst or emerald brilliants, six or eight in each length of the strand; and still others have a decorative effect produced by a branching of the chain into two or three parts, held together by lacy, filigree pieces of silver, for a section of six or eight inches in the chain just below the lapel of a coat. They add a frivolous touch to a severely tailored suit, and the open link at the end provides a safe place for trunk or suit-case keys when traveling, or for the small silver locket.

Handy Husbands

A few days ago the newspapers recorded the marriage of Miss Constance Talmadge, the motion picture star, to a Greek tobacco merchant of New York with an unpronounceable name. Miss Talmadge, whose picture adorns the front cover of this magazine, is a young woman of histrionic accomplishment and a great favorite with movie audiences.

Her marriage recalls the fact that the marriage of other stage luminaries to men of more or less obscurity is another and effective way of sinking the personalities of these handy husbands. In other words, being the husband of a celebrity, while it supplies three meals a day, has its drawbacks. He is expected to efface himself whenever in public, so that his wife may do all the shining. He answers her when she calls—and that is about all. More often than not he is divorced after a short time—and usually that is the end of him. Of course, there are exceptions to all rules, and occasionally the husband of a celebrity is boss of his own ranch, because of his ability to do things, too. Witness, Douglas Fairbanks, John Fox, the author, Maeterlinck, and a few others.

Week's Best-Selling Phonograph Records

Brunswick

Just Snap Your Fingers at Care—Fox trot.

Grieving for You—Fox trot.

Columbia

Oh, Little Town of Bethlehem—Quartette.

Japanese Sandman—Fox trot.

Edison

When Your Gone I Won't Forget You—Contralto and tenor.

Any Time, Any Day, Anywhere—Fox trot.

Gennett

Feather Your Nest—Fox trot.

Broadway Rose—Tenor.

Pathé

Tripoli—Hawaiian guitar.

Fair One—Fox trot.

Victor

Mignon Polonaise—Galli-Curci.

Wang Wang Blues—Fox trot.

The region east of Suez is the setting for the three novelettes included in Talbot Mundy's latest volume, "Told in the East." India during the Sepoy rebellion in 1857 furnishes the background for the first two stories. "Hookum Hai," meaning "It is the

(Continued on Page 16)

There is a move on foot to obtain a salary boost for the judges of the circuit courts of the state. Also for the recorders. Well, it's time the salaried employees "got theirs."

As the Villain Once Pursued Her

(Continued from Page 5)

the Bible that he had seen the soldier in the act, an indignant old colored woman shouted down from the gallery, "You know you're a liar. I saw you take them myself."

Incidents of this sort happened often enough, for when an audience was carried away by the action of a play, some simple soul was apt to forget that the whole play was only make-believe. In "The World" there was a shipwreck scene where two lorn survivors were shown making their escape on a raft, while the ocean lapped hungry waves round about them, propelled by hard-working stage hands. It was another case of "Water, water everywhere, nor any drop to drink," and the poor victims moaned in agony for "Water, Water." In the tenseness of waiting for a ship to come to the rescue, some sniffed, and others swabbed the tears away with handkerchiefs, but one practical little boy demanded in a stage whisper, "Why don't they give that woman a drink, mama?" He had seen the water cooler in the theatre, had even had a drink himself, and he saw no excuse for this needless suffering.

"From Sing Sing to Liberty" was the theatrical ancestor of the modern Houdini lock-picking stunts. A man named Cunningham and called Cunningham, the Jail-Breaker, played the role of the innocent prisoner who was sent up to Sing Sing, and then defied them all by breaking through handcuffs, locked and barred doors, and safe combinations, to get out of jail and find the papers that proved his innocence. In his spare time, Mr. Cunningham used to go down to the old jail and pick locks of all sorts for the edification of the local police.

There were a host of shows of the western flavor. "The James Boys in Missouri" was written and produced with the permission of Frank James after he had reformed. James H. Wallick used to come to town with a bill for a split week, "The Bandit King" and "The Cattle King." The best feature of these two shows, according to all the oldtimers was a remarkably intelligent horse, who untied the ropes that bound his master when he was tied to the stake and left to burn. The horse also starred in a rescue stunt in which he unlatched the door of the burning cabin where the heroine had been locked.

Oliver D. Bryan, who is now in moving pictures, used to play in the thriller "Across the Continent," which was on at the old Park Theatre more than twenty years ago when it burned down. The show was transferred to the old Grand and filled its engagement there.

"Mardo, the Hunter," was a western picture that featured Frank I. Frayne in a role to display his marksmanship. He used to shoot cards out of his wife's hands, pennies out of her teeth, and apples off her head, but one night, while playing an engagement in the east, he made a miss and killed her, which put the final thrill to that drama.

A cowboy show was "Young Buffalo," and the hard-riding, lariat-

throwing young man who played the title role was a native of Bleeker street, New York.

Then there were the Indian shows. "The End of the Trail" was one and "The Flaming Arrow," with its real Indian maiden, Go-On-Go Mohawk, was another.

The very earliest of the big spectacular stage stunts were put on by Lincoln J. Carter. In "The Heart of Chicago" the fire scene was a terrifying and impressive spectacle, and the stampede of the frightened citizens was fearful to behold.

The first race between an automobile and an engine was another of his sensational innovations in "Bedford's Hope." Such productions as these won Carter the title of the Belasco of the popular-priced circuit.

"The Still Alarm" had the honor of starring the first fire engine to be used on the stage, a neat affair of papier mache that made a wonderful hit when attached to two big white horses and dragged onto the stage.

Howard Hall was one of the most popular matinee idols who ever delighted adoring audiences, and in "The Man Who Dared," there was a beautiful opportunity for him to display his manly courage. The lady of his heart flung her glove into a pit of lions, real lions, and Hall himself leaped in among them, grabbed the glove and leaped out. This was a sure-fire stunt, and a simple-hearted audience little suspected that these roaring lions had to be kicked by the property man for them to get up enough energy to drag their ancient carcasses onto the stage.

Charlie McCarty in "One of the Bravest" was a popular hero as the fireman who rescued the girl from the burning building.

Harry Clay Blaney and Charley Blaney were favorites, and Cecil Spooner, the wife of Charley, was always a hit in "The Girl Raffles" and "The Dancer and the King."

The good-looking hero in "Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model," had a sad experience in Indianapolis. He got into a fight with a porter at the old Bates House, and the negro used his razor to such good effect that he laid open the fair cheek of the leading man, and spoiled his stage career. Having once lived the life of the handsome hero, he couldn't condescend to the level of the heavy.

There are dozens of others of the good old melodramas that used to visit Indianapolis: "Tracked Around the World"; "The White Slave," with its famous line "Rags are regal raiment when worn for virtue's sake"; "The Great White Diamond"; "On the Bridge at Midnight"; "The Moonshiner's Daughter," which should certainly be revived by some producer who is an opportunist; "Tessie, the Toiler"; "From Rags to Riches"; "No Mother to Guide Her"; "Parted on Her Bridal Tour"; "Why Girls Leave Home"; "Across the Pacific," in which Harry Clay Blaney and the first gatling guns ever used on the stage had an important part; "Sure Shot Sam," with Victor Aldrich; "China Town Charley"; "Waifs of New

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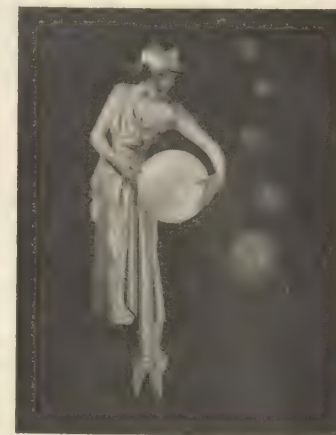
It's made in
INDIANAPOLIS

York"; "The White Tigress of Japan"; "The Angel of the Alley"; "Bertha, the Sewing Machine Girl"; "On the Stroke of Twelve"; "Through Death Valley"; "Convict 999," and "The Queen of the High Binders."

All the old melodramas of William H. Brady, Al Woods—or rather, of Sullivan, Harris and Woods—and Lincoln J. Carter came every year to delight the same old fans and new recruits, who found more entertainment and honest enjoyment in those regular thrillers than all the Follies and Winter Garden shows of today can possibly provide.

If any one doubts the truth of this statement, he is respectfully referred to Mr. Philip Brown, at present stage director of Keith's Theatre, but one-time employe of the Park Theatre, where he had a fine chance for first-hand observation, working his way up from seller of popcorn and candy to manager of the house. Mr. Brown probably knows as much about the halcyon days of the melodrama in Indianapolis as anybody in town, but if further witness to the glory of the departed thriller is needed, he can bring up further support from among those who also were present every night at the old Park.

New shows may come out every year from New York, gorgeous and expensive as to scenery and cast, but not many of them can provide the thrills and excitement of the regular old melodrama, the "shot-gun opera."



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.. Motion Pictures ..

Week of January 9, 1921

Alhambra—Wallace Reid in "The Charm School;" "Pink Tights."

Circle—Katherine MacDonald in "My Lady's Latch Key."

Colonial—William Faversham in "The Sin That Was His."

Crystal—Alice Lake in "The Misfit Wife."

Isis—"The Heliotrope."

Mister Smith's—Monte Blue in "The Jucklins."

Ohio—Mae Murray and David Powell in "Idols of Clay."

Regent—Zane Grey's "The U. P. Trail."

Alhambra

Wallace Reid comes to the Alhambra for the first half of next week in "The Charm School," a picturized version of Alice Duer Miller's comedy, which recently visited the Murat Theatre. Mr. Reid is cast as Austin Bevans, an automobile salesman who finds life rather dull until he inherits a girl's boarding school, grounds, buildings and all. Deserting "automobile row" and prospective customers he promptly proceeds to assume the post of principal of the school and to revolutionize its teachings by supplanting old methods of academic instruction with lessons on how to be charming. It is his idea that girls should spend more time making themselves beautiful and less in preparing for business and politics. Quite naturally some unique comedy situations and a world of romance develop, with Bevans finally winning the chief charmer, portrayed by Lila Lee. Others in the cast are Adele Farrington, Grace Morse, Edwin Stevens, Lincoln Stedman and Kate Toncray. There are also fifty or more bathing girls, diving girls, dancing girls and athletic girls vying to make things interesting. The Fox news weekly and a Mutt and Jeff cartoon will also be shown.

Circle

The thrilling mystery of "The Second Latchkey," a recent best-seller by C. N. and A. M. Williamson, provides the story for Katherine MacDonald's latest starring vehicle, "My Lady's Latchkey." The story opens aboard the ocean greyhound, "Monarchic," among whose passengers is Ruthven Smith, the trusted representative of a big diamond merchant. He is robbed of a rare collection of jewels which he is taking to London. Annesley Grayle, a London girl, who has wearied of five years of monotonous life with an elderly aunt, answers an advertisement for a companion. While waiting for her prospective mistress, a young man appears on the scene, begs Annesley to save his life by pretending to be his wife. She consents, and when he takes her to her home, where by an odd chance, Ruthven Smith also rooms, the young man is mistaken by the overcautious Smith for another thief and is nearly killed. The theft of the pearls aboard the steamer dogs the romance of the young people and almost, but not quite, wrecks it.

The remainder of the program for next week includes a Bruce Scenic with special musical setting; a Booth

Tarkington comedy, "Edgar Camps Out," and a Circlette of News.

Crystal

Alice Lake's career in "The Misfit Wife," the feature picture at the Crystal Theatre next week, begins with work in a laundry, next to manicuring in Paris, Wyoming, and culminates in reforming first and then marrying Peter Crandall. When Katie Malloy, otherwise Miss Lake, returns with Peter to his New York home, everything in the new environment is strange to her. She bravely survives footmen, tea wagons, and Harvard accents, but is almost overwhelmed by Peter's stepmother, who tells Katie that she is a misfit wife. The little manicurist, however, makes a good fight for her place in the family, and all opposition finally fails before her direct and original methods. The cast supporting Miss Lake includes Forrest Stanley, Jack Livingston and Graham Pettie.

Colonial

The feature picture at the Colonial Theatre for the week of January 9 will be "The Sin That Was His," with William Faversham in the leading role. The story is based on a theme that is a favorite with motion picture producers, and its dramatic situations and emotional climaxes are said to give the star a generous opportunity to display his ability. Music by the American Harmonists and the Liberty Entertainers will be included in the program for the week.

Ohio

"Idols of Clay" brings together a young London sculptor and a girl of the type known as an innocent child of nature. The man has been disappointed in his career and in his romance because an unscrupulous woman has shattered his youthful faith in life and love. Drifting to the South Sea Islands, he meets the innocent child of nature, the daughter of a pearl smuggler. The young man is taken back to London by his old teacher, and the girl journeys to England with a burlesque troupe, after the death of her father. In a career which takes her from the stage to London Bohemian society, and then to the lowest dens of the Limehouse underworld, her artist finds her and saves her from an awful fate. Mae Murray and David Powell play the leading roles, and the cast in their support includes George Fawcett and Dorothy Cunningham.

The Wayfarer

(Continued from Page 6)

heap as a place to sow tobacco seed for the raising of the plants. I have helped to set out plants until my back was about broken. I have helped to pick off the shining green worms—have helped to harvest the crop—to hang it in the curing sheds and in the long winter evening I have done my bit in tying it up in bands, stemming, twisting, hauling it to market and everything connected with the growing of a plant that is typically American—about the only thing that is really and totally American, save the American Indian. . . .

"No, you are wrong—I was eighteen years old before I ever used the weed in any form—but since that day Lady Nicotine has been my friend and companion.

"I was a good deal like Huxley, who was at a debate on smoking at which a big group of 'antis' were present. Huxley said that for forty years of his life tobacco had been a poison to him. He had tried to smoke in his youth, his middle age, but had always met with defeat. The antis wagged their heads 'I-told-you-so.' Once when in Brittany or somewhere with friends, the night being too rainy to go out, the friends sat and smoked. 'They looked so happy I thought I would try a cigar,' Huxley said. (The antis shook their heads dolefully.) I did. I smoked that cigar—it was delicious—soothing! (Groans from the antis.) From that moment I was a changed man. I have smoked in moderation ever since."

"I am like that," finished the smoker. "Lady Nicotine and I will go down to the end together—and out—in a puff."

The dyspeptic one, who had been hanging to a strap and listening, gazed upward at the car ventilators with a look of concentrated disgust on his face. He muttered to himself, turned around and faced the other side of the car with another strap in his clutch. The back-platformers followed his movement and his gaze . . . He glanced but once—his face grew purple, he gurgled in his throat, lurched in a blind rage to the front of the car and disembarked amidst a gale of guffaws from the rear platformers—

What he had seen was a cigar car card. It had driven him mad.

The Trail of the Bookworm

(Continued from Page 14)

order," is an account of the part played by a sergeant in the queen's service, one William Brown, whose religion was obedience to orders. Left with twelve men to guard a lonely crossroads in the network of India's winding, grass-grown country tracks, and her broad, straight, English-built highways, he sees to it that no one passes without giving a full account of himself. Under orders, he proceeds to Jaipore, with his little handful of men, for the purpose of rescuing three white women and a child who are hidden there. By the aid of a Rajput soldier, strategy and possession of the



Program for Week Beginning
Sunday, January 9, 1921

**KATHERINE
MACDONALD**

IN

**"MY LADY'S
LATCH KEY"**

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"Edgar Camps Out"

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The plot of "For the Salt Which He Had Eaten" hinges on the loyalty of a native soldier to an English officer. A battle against odds of fifty to one, a rescue of an Englishwoman from the innermost hiding place of an Indian temple, and the planning and strategy of the faithful old Risaidar for the protection of an English officer's wife, make the tale highly dramatic. "Machassan Ah" has a more humorous flavor, narrating the adventures of two sailors and a bull dog. All three of the stories are typical Talbot Mundy tales of romance and high adventure. (The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.)

On and Off Broadway

By Eugene Jepson Cadou

"Yes," said the blond waitress in the Madison avenue restaurant, shifting her gum, "I likes to wait on men better than most o' these women you see here. The men come in and know just what they want, but some o' these old hens always want somethin' we haven't got. Men eat solid food and the women draw in their wings when we run out o' delectable banana peelings festooned with horse radish an' that sort o' stuff. An', say, you know the easiest guy to serve is a Chinaman or Jap? They're always polite, grin when you bring 'em anything, even the bill. Maybe they don't know no better, but they sure are the politest birds I know. Single guys like you are all right till they get about forty; after that they get lonesome an' crabbed an' want to know where you live."

An interesting event during January will be the dinner for contributors, who have been successful in having their writings published in "The Conning Tower," F. P. A.'s daily column in the New York Tribune. All stages of life are said to be represented in the "contrihs." There are shop girls, salesmen, business men, blase club-window loungers, millionaires and representatives of Bohemian Greenwich Village. In spite of the fact that there is no payment made for contributions, the Contrib. Club members are overwhelmed with gratification when their screeds are accepted, for The Tower, which is probably the best column in the country from a literary standpoint. It is a case of art for art's sake plus perhaps the personal satisfaction which comes from seeing the name or initials in print. The most cautious gambler would wager that there will be no long after-dinner speeches and that community song leaders and professional "whooper-ups" will not be among those present.

It was an ingenious press agent who conceived the scheme of trying out "Miss Lulu Bett," a comedy dramatized from the novel by Zona Gale, on Sing Sing prison's new stage, given to the prisoners by David Belasco. The play, which opened last week at the Belmont Theatre in New York, was enthusiastically received by the prisoners, who overtaxed the seating capacity of the prison chapel. The last big play given at Sing Sing was "Tea for Three," which was presented two years ago.

Columbus Circle, in the heart of "Gasolene Row," is the home of a new metropolitan institution, the automobile pawnshop. Here, when the motor owner is short of ready money he may "hock" his flivver. If he fails to pay back the loan with interest, the car is sold as second-hand. The pawnbroker is said to have annexed a bag of dollars within the last few weeks.

Chauffeurs in City Hall Park have no enviable lot these cold, wintry nights, for the wind sweeping up Broadway from the Woolworth corner chills to the bone. One of the taxi men discovered recently that an agreeable warm draught is emitted from the Broadway subway through the iron grating set in the sidewalk as a ventilator. Now there is always a group of chauffeurs standing on the grating.

New York police say that the apparently superlative courage which has stimulated hold-up men to stage daring robberies in the forties, Central Park and other supposedly well-guarded districts, is supplied by cocaine. "Coke" is said to banish all sense of fear while its effect lasts. The East Side houses numerous well-dressed young men whose business is the supplying of drugs and narcotics to crooks and gangsters.

Women on West 146th street are divided into two hostile camps because of charges against a woman of the neighborhood of witchcraft. She is alleged to have bewitched a two-year-old child. Prohibition! Blue laws! Now it's witchcraft! A glorious heritage from the Pilgrim Fathers.

1921 Conventions

Indianapolis will have her share of national and state conventions during 1921. One hotel reports thirty conventions booked for the year, most of them coming the first three months of the year, although there are others scattered out through the summer. One of the early conventions is the International Sunday School Council, which meets the latter part of January and brings 400 delegates. The headquarters will be at the Hotel Severin. The Retail Lumber Dealers' Association is another large convention which meets in January, with headquarters at the Claypool. The Indiana Association of Dyers and Cleaners meets in February. The National Association of Purchasing Agents meets here in October, with headquarters at the Claypool. This is expected to be one of the large conventions of the year. Let them come!

We've Got a Little List of Folks We Wouldn't Miss

The loquacious lady who laboriously "reads" the movies so that her neighbors may appreciate the show.

* * *

The athletic young man who displays his prowess by pushing aside the gray-haired lady with a heavy market basket, in order that he may get a seat in a crowded car.

* * *

The busy executive who hasn't time to see callers, but can spend seven afternoons a week on the "gawlf" course.

R. C. C.

Indiana Game Trails

By Thomas Hendricks

"American bison, generally known as buffalo, ranged in other days in countless numbers over the meadows and prairies of Indiana. From the summit of the hill at Ouitanenon (near what is now Lafayette) we are told in 1718: 'Nothing is visible to the eye but prairies full of buffalos.' Elk were common and deer more so. Bears and wolves were quite abundant. It is reported that in a good locality a good hunter, without much fatigue to himself, could supply daily one hundred men with meat. Wild turkeys were found in large flocks. Bob whites and ruffed grouse were abundant. Ducks and geese, snipe and plover were found in great numbers. Paroquets were as abundant along the lower Wabash and Whitewater valleys as blackbirds now are in spring and fall. Passenger pigeons bred and roosted in many localities. During the migrations they appeared in such numbers as to obscure the sky and hide the sun for hours, sometimes for days in succession. Their strange appearance was made more wonderful by the continuous rumble of the thunder of the on-coming clouds—the noise of the strokes of millions upon millions of wings."

With a sigh the Nimrod of 1920 laid aside the report made many years ago to the Indiana Academy of Science by Professor A. W. Butler. He visualized the Indiana of the pioneer, teeming with wild life from one end to the other, and then thought of the game of the present—quail, rabbit, squirrel and duck. The quail, the aristocrat of the game bird family, fighting a brave but losing battle against the fate that befell the passenger pigeon and the buffalo; of the duck becoming fewer and fewer each year; of the squirrel disappearing in his wild state with our few remaining forests and degenerating to a parasitic little peanut beggar in our city parks. The rabbit alone seems to have thrived on civilization and to have escaped the fate of his stronger and hardier rivals.

Nothing is falser as applied to animal life than the doctrine of the survival of the fittest. It is the cowardly and not the brave that survive; the buffalo disappears while the rabbit lives; the grizzly bear nears extinction while the brown rat grows in numbers at an alarming rate.

So the opening of the hunting season in Indiana found the game very limited, and thanks to the activity of farmers throughout the state in "posting" their lands, the activity of the hunter is greatly restricted; in fact, in some counties practically brought to a dead stop. But the hunting instinct survives. It is much easier to exterminate game than a human instinct, and thus it happens that many of us, whose fathers brought in long strings of quail and prairie chicken and not a few wild turkeys not so very many years ago, and whose grandfathers

shot deer, elk and bear, and knocked down a bushel basket full of passenger pigeons with a barrel stave, feel the call of the wild when the crisp November days come along.

The lure of the gun, the heart throb that comes with the heavy whirr of the flushed quail, the thrill one gets as a good setter or pointer stiffens, lengthens and flattens out to a perfect point behind the covey, are inborn in a race whose forefathers for generations hunted with all the vigor and earnestness of a 1921 hero changing a tire twenty miles from home. Perhaps in generations to come, long after the quail has gone to join the myriads of passenger pigeons or has been declared a song bird by some legislature with foresight, if such a body ever can exist, scientists will be conducting exhaustive tests to discover the reason for the restlessness that every fall assails the Indian of plain, old, undiluted Hoosier stock. It will be nothing more nor less than the American hunting instinct that has survived the game to be hunted.

With typical American wastefulness and shortsightedness we wasted our game. We thought that what was always would be. We were not content to kill for food or with decent sportsmanship; we butchered. With nets, traps, ten-gauge and even eight-gauge shot guns that resembled pieces of field artillery, we waged a blind, merciless war of extermination on the bountiful bird and animal life of Indiana. With only reasonable, decent, restrictions there was sufficient quail, passenger pigeons, prairie chickens and turkeys to have lasted for centuries and to have provided sport for Hoosier sportsmen for generations to come; but that was not our way of doing things. Preservation of natural resources, animal, mineral or plant life has been the last thing in the world we have considered.

We have squandered our wonderful forests, butchered our wild life, thrown away our splendid natural resources in a wild orgy of wastefulness.

So the hunter of 1921 finds himself operating in a constantly lessening sphere. As a general rule he is a different hunter from the game butcher of a few years ago. He now hunts with a twenty-gauge gun instead of a cannon, he shoots his birds on the wing and scorns the massacre of the pot shot, he realizes that man can kill faster than Nature can replace; but it is very doubtful if his knowledge has come sufficiently soon to save the few surviving bits of game in the Hoosier state, once the hunter's paradise.

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∴ The Weekly Potpourri ∴

Members of the board of safety, Mayor Jewett and a number of citizens recently discussed the "crime wave," which has been pestering Indianapolis for some time. A. L. Taggart, president of the board of safety, declared criminals must be sent to jail to stop crime, and he urged the support of the courts and other agencies in seeing that criminals were sent to jail. There is no question but what "influence" has been brought to bear to keep certain law violators from getting "days" when found guilty and that circulation of pardon petitions are common to get out of prison those who were unfortunate enough to have been "sent up." Enforcement of the law seems to be the only answer to a crime wave.

In order that the dancers of the "light fantastic" might dance in the new year and dance out the old year, the Indianapolis midnight curfew was not sounded on New Year's eve. It appears that the matter of long distance dancing records is being curtailed.

Robert M. McBroom, a deputy sheriff, had a gun battle with a stranger whom he had arrested for attempting to flirt with his daughter and another young woman on their way home from a picture show. The so-called gunman was shot after he had drawn a revolver and attempted to escape from the officer who was telephoning for a patrol wagon. The moral of this tale is either don't flirt or don't try to escape after you do.

Robert F. Daggett, Walter White and Dr. L. S. Fall were awarded prizes by the Kiwanis Club for not having missed a meeting during the year. Each of the three drew straws for the first prize, which was awarded to Mr. Daggett. How many of the trio have the same church record?

Warren T. McCray, governor-elect, is now beginning to realize what it means to be governor. He is besieged daily by office-seekers, office-holders, friends of office-seekers, friends of office-holders and by "friends" of the public, who would like to have a little favor. Governor McCray's room at the Claypool Hotel has all the appearances of some one lying in state and the occupant being "viewed."

L. H. Hines, state superintendent of public instruction, who is known as a "good scout" by the local newspaper men, recently gave his annual dinner to the reporters on the state house "run." By this means these news hounds are able to get one good meal each year—and they enjoy it, from soup to nuts. At the recent dinner were: Joe Park, William R. Harley and William F. Fox, of the News; Felix Bruner and Horace Coates, of the Times; Howell Ellis, of the star; Harry Fenton, Associated Press; Joe Diesel, United Press; Hilliard Garretson, International News.

The group is now planning what they will eat next year at the dinner.

Hogs at the local stockyards are quoted around \$10 a hundredweight. This price is for the best offerings to local and outside packers. When you go to buy a pound of bacon it costs 60 cents, which is about six times more than a pound of live pork costs. The question now being asked by the man who likes bacon and eggs for breakfast is, Who is getting all this extra profit? The dealer says the bacon represents \$20 hogs, the farmer says he doesn't know, although he raises hogs he's not eating bacon at 60 cents a pound or eggs at 85 cents a dozen. The patron of the "one arm" says that while he eats bacon and eggs he doesn't know why they cost so much except that the restaurants want to charge it—and there you are.

According to a report filed by Lucius B. Swift, president of the sanitary commission, the city's garbage reduction plant will be in the hole about \$20,000, due to the drop in the price of grease, which is a by-product of the plant. The city has about 180,000 pounds of grease stored for sale when the market goes up. About 90,000 pounds of grease are manufactured monthly. The average citizen might realize that he contributes to this pile of grease.

The United Mine Workers of America will present an old-age pension bill to the Indiana legislature this session. The Mine Workers are fostering similar bills in other legislatures. The bill provides that every person sixty-five years of age or more, who has been a resident of the United States twenty years or more and with ten years' residence in the state, may receive a pension of \$20 a month, diminished according to the amount of private income of the individual, so that the recipient may not receive more than \$400 a year. No doubt this bill will come in for considerable discussion—pro and con.

Of considerable interest to Indianapolis people is the announcement that Carl Fisher's new Hotel Flamingo, just completed at Miami, Fla., will be formally opened New Year's day. Mr. Fisher is president of the company which built the hotel. The hostelry has added interest to Indianapolis people because a firm of Indianapolis architects—Messrs. Rubush & Hunter—designed the building and C. B. Floyd, an Indianapolis contractor, built it, and completed the job within less than a year. The hotel cost \$1,500,000 and is one of the handsomest in Florida. It is situated on Biscayne Bay, in the very center of outdoor and social attractions. No doubt it will be the mecca for Indianapolis tourists who make it a point to spend the winters in Florida.

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PUBLICATION OFFICE, 1113-1114 PEOPLES BANK BUILDING
Telephone, Main 2382 INDIANAPOLIS

F. F. HASKELL,
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TOPICS

VOLUME II

INDIANAPOLIS, SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1921

NUMBER 3

When Society Flies Southward

Indianapolis Sunshine Devotees Find Southern Wearables Procured at Home Au Fait—What Milday Will Wear at Palm Beach and Miami this Winter.

By Beatrice Sherman

The weather man who sorts out the weather schedule for Indianapolis has so far shown no disposition to hurry off the Indianapolis contingent of tourists for the South. When the average December or January day brings with it an April-like temperature and the winds blow balmy and soft it is hard to get up a fervent enthusiasm about the annual migration to a warmer climate. As it is, the mild winter zephyrs bring in suggestions of spring fever and warm-weather laziness.

On the other hand, it seems hard that the temperature should refuse to rise a few degrees higher and bring dry roads for motoring, golf courses that are not too miry for playing, and tennis courts free from winter frosts and spring thaws. Enjoying the pleasant weather of an early spring, Indianapolis is doomed to wait three or four months longer for actual spring to arrive, so after all those who want to enjoy the full benefits of warm weather must go South.

It may be that by the time this issue of TOPICS comes from the press

the temperature will have dropped with a dull thud, snow will have fallen in vast quantities, and Fall Creek and the Canal and every artificial skating rink will be frozen solid. In this year of our Lord and this town of Indianapolis, you never can tell. While some Hoosiers may be staying at home this year, lured on by the tricks of the weather man, there is a fairly large number of Indianapolis people who, regardless of either business or weather, have gone, or are planning to go, to Florida or California.

At Miami an effort was made to open the season a month earlier than usual by the staging of a big carnival early in December. The affair was called the First Palm Fete and Water Pageant of Miami, and, beginning on Tuesday, lasted for the remainder of the week. Floral parades, water pageants, festivities for the flower queen, moon dancing on the water front, were features of the carnival. Columbus Day, Flagler Day, Aquatic Day, and Children's Day were celebrated. The various activities were staged on the bay front opposite the park between the Royal Palm and the McAllister Hotel, where bleachers

were put up with a seating capacity of several thousand. In spite of this early beginning, however, the season will not be in full swing until the usual time in January and February.

There is a large colony of Indianapolis people in Florida, particularly in Miami. Mr. and Mrs. Carl G. Fisher went to their Miami home early in the season. Mr. and Mrs. Herbert R. Duckwall left the city last Monday, January 10, for their winter home in Miami, where they will spend some four months. Mrs. Charles W. Laffer went to Miami earlier in the season, as did Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Habig. Mrs. Frank R. Whipple of Rockville, who has been the guest of Mrs. S. E. Perkins for the holidays, has gone to Miami.

Among the first to go to Florida were Mr. and Mrs. William Scott, who are now at their winter home in Naples, Fla., where they will remain for the rest of the winter. Mr. and Mrs. Frank M. Fauvre and daughter, Miss Elizabeth, left last Sunday to spend several months in Florida.

Mr. and Mrs. George J. Marott left a few days ago to spend the winter in Florida. Mrs. Harry C. Stutz and her daughter, Miss Emmabelle, also left the city for Florida last week. Among the other Indianapolis people in Florida are Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Lilly at Arlington; Mr. and Mrs. James P. Baker at New Smyrna; Mrs. Charles Sayles at Bradentown, and Mrs. E. A. Hunt.

Although Florida is probably the most popular of the winter resorts for Indianapolis society people, there are many who go to other resorts where the skies are blue and the sun shines warm and summer styles are in vogue in January and February. Mr. and Mrs. Willfred Krauss are finding it pleasant in Cuba, and it is not known just when they will return.

Mr. and Mrs. John H. Holliday left last week for Tucson, Arizona, where they will visit their daughter, Mrs. Benjamin D. Hitz and Mr. Hitz, who are in Tucson for the winter. Later they will go to California. Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin F. Hitz will leave January 19 for Colorado Springs where they will attend the Fruit Growers' Association. From there they will go to Tucson, Arizona, for a visit with their son, Benjamin D. Hitz and Mrs. Hitz, and then on to California later in the winter.



Photo by Dexheimer
A smart sport suit in conventional blue and white. (Ayres.)

California with its sunny days and nights when one always sleeps under blankets, has attracted the usual number of Hoosier visitors.

Mr. and Mrs. John S. Fishback recently left to spend the winter in California. Mr. and Mrs. Robert H. Losey and Mr. and Mrs. P. R. Stockwell are also wintering in California.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen A. Wilkinson will leave the city January 17 to go to New York, and will sail from there for the Bermudas, where they will spend part of the winter.

Mrs. Ernest N. Smith is spending the cold weather months in Coronado Spring, Colorado.

Many Hoosiers who have gone South, or are planning to go by way of New York, are stopping there to

Continued on Page 8)



Photo by Dexheimer
An Indianapolis swimming suit ready for a Florida beach. (Ayres.)

Modern Business Ethics Have Put Exaggerated Advertising Into the Discard as Unfair to the Public.

The desire for a bargain is one of the natural instincts of woman, and in a somewhat lesser degree, of man.

When Anywoman a-shopping goes and chances upon a hat with a ticket marked "\$50" crossed out with a dashing red line, and re-marked "\$20," she will be strongly tempted to buy it, though she may not need a hat, and though the hat be unbecoming. If the same hat happens to have a bird of paradise perched upon it, which bird alone is said to be worth a hundred dollars, the temptation is irresistible and the shopper buys the hat. Though common sense and rudimentary mathematics prove that the story of the hat can not possibly be true, it sounds like a great bargain and it's a strong-minded woman who can resist the impulse to annex every bargain that comes within her ken.

Some men are invulnerable to the lure of the bargain, but if it be sufficiently attractive, even proud man will fall for it. When a bold sailor lad drops into the office some fine morning with a coat of Russian sables, a fine tale of how he smuggled it through with him when he came back from Archangel, and an offer to sell it for the price of a coat of dyed rabbit, the hardheaded business man finds it difficult to resist such a bargain. He doesn't stop to inquire into the details or the plausibility of the sailor's story or reputation. He thinks he has found a great bargain and he hates to let it slip.

Probably some relic of the Yankee relish for horse-trading and driving a hard bargain makes us susceptible to the appeal of any business transaction in which we are apparently getting the better of the seller. In spite of a history of paying in full for everything we, the public, get, it is mighty hard to use cold logic and straight reasoning in the face of something that looks like a rare bargain, overvalue for the price asked.

It is no wonder then, that the merchant who wants to sell his goods is often tempted to overstate their merits in order to convince a credulous public that they are getting more for their money than they are paying for. It seems a simple expedient to throw in a few extra glowing adjectives in the advertisement of a sale and to inflate the original price of the marked-down goods in order to get the public in a proper state of mind to buy. But the days when this method of merchandising was permissible are gone. Business ethics have changed considerably since a shrewd horse-trade or a remunerative but unscrupulous sale of merchandise reflected credit upon its perpetrator. The doctrine of caveat emptor—buyer beware—is out of date,



although there are still some merchants who try to practice it.

The trend of recent years has been toward absolute truth in advertising of goods. During the war the demand that all supplies sold to the army and navy be exactly according to specifications, and the publicity given to the prosecution of profiteers who did not live up to the letter of their contracts for government needs, has done a great deal to raise the general standard of business ethics.

Even so, there are always slackers in matters of this sort who must be prodded into line. These slackers are to be found in every kind of business from the out-and-out scoundrel who will sell the monument or the blue sky, to so-called reputable business firms who now and then step across the hair-line that separates honesty from dishonesty, either through carelessness or intention.

There are various agencies to protect the too-credulous buyer from the sharp practice of the overzealous salesman. Chief of these are laws

against fraudulent advertising, and Better Business Bureaus. Occasionally a newspaper does its bit in helping to stamp out untruthful and unlawful advertising. For instance, the New York Tribune exposed the patent medicine frauds and strongly censured the business ethics practiced by Gimbel Brothers, one of the largest department stores in New York City and one of the Tribune's advertisers.

The Indianapolis Better Business Bureau has done some highly commendable work in the way of keeping in line advertisers who do not hold strictly to the truth in their advertising. To the credit of the Bureau it must be said that they have played no favorites, and every case brought to their attention has been followed up. The firms which are honestly striving to maintain high standards of business ethics and to play fair with their customers are grateful to the Bureau for bringing any lapses to their attention and giving them a chance to check up. Any firm is liable to mistakes, but it is the firm



A crowd had collected around the stand of a street fakir, who was expatiating on the virtues of a glue that would stick closer than a brother. The crowd was not particularly "sold" on the glue, and was not apparently interested, except through curiosity.

"Gents," said the fakir, "this glue will stick anything that can be stuck. Understand I am not trying to stick you . . . keep your money in your pocket, its yours—you've got the most right to it, but what good is money if your glue won't stick? Will any glue you ever saw in your life do this?" Here the fakir showed two cylindrical blocks and stuck them together. He banged them around on the pavement—but they continued to stick. "You can't get them apart," he said. "Just keep that in mind as you finger your money, and think of the chairs, glassware, furniture and other things you've got at home that need mending. . . . I know some of you have money in your pockets that smells musty, it has not been aired for so long. . . . you are the men I want to see keep your money . . . don't give it to me, for if you do it shore gets in circulation—that's just the difference between me and

my glue—I can't stick to my money. . . ."

The fakir continued to spiel and the crowd came and went without buying.

"That spieler works hard for his money," said a sharp-featured man, who had been a part of the crowd for several minutes. "It is not like it used to be when I was on the road, and drove a swell span of horses, carried a nigger and wore the loudest vest and the longest Prince Albert coat this side of the Golden Gate."

I was interested and inquired if street faking really was different now from what it used to be.

"Different!" he exclaimed. "Gosh, yes. I'll tell you what has made it different: the interurban lines and the automobile."

"And that means there are no more real rubes and small town hicks and that there is more money in the country. That is why so many fakirs come to the larger cities—they can now sell a city reuben easier than they could the guy who used to chew a straw and wear hayseed in his whiskers."

"I have hawked everything from
(Continued on Page 16)

How the W. H. Block Company Was Shown the Error of Its Way by the Better Business Bureau.

which makes "mistakes" and then makes no attempt at reparation of its errors that merits the disapproval and mistrust of the public. It is the function of the Better Business Bureau to follow up every lapse from the strictest honesty.

Since the organization of the Bureau, it has had to deal time and again with the William H. Block Company. Upon one occasion "Tooled leather bags" were advertised at \$4.98 by a show case card. Investigation showed that the bags were not tooled but embossed, and the card was removed.

In a more recent instance, the W. H. Block Company advertised "women's \$40.00 to \$75.00 suits" for \$29.75. In this case investigation showed that the suits were probably worth the advertised price of \$29.75, but it was found that the higher value mentioned was, to put it mildly, exaggerated. The ever-optimistic shopper was thus led to expect an extraordinary bargain which the facts in the case did not warrant.

When called to book for misrepresentation of values in their advertising, the Block Company has time after time ignored the warnings and requests for explanations made by the Better Business Bureau. Such deliberate disregard of opportunities to set themselves right with the Bureau and the public would seem to indicate that there is no defense.

In one particular instance the Block company advertised, "our 20 per cent discount sale on men and young men's three piece suits and topcoats actually means a 25 to 40 per cent saving." Not without reason, the Better Business Bureau wrote to the Block company asking for an explanation of the mathematics by which a discount of 20 per cent on Block's clothing prices could "actually mean" a saving of 25 to 40 per cent over the prices of all competitors. The mathematician on Block's staff was evidently unable to make the necessary calculations to prove the truth of this statement, for the Bureau's letter remained unanswered.

In still another case, Block's advertised a "big 20 per cent discount sale on any three piece suit or topcoat in the entire house." They also stated that "you save one-fifth on all Hart, Schaffner & Marx clothes," and on "any blue serge, any staple suit." An optimistic customer selected his new fall costume, a two piece suit of blue serge, and to his astonishment was refused the 20 per cent discount. It was claimed that the discount applied only to three piece suits, which was a weak alibi, as the advertisement included every suit in the house.

(Continued on Page 18)



notes of Society



Mrs. Herbert S. Wood has as her guests Mrs. Edward Clippinger and daughter Barbara of Dayton, Ohio, formerly of this city. Mrs. Woods received informally for Mrs. Clippinger Wednesday afternoon, January 12.

* * *

Thomas Hood has returned to Cornell University, after spending the holidays with his parents, Dr. and Mrs. T. C. Hood.

* * *

Gaylord Wood has returned to his studies at Williams College after a visit with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edson T. Wood during the holidays.

* * *

Mrs. Marion Ward entertained with an informal tea Tuesday afternoon, January 4, for her sister, Miss Charlotte Lord, of Kalamazoo, Mich., who is spending the winter with her.

* * *

Miss Helen Cosette Smith and Miss Amy Irene Smith entertained with a dinner dance for Miss Emmabelle Stutz, before her departure last week to Florida, and for Karl Mayhew, of Edinburg, Ind.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Frank P. Manly are leaving for Miami, Fla., this week.

* * *

Mrs. John H. Hendricks left early in the week for a visit with Mrs. William Scott in Naples, Fla.

* * *

Mrs. Albert R. Coffin entertained with a bridge party Friday, January 8, in honor of her house guest, Miss Amy Karon of Louisville, Ky., and Miss Elizabeth Iles. Assisting the hostess were Mrs. John Sloan Kittle, Mrs. W. H. Morrison, Jr., Mrs. H. C. Lathrop, and Mrs. John S. MacFarland. Miss Karon was guest of honor at a luncheon and theatre party given by Mrs. F. R. Buck Wednesday, January 12, and will also be honor guest at a bridge party Friday afternoon, January 15, to be given by Mrs. A. M. Stewart.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. John N. Carey will leave for Florida the latter part of the month.

* * *

Miss Abby Greer of Minneapolis, Minn., who has been the guest of Miss Elizabeth Holloway, has returned to her home.

* * *

The Boys' Club Play, one of the notable events of the social and dramatic life of Indianapolis, will be given March 27. The play has not yet been selected, but a large number of plays have been read and the name of the one selected will be announced very shortly. The committee selected to choose the play consists of

George L. Denny, chairman; Walter Percy Pfaff; Bowman Elder; Miss Sara Lauter; Mrs. W. D. Oakes; Clarke E. Mallery, and D. Laurance Chambers.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Atwood, who recently returned from Serbia, have come to visit Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Chandler.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. St. Clair Parry will leave January 18 for New York, from which point they will go for a southern trip to Porto Rico and San Domingo, where they will visit Mrs. James C. Scarff. On their return trip they will come through the south.

* * *

Mrs. Mary C. Hunt and Dr. Mary A. Spink have left for their winter home at Orlando, Fla.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. James E. Roberts entertained at dinner Wednesday evening, January 5.

* * *

A number of social affairs have been given in honor of Mrs. John W. Kern, of Hollins, Va., formerly of Indianapolis, who is here as the guest

of Mrs. Louis Levey. Sunday evening, January 9, Mrs. Harry Orr entertained for Mrs. Kern and Mrs. Charles Wood. Mrs. Horace Wood was hostess for a luncheon for Mrs. Kern Tuesday, January 11, at the Spink-Arms. Mrs. Benjamin Hitz entertained for Mrs. Kern with a luncheon at the Woodstock Club on Wednesday, January 12. Mrs. James E. Roberts will give a luncheon at her home Friday, January 14, for Mrs. Kern, and in the afternoon Mrs. Parry will entertain with a neighborhood tea in Mrs. Kern's honor. Mrs. Herman Munk will give a luncheon for Mrs. Kern on January 20, and Mrs. Frank W. Morrison will entertain with a luncheon at the Columbia Club, followed by a matinee party on January 22. Mrs. Kern will spend about a month in the city visiting her friends.

* * *

Announcement has been made by Mr. and Mrs. William Cary Ross of the marriage of their sister, Miss Lawson McClung Mellish, to George Gaul. The wedding took place Janu-

ary 1 in New York City. Miss Mellish is very prominent socially in Cincinnati, her home, and Mr. Gaul is well known in Indianapolis for his excellent work for several seasons with the Stuart Walker players. The at-home announcement is for The Wyoming, southeast corner of Seventh avenue and Fifty-fifth street, New York City, after January 15.

* * *

Mrs. A. R. Parker has returned from Ohio, where she spent the holidays with friends.

* * *

Mrs. A. R. Olney, of Clinton, Ia., who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Samuel G. Van Camp, has returned to her home.

* * *

Mrs. Wilson B. Parker was hostess for a dancing party in honor of her sister, Miss Stella Mahon of Toledo, Ohio, last week.

* * *

Mrs. James A. Doll and Miss Nora Doll have come from Lafayette to live with Mrs. Doll's daughter, Mrs. C. N. Williams.

* * *

At the January 17 meeting of the Drama League, the program will be in charge of Miss Frances Beik, who will direct Zona Gale's play, "Neighbors." Stuart Walker, who will be in Indianapolis at that time, has been invited to speak before the meeting, after the play.

* * *

Miss Bettie Thompson has returned to her home at Rochester, New York, after spending the holidays with Miss Elizabeth Iles.

* * *

Mrs. Marie Bentley, of Chicago, is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Otto R. Lieber.

* * *

Announcement has been made of the wedding of Miss Elizabeth Priestly Stansfield, daughter of the Rev. and Mrs. Joshua A. Stansfield, of Portland, Ore., formerly of Indianapolis, to Owen Douglas Davis. The wedding will take place January 18 at the home of the bride's parents.

* * *

Mrs. A. Smith Bowman entertained at bridge last week for Mrs. Fannie Campbell of Kansas City, Mo., and Miss Belle Sloan, guests of their sister, Mrs. John W. Noel. Mrs. Campbell has now returned to her home.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Coffin had as their guests for the governor's inauguration Col. and Mrs. Charles Arthur Carlisle of South Bend, Ind.

* * *

Miss Margaret McCulloch has returned from a visit to Mrs. Carleton Vail of Highland Park, Ill.



MRS. PAUL MEGRUE FIFER

The marriage of Miss Dorcas Grinnell Sherwood, daughter of Clive N. Sherwood of New York, to Paul Megrue Fifer, son of the Rev. and Mrs. O. W. Fifer of this city, was celebrated New Year's day. Mr. and Mrs. Fifer are now at home at 4310 Carrollton avenue.

Music Holds Sway in Gotham

La Scala Italian Orchestra Creates Sensation on Its First Appearance in New York.

By Ona B. Talbot

NEW YORK, January 8—Upon my arrival in New York last Sunday morning I found more tickets and invitations to concerts, recitals, etc., than I could possibly attend in a month's time, and how I wished for some of my good musical friends in Indiana, that they might enjoy with me the feast of music in store for the coming week.

After systematically arranging my musical "itinerary," I found that the National Symphony Orchestra, of which Arthur Bodanzky is the director, was giving a concert at Carnegie Hall, with Fritz Kreisler soloist. The usual audience was present, and every seat taken. Mr. Kreisler's playing of the Mendelssohn concerto for violin was magnificent. Such playing as his surely entitles him to the right of title, "King of the Violin." Mr. Bodanzky divides his time and efforts between directing at the Metropolitan Opera House and brilliantly and successfully conducting the orchestra. He, however, makes way on tomorrow evening for William Mengelberg, noted Holland conductor, who will be the guest conductor of the National Symphony Orchestra for the next three months. This concert will also be noted for the American debut of Mme. Selma Kurz, of the Vienna Opera, a coloratura soprano whose American appearance has long been anticipated.

To describe the phenomenal success of the Toscanini-La Scala Orchestra can be but poorly done, but I have the gratification of knowing that Indiana music lovers are to have the rare privilege of hearing this marvelous organization. It is the universal opinion that nothing like it has ever been heard. No adjective could give a faint idea of the enthusiasm over the perfection of the concert I heard on last Monday evening in Carnegie Hall. Hundreds of people begged for tickets at any price, who could not be accommodated.

The night of the first American appearance of La Scala Orchestra at the Metropolitan Opera House, the line in waiting completely encircled the building twice, waiting for hours, only to be disappointed in the end.

In Wall street phraseology, the Toscanini-La Scala concerts are experiencing a wild bull market, starting in with prices of \$3.50 to \$1.50 at the Metropolitan Opera House, sold out by subscription for three concerts many weeks in advance of the first concert, the Italian Welfare League sold out Carnegie Hall for the extra

concert at prices from \$5.00 to \$1.00, and now another extra at the Hippodrome has been arranged for Sunday night, January 16, at prices from \$10 to \$1.00.

That New York has gone wild over Toscanini and his orchestra is evidenced by gross receipts of over \$38,000 on four concerts.

At 8:20 p. m. Toscanini, his hair tinged with a little more gray than of yore, made his entrance. And with his entrance the excitement of the crowd, held in breathless suspense until then, found vent in the first series of demonstrations that culminated at the end of the evening in twenty recalls.

Tapping his desk for order, Toscanini gave the signal for the attack, and a moment later the band, rising in a body, burst majestically into the strains of the "Star Spangled Banner," following it up with a rousing performance of the *Niarcia Reale*.

In silence, which seemed not of this earth, after order had been restored, the audience sat spellbound during the first number on the program (classics of Galilei), consisting of three pieces of the sixteenth cen-

tury, scored for modern orchestra by Respighi. The first was "Gagliarda." The pieces are of contrasting character; after the robust vivacity of the first, came the tender pastoral plainness of the "Villanella," and then the gaiety of the "Passo Mezzo." Nothing could surpass the exquisite performance of these pieces, with their searching simplicity, crispness of rhythm and perfection of phrase. It had the quality of chamber music, raised to the highest degree. The seventh symphony of Beethoven was given one of the most marvelous readings I have ever heard. This was followed by Brahms' variations on a theme of Haydn, Victor de Sabatas "Juventus" and Rossini's overture to "William Tell," which brought the concert to an impressive close, amidst the wildest enthusiasm.

The program of the Philadelphia Orchestra on Tuesday evening was all for orchestra, and included the "Pastoral" symphony, Beethoven; Debussy's Nocturnes, "Nuages and Fetes," and the second Hungarian Rhapsody of Liszt. Mr. Stokowski glories in works that give him the opportunity to build great fortis-

Mrs. Talbot Reviews Many of the Newer Musical Offerings by Noted Artists in the East.

simos, to make sudden contrasts, to use the various colors of the orchestra, but he also knows how to use the most subtle effects, how to arouse the same emotion and enthusiasm in the audience that he infuses into the orchestra.

To win distinction in a field as overcrowded as that of a vocalist is to have achieved almost the pinnacle. In the matter of opera singers is this especially true, and that Rafaelo Diaz, the young American tenor, has made an enviable place for himself in the list of tenors of the Metropolitan Opera Company, as well as the hearty indorsement of his colleagues, all through his rare skill as a musician and his sincerity of purpose, was more than realized by me when I heard him in "Oberon" on Thursday evening. This opera, sung in English, was altogether a beautiful performance. The fact that all the singers were on intimate terms with the language surely added much to the joy of listening. Those cast for the principal roles were Jeanne Gordon, Marie Sundelius, Morgan Kingston (all well remembered for their splendid singing with the Scotti Opera, brought to Indianapolis under my direction last spring), Rose Ponselle and Rafaelo Diaz.

Mme. Margaret Matzenauer has been one of the foremost figures in the Metropolitan these days of Wagner in English. She is regal in every role she essays, and her English diction has made many things possible at the Metropolitan. Mme. Matzenauer's "Isolde" on Friday night was one of the finest impersonations of this role I have ever seen. Her voice was luscious in its beauty of tone, and equal to any demand made upon it. Jeanne Gordon gave a Brangaene, which was surprisingly fine vocally and histrionically. Only words of praise could be given for the Tristan of Sembach and Kurwenal of Whitehill.

With all the splendor of the opera at the Metropolitan, New York is all agog for the coming of the Chicago Opera Company in three weeks for a six weeks' stay at the Manhattan Opera House. Galli-Curci nights are sold out now.

There is a gloom at the Metropolitan because of the serious condition of Enrico Caruso. Different opinions are being expressed as to how long it will probably be before he would be able to sing again. His bronchial tubes and lungs have been much affected, and the consensus of opinion appears to be that it will be at least a year before he could be heard again on the operatic stage.

When Society Flies Southward

(Continued from Page 5)
replenish wardrobes with clothing for southern wear, but still others are



Photo by Dexheimer
A sports dress in vivid orange crepe.
(Ayres.)

finding that Indianapolis shops and department stores are supplying the necessary frocks and coats and sports costumes in just as attractive styles as those that New York or Paris offer. In fact, some gowns and costumes shown in the shops here have only lately arrived from those metropolitan centers of latest fashions.

The accompanying illustrations are photographs of costumes offered by L. S. Ayres & Co., posed by Miss Della Mae Hartley. The bathing suit is so full of charm and chic that even a Follies girl might find it smart. It is of bouffant black taffeta, perfectly plain, except for the single circle of embroidery, tassel-centered, on the skirt and bodice, and the perky twin bows on the shoulder. A cap of the brightest shade of green tops off this beach costume.

The pretty sports frock which Miss Hartley wears is a combination of materials, Canton crepe for the blouse and heatherdew plaid for the skirt. The crepe is in flaming orange, and the skirt, orange stripes on a silvery gray ground. The tiny bands of trimming on the blouse are narrow pipings of the skirt material. The skirt has the fashionable uneven lower edge, the straight line being broken by the sash effect which drops a couple of inches below the hem. The thick brimmed hat is of orange colored lawn.

The sports suit which Miss Hartley wears as she stands pensively beside a decorative screen, trying to decide whether or not to pick an iris, is the conventional dark blue coat and white serge skirt of many seasons, done over in a new and up-to-date style.

A day's shopping through departments filled with costumes of which these are representative will almost convince the most determined stay-at-home that a blizzard and "unprecedented cold wave" are headed for the city, and that a trip to the sunny southland is imperative.

Thin Dimes and the Spirit Land

How a Dusky-Hued "Medium" Brings Cryptic Messages From Thin Air to Credulous Guests at a Seance.

By Barbara Bond

When I pass out of the body to the land of happiness—as I hope to do some day—I trust that I shall not be disturbed by an inquisitive spiritualist to inform any of my surviving relatives that business will be better in the spring and everything will turn out satisfactorily. If I am thus disturbed, I shall be annoyed, I know, and predict panic and disaster, and cause a general rumpus in the land of happiness and the bordering environs of that blessed country frequented by mediums.

For my part, I have had no keen desire to lure my deceased relatives back from their eternal rewards or punishments to chat with me or to divulge what the future holds in store. Pleasant predictions I could never believe; the chances are too many against their ever being fulfilled. Dark prognostications I should find more credible, but they would only worry me; so I have never bothered any of my other-world friends and relatives for advance information. With one exception. Apologies are hereby wafted spirit-ward in explanation of that one offense.

While spirit-messages have never interested me, methods of communication have a certain fascination. When I learned that a medium of great ability was holding weekly "circles" at her home not far east of the downtown district, and that she had revealed some startling information to various persons attending her seances, I decided to be among those present the next Sunday evening. When I descended upon the medium's home, I found the little house quite dark, but persistent rapping on a side door finally brought forth a small black man who announced, "No'm, we ain't a-going to have no meetin' tonight. They didn't get here in time to put up the chairs and we cain't have the circle." The spirit was willing but the flesh was weak.

The next Sunday I attempted to enter the sacred circle was during the holidays, and taking the precaution of telephoning for definite information, I learned that there wouldn't be enough folks coming to hold the meeting. Finally—and everybody knows that "the third time's the charm"—I succeeded in arriving for a circle, accompanied by two friends who longed for special messages from behind the veil.

The home of the mystic is a very

tiny little cottage on a darkish side street. We stumbled through the gate of her picket fence, groped around to the side door, knocked fearfully, and were admitted. As we stepped in, the same colored man who had had speech with me before was addressing a man who had entered just ahead of us "Lift yo' hat, please," he invited. As I gasped in horror at the disrespect to the mediumistic one of remaining hatted in her house, the darky said to me, "Lady, please lift yo' hat." I lifted it promptly, took off my coat, too, for good measure, and followed the rest of the gathering into a small front room, waved on by a neat yellow girl.

This little room was an impressive spectacle. It gave the effect of a combined lecture room, art gallery, and china shop. Two walls were almost completely covered by huge mirrors with ornate gilt frames. Every available inch of wall space remaining was filled with pictures—holy pictures like the Sacred Heart and the Rock of Ages, and secular art featuring buxom negresses in bridal costume and husky negroes, presumably the bridegrooms. In the interstices between the large pictures hung small china receptacles of the style used to contain holy water in Catholic churches, presided over by a Virgin Mary or an angel with folded wings. A big square piano blocked one end of the room, almost smothered beneath glass lamps with dangling prisms; innumerable china vases, of all sizes; painted plates depicting various artistic subjects ranging from a flaming heart to a calm scene in the forest where two elaborately antlered deer pranced beside a placid pool; and a vast litter of small images in china.

A shelf at the side of the room groaned beneath a load of similar bric-a-brac. Vases, dishes, bowls and lamps were wedged in side by side and bisque babies and china cats squirmed in every available corner.

The rest of the room was filled with four rows of chairs, white folks in the two front rows, darkies in the last row, and a pepper and salt mixture in the third. The colored members of the congregation were respectable looking individuals, all highly impressed with the solemnity of the occasion. Of the white contingent many were of the rescue mission type, the kind that the Salvation Army says are "never out," though some seemed to be very near the line. A sprinkling of over-dressed young women of the shop-girl type, several persons who looked as if they felt rather out of place in this gathering, and we three investigators made up the rest of the audience.

When the room was quite full, a colored brother passed the cut-glass collection plate for the evening's tribute of nickels and dimes. The pleasant-faced yellow girl with the generous ear puffs took her place at the

piano and began playing a hymn. Books were passed out and to a droning accompaniment and a gentle obligato of tinkling glass and chinaware, the conglomerate audience sang one hymn after another, verse by verse, toiling through this preliminary part of the program.

As we finished the last notes of the eighth verse of Hymn 221, Madame the medium herself entered with stately tread. She was a large black woman, dressed in startling but imposing style. She wore a rustling gown of gold-colored silk brocaded with effulgent pink roses, decollete as to neck and draped and trailing as to skirt. Her black and woolly hair was piled high upon her head and surmounted by a snowy plume of the genus willow. It was fastened in position to one end of a coral tiara; otherwise it floated free and wild. Upon her ample bosom was a large coral brooch of sprouting design with a pendant arrangement at least six inches long. Gold bracelets encircled her dusky arms and upon one pudgy hand she wore a bewildering collection of rings. One finger was encrusted to the knuckle with coral and the next finger was almost invisible in the bright rays of a gorgeous collection of sparklers.

This vision of African elegance paraded into the room, and seated herself in a large chair at the front. She had an Indian cast of countenance, long nose, rather high cheek bones, and very black inscrutable eyes, big-pupiled, with no white visible. As she subsided in her throne-like chair the pianist announced "Jewels"; the audience took fresh heart and wailed its way vigorously through several verses of "Precious Jewels," and Madame the Medium arose to begin proceedings.

She read a short selection from the Bible, of which I do not remember a word, I was so occupied in watching the moving of her thin brown lips, the waving of her plume, and the spasmodic leaping of her gold nose glasses. Then she gave a short preachment in which she proved that Christ was a medium. Of this dissertation, all I can recall is that "a Samaritan woman came skipping down to the well for water, and said 'Draw me a pail of water,' just like that, without saying please or anything. And the Lord says, 'Why don't your husband get the water for you.' And she said, 'I got no husband.' And the Lord said, 'Woman, you had four husbands, and the fifth that you're living with now is none of yours.' And it was so. Now huc-come the Lord know that if He wasn't a medium?" Q. E. D.

"Well, I hope we'll have a fine meetin' and that there ain't no Doubting Thomases here," she continued, casting a baleful glance about, particularly in the direction of an unfortunate man who happened to wear a distinguished appearance and

The "Lady Who Was Slapped in the Mouth" Refuses to Give Up Practice of Carrying a Carving Knife.

dark-rimmed glasses. "I hope we'll have a lot of messages and that there won't be the bad influence of any skeptics."

She leaned over to the piano and turned up the flame of the single oil lamp that was lighted, switched off the bright electric light in the center of the room, clasped her hands calmly, and without any eye-rollings or going into a trance, remained standing quietly by the piano, waiting for the arrival of the messages.

The air in the room was thick with the odor of congested and unwashed humanity. The incense of burning kerosene hung heavy over our heads. We waited in awed silence for the voice of the spirit from the other world.

"I see a spirit," opined the medium without any change of voice or position, "who passed out of the body several years ago. He's old and gray-headed and bent, and he walks with a cane. He's a mighty excellent looking man. Does anybody recognize him?"

Silence.

"I don't jus' get his name—it's kinduva hard name. Let's see—William, he says. Anybody recognize William?"

"I do" said a voice in the dark. "He was my grandfather's brother."

"Well, William says, don't let what's on your mind now worry you. Everything's coming out all right for you. Jus' be patient. William says he's in the land of happiness now and assures you everything'll come out satisfactory."

"I get a message now from Alma. She passed out a year ago. Anybody recognize Alma?"

"My sistuh," said a woman behind me.

"Alma says. 'I'm delighted to be with you this evening. I'm well and happy, but I want my baby.'"

"Oh, my," gasped the colored sister.

"Alma says, 'You've had her a long time now. I need her and I want her.'"

"Oh, don't let her take the baby. Mis' Fields," pleaded the unhappy sister.

The medium's voice droned on evenly. "I'm happy, but I want the baby," and added as a mumbled amen, "The Lord is my shepherd."

Mary Elizabeth then appeared to the medium. "She's right up here beside me. Who recognizes her?"

After some little difficulty, Mary

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Editorial

HARMONY

Apparently the differences—largely political—which have existed between the mayor and the city council have been swept aside by the election of Russell Willson as president of the common council. The question is, why did the council take all this time to get in concord with the city administration?

If the people had not wanted the present members of the council on the job they would not have elected them; therefore, the logic is that the people wanted the council to work in harmony with the mayor and his administration for the good of all the taxpayers. But the council has not always done so.

The attitude of a councilman does not always reflect the attitude of the voters who elected him. It was so in the present council. The taxpayer has seen considerable "grandstanding" and four-flushing in the matter of certain members bucking the administration. Occasionally, members of the council are not always elected to work in harmony with the administration, but occupy just the opposite ground. These members, however, are usually in the minority and it is infrequent that they really have any untoward influence on municipal legislation. It is where political "cabals" exist that the taxpayers get the worst of it.

As to the present council, it was the minority who stood with the mayor and it is to their credit that they did so. Now, the bucking majority has been broken and the promise is that some legislation promised in the platform of the administration may be enacted. It is to be hoped that the rest of the term of the council will be devoted more to the interest of the people rather than to furthering the political ambitions of certain members.

BREAD

At a recent convention of bakers, a speaker warned the delegates to make as good bread, or even better, "than mother used to make," if they would firmly establish and hold their trade. The advice is good, but futile, and a tacit recognition of the quality of bread that mother used to make.

In the old days most housewives took consummate pride in their ability to bake, not only bread but cakes and pies. One does not have to be an ancient to remember with watering mouth the enticing fragrance that floated from the kitchen on baking day! From six to a dozen loaves of bread came from the oven of the old wood stove, golden brown and just awaiting a slab of mother-made butter and a coating of blackberry jam—which was not labeled "blackberry-apple"—but which was real, simon-pure, blown-in-the-bottle blackberry jam—from berries picked in the wood-

TOPICS

TOPICS is a weekly journal devoted to music, literature and the theater and to discussion and comment of current affairs.

Endeavor will be made, while following the best standards in all departments, to present the Indiana perspective on national and world events as well as to lay before the world the things this community is doing and thinking.

Original and critical contributions are invited.

Subscriptions will be received at four dollars the year in advance; three months trial, one dollar.

The advertising of reputable concerns will be printed at rates to be had at the office of publication.

F. F. HASKELL, Publisher and Editor

STANLEY GARRISON, Associate Editor ONA B. TALBOT, Art Director

PUBLICATION OFFICE, 1114 PEOPLES BANK BLDG., INDIANAPOLIS
MAIN 2382

lot. This hitched up with its concomitant—a glass of foamy milk, with the cream an integral part—formed a feast fit for the gods!

Of course, latter day bakers can bake as good bread as mother did—only they don't. In the first place, they can not season it with the proper sentiment and mix it with that zest of love that mother put into it. They can not work into the dough the atmosphere of a "homey" kitchen with

an October sun dancing from kettles to pans through an open window; they can not mold it as mother did, humming as she bakes, a bit of a nameless tune, of which not a shred remains to you save a hazy memory of it that sometimes enters a dream. That is why the bread mother used to make tasted better and can not be approached by any baker. If David Porterfield, or any other baker, could knead these ingredients into their



HOME SPUN YARNS

It will not be this year, but some time or other a new kind of lobby is going to organize its forces and go to the Indiana legislature for a specific law to cure an evil which is found in the newspaper business in Indianapolis and every other city where daily newspapers are published. The lobby is going to be made up of successful business and professional men who obtained their start in life by carrying newspaper routes, and in the lobby will be fathers and mothers of boys and girls who are these days carrying newspapers from door to door, from home to home.

The specific law desired is one that will make it an offense for a family to move out of a house, utterly disappear, and leave behind unpaid accounts for newspapers they have read, leaving the carriers to "hold the bag." The lobby will doubtless ask that a jail sentence be included in the law.

It would be difficult to take a census of the men in Indianapolis who as barefoot boys carried newspaper routes during school vacation or all the year, not only to earn pocket money, but in many instances to help support a family. I, nearly every day, come in contact with men who used to be carriers.

One of them is Clarence W. Nichols, who carried The News when it was a four and eight-page paper. He paid six cents for the newspaper for a week and carried it to a home for

six days for ten cents, leaving a profit of four cents for his week's work for each subscriber. When a family ran behind a dollar or more in its account with him, and moved away to no one knew where, the loss of the dollar meant the wiping out of the profits of several weeks for trudging over the newspaper route in all kinds of weather. Mr. Nichols "graduated" from a newsboy into stenography; then he became assistant U. S. attorney for the district of Indiana; then he became a lawyer, with some of his practice in the U. S. court. But he has not forgotten when he was a carrier of newspapers.

One of the most successful street newsboys Indianapolis ever had was Harry W. Krause, now a Washington street haberdasher. He sold the old Sun—sold it for a penny a copy—and he lustily shouted the headlines of the editions as he stood on street corners turning Suns into pennies. His was a cash business.

Still another of these retired newsboys is Harry B. Mahan, manufacturer of paper boxes. He carried a route for the Sentinel forty years ago, the route being west of the State House, in a district where homes were lowly and business houses were unpretentious. Getting out of a warm bed at 3 a. m. on a winter morning, getting an armload of Sentinels from the pressroom before the ink was dry

(Continued on Page 14)

Editorial

commercial loaves they would have tapped Golconda's mine.

But the commercial ones attempt it. They try to put the same psychology into the food products they sell. The speaker to the bakers had the same thing in mind—"make it as good as mother used to make it!" The restaurant which advertises "home cooking" is mixing sentiment with the food he sells—and it is a splendid idea. The food may be infinitely better in many particulars than mother used to make, but despite all this it lacks that peculiar sentiment that seasons a crust—home! King Solomon was a wise man—he knew that a stalled ox without this sentiment was not as appetizing as a dry morsel with it.

Probably this is the reason for criticism of "alien" food: it is not seasoned with the sentiment that we relish—at least not of the kind that we fondly bear in memory. This is why we are so often disillusioned.

PESTS

For ubiquity—for prescience—for complete and decisive abhorrence of law violations, for everything that goes to make up a mighty matador, slaying inclinations to law violations—and "throwing" the bull—commend us, oh, Mars, to the doughty Irvington constables!

Like the Nick Carter of our youthful days, these minions with their sharp eyes keep a lookout for such criminals as those who leave the engines of their motor cars running while delivering an order or waiting on a friend, and hale them up before a justice of the peace court.

Downtown merchants who make deliveries to the classic suburb are loudly complaining of the action of these constables, who are adept at spotting a fee blocks away.

Recently the L. Strauss & Company's delivery truck stopped at the curb, the driver seeking information regarding a street address for a package for delivery. He said he was not fifteen feet away from the truck when he felt the awful clutches of a constable on his arm and was immediately charged with parking his automobile with the engine running.

When the case was brought up for trial in Irvington the arresting constable failed to appear and the case was dismissed. Thus the offended dignity of the Irvington bailiwick went unredressed.

Downtown merchants say their delivery service to Irvington is disrupted and crippled and truck drivers refuse to go to Irvington because of the interference by constables, the drivers pointing out that they can not stop their engines every time the truck halts for a delivery, as it is too hard work cranking a truck scores of times a day.

An observance of the spirit of the law, it would seem, should satisfy the officious constabulary of Irvington, if not the letter.



Securities Market

News from Wall street is that the downward revision of prices is having a strong beneficial effect on many lines of business, and current prices on many stocks show an upward tendency. The Eastern stock markets went into the New Year considerably more buoyant than for several weeks. Indianapolis securities are taking new higher levels in many cases. Investment stocks continue to hold the center of the stage just now, and while good issues are scarce—being closely held—there are demands for them, especially for municipal, county and good road bonds. The forecast made some time ago that these securities would be gobbled up as fast as they were issued is being borne out. By early spring those seeking these investments will have to use a microscope.

Gold Is Cheap

Having oodles of gold and can't dispose of it because it is held "worthless" by the government, is the unique situation which prevails as to Russian soviet gold in America. Government mints refuse to mint or convert it and it has no standing of value whatever. Speculators who have bought in big amounts of this gold in the hope of building up a trade with soviet Russia are finding that they have a white elephant on hands. There are millions of this gold stored in banks in the United States. The owner of a car load of the precious metal would have nothing but a lot of worry on his hands, as he could not purchase a 5-cent cigar with it legally. The government has taken the position that it can not countenance or recognize the soviet government and of course will have nothing to do with its gold.

People Are Thrifty

The thrift habit keeps up despite unemployment. Indianapolis banks having Christmas saving clubs report many new members, while the other savings departments show no falling off.

Savings deposits in Chicago banks have increased since November 15, despite the wave of unemployment which swept the country. Total savings in Chicago for 1920 were close to half a billion dollars.

Up to November 15 the average daily savings amounted to \$296,665. Since then the average has risen to \$545,720.

Bankers said the increase represents economy and a tendency on the part of the public to boycott high prices.

County Depositories

The Marion county board of finance has decided on the distribution of \$6,709,000 of county, city and school funds among thirty-seven banks and trust companies of the city and county, at a conference held recently in the office of the county commissioners. The distribution was based on the capital stocks of the banks and the amounts of deposits each had asked. The finance board is composed of the three county commissioners, Leo K. Fesler, county auditor; Harry C. Hendrickson, county attorney; Ralph A. Lemcke, county treasurer; Charles W. Jewett, mayor; Robert Bryson, city controller, and George C. Hitt, business director of the city school board.

Increase Capital Stock

The Johnson-Woodbridge Company of Indianapolis has increased its capital stock from \$50,000 to \$100,000. This is one of the reliable and progressive businesses of Indianapolis and has made steady growth. The Advance Paint Company has also increased its capital stock from \$125,000 to \$300,000 and the Nichols Candy Company has increased its capitalization from \$10,000 to \$75,000, which is evidence of the growth of business in these two firms.

New Alcohol Process

Considerable interest is being manifested in local trade circles over the announcement by the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey that it has developed a process for the manufacture of alcohol from the by-products of petroleum refinement, called petrohol. It is said that the new product can be made and sold somewhat cheaper than wood alcohol and that its principal use will be in the arts, chiefly as a solvent of gums, rosins and shellacs. The Standard has been making about 250 gallons a day as an experiment, and while the process at this time is costly, it is said that it can be made at a very low cost. Inasmuch as there are great quantities of commercial alcohol sold the new petrohol is expected in time to be a keen competitor of the other kinds of spirits.

One Hundredth Birthday

Recently Mrs. Maria Hinsch, who lives with her daughter at 2734 Station street, celebrated her 100th birthday. She has lived in Brightwood for fifty-seven years. Strange as it may seem, Mrs. Hinsch has no unusual advice to give on how to live to be a hundred.

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What's on Your Mind

R. Woods Johnston (hotel proprietor)—The first job I ever had was that of an office boy at the Star, and the most of my work was making the interurban station to ship cuts and mats to Muncie and Terre Haute.

Joseph Cravens (legislative leader for the senate Democrats)—There are so few Democrats in the senate that leading them is a cinch.

Jack Harrington (lawyer)—If that boxing bill becomes a law, some of these guys who want to fight needn't join the army.

Jack Hendricks (manager Indians)—Old Sol and I are going to get real chummy when I get the Indians down in Louisiana.

Carl Mote (retired colonel)—I know now how it feels to be retired from military service—without pay.

Joe Kelly (golfer)—It is easy to receive golfing instructions, but hard to put them in practice.

Thomas R. Marshall (Hoosier, soon to be repatriated)—I am so tired seeing bills introduced into Congress for the creation of a bureau that I'd love to see one for a chiffonier.

Wallace Lee (Indianapolis Light & Heat Co.)—I am getting in training for the Indianapolis Athletic Club by shoveling a little snow now and then.

Frank Wampler (Central Union Telephone Co.)—Well, the police have found my automobile which was stolen several weeks ago, but I don't know what condition it's in.

John C. Ruckelshaus (president Columbia Club)—Those Indiana Society of Chicago members who were down here looked like real Hoosiers despite the fact they have lived in Chicago so long.

Ellis Searles (editor Mine Workers Journal)—The mine workers are going to raise a million dollars more to help the miners on strike in Alabama and West Virginia. More than a million has already been spent in aiding these miners, their wives and children.

James P. Goodrich (ex-governor of Indiana)—Goodby, boys, don't fail to curry the elephant daily.

Miss Della Mae Hartley (model)—Sometimes I have a lovely time dressing up in brand new costumes, but other times I'd like to be on a desert island where the smart shops showed nothing but fig leaves.



Theatre Calendar

Week of January 18

English's—Otis Skinner, January 20, 21 and 22.

Murat—"Nightie Night," January 18-22. "Chu Chin Chow," week January 24.

Keith's—Vaudeville.

Lyric—Vaudeville.

ENGLISH'S

Otis Skinner will be seen playing the role of a detective—the first time in his long stage career—when he comes to English's Opera House, Thursday, January 20th, for an engagement of three days. Aside from essaying a new character, Mr. Skinner will present a new play, which makes his local advent one of double interest this year.

The piece in question is one of great strength, gripping interest, sustained suspense, dramatic moments and contains a wealth of comedy and a love interest of surpassing beauty. It is "At the Villa Rose," one of the greatest successes of the present London season. The well-known actor-manager, Arthur Bouchier, produced it early last July at the Strand Theatre, and since then seats have been at a premium.

English critics pronounce "At the Villa Rose" one of the best plays of its kind seen on the British stage in many a day. It is the work of Major A. E. W. Mason, a brilliant author and playwright, whose "Green Stocking," "Miranda of the Balcony" and "The Witness of the Defense," in which Ethel Barrymore starred a few



OTIS SKINNER

This sterling actor will be seen at English's January 20-22 in his new play "At the Villa Rose."

years ago, are familiar to American patrons of the theatre. Before the war, when he was a member of the House of Parliament, the author took the main features of two crimes which excited France and England, rolled them into one and published his story, "At the Villa Rose." Along came the war, which prevented his dramatizing the story. After the signing of peace, Major Mason completed the task he had had in mind for so many years.

Mr. Skinner will be seen in the part of Hanaud, the greatest detective in all France, and a character totally different from that one usually encounters in fiction or sees upon the stage. Charles Frohman, Inc., has gone to great pains to surround Mr. Skinner with a cast of special strength. Madeline Delmar, dainty, charming and one of the best of the young actresses on our stage today, will have the leading feminine role, that of Celia Harland. By a series of happy events, Miss Miriam Lewes, one of the best actresses in England, has been engaged to play the role of Adele Tace, which she created in the piece when it was produced in London. This is Miss Lewes' first trip to the United States. There will be a Saturday matinee.

MURAT

Considerable of the fun in "Nightie Night," the farce success which Adolph Klauber is to send after a long run at the Princess Theatre, New York, to the Shubert-Murat Theatre, January 18 to 22, inclusive, with matinee on Wednesday and Saturday, is in standing aloof and seeing others in a predicament which any one is ready to admit would be tragic if befalling oneself. Billy Moffat, the hero of the play, in a sudden confidence to this wife, has confessed a previous fondness for a dancer known on the stage as Trixie Lorraine.

Picture his discomfiture when, after meeting Trixie unexpectedly on a train the day the farce opens, and denying to his jealous wife that he had seen Trixie within a year, to find Trixie occupying his guest chamber that evening and with nothing but a flimsy "nightie" to wear, her clothes having been sent to a tailor for refreshment. Picture further the arrival of Trixie's newly-acquired husband on the scene, ready to kill the man with whom she had been associated previously, seeking Billy's aid in finding Trixie. It is too much for written comprehension. It must be seen to be appreciated. It kept New York in a jolly humor for five months, won the critics and seems destined to rank with "Twin Beds"



**OLIVE SHELLEY
BRUCE ELMORE**

They will appear at the Murat in the funny farce, "Nightie Night," January 18-22.

in length qualities. Despite the fact that Trixie jumps in and out of tubs, closets and other places for two acts, clad only in night attire, there is not an offensive moment in the play. The cast includes: Bruce Elmore, Robert Harrington, Ed Harford, Reynolds Ebans, Tom Johnson, Olive Shelley, Emma Cunningham, Lucille Wall and Mary Arden.

KEITH'S

Two sterling headline acts are included in the program that will be offered at Keith's next week, starting Monday matinee. They are Sammy Weston and Melody Charmers and Florence Roberts, the well-known legitimate actress, who is making a tour of the Keith vaudeville circuit. Mr. Weston and his melody charmers offer something new in the way of a revue. It is a symbolic revue, the charmers symbolizing pianos, of which there are an even half dozen of the instruments used in the act at the same time. During the action of the revue a number of songs and dances are given by Mr. Weston, Miss Gladys Fooshes and the other principals and chorus. The songs include "The Dream," "A Jolly Little Game," "Never Took a Lesson," "Spanish Lou Blues" and others. Florence Roberts will be seen in a one-act playlet, "Blindfold," a comedy adapted from John Oliver Hobbs by Rupert Hughes. The scene of the comedy is laid in an apartment in New York. One of the leading characters in the play is that of a Hollander. This is played by Frederick Vogeding, who comes from the Royal Theatre, Amsterdam, Holland. This is Mr. Vogeding's first appearance in America. Others in the cast are F. B. Hersome and John Austin. W. Horlick and the Sarampa sisters, descriptive and variety dancers, will offer an elaborate terpsichorean novelty in a special stage setting. Mr. Horlick was the principal male dancer with Pavlova when she made her last American tour. Mel Klee will offer an assortment of stories and songs and is said to pos-

sess the knack of putting them over. The act of Lynn and Howland includes original dialogue which they term "A Racey Conversation." They are rapid-fire comedians with something new. Boyce Coombs, the former musical comedy star, assisted by Robert Haricy, will contribute songs, stories and piano playing. Babcock and Dolly, an eccentric comedian and a pretty and chic soubrette, will offer a laughing skit called "On the Boulevard." P. George, the musical chef, plays everything he finds in a kitchen from a coffee pot to a roasted turkey. The usual motion pictures will open the performance.

LYRIC

"Syncopation in Toyland," one of vaudeville's most unique novelties, comes to the Lyric next week. It affords a smart divertissement that is said to completely outshine the musical comedy affairs so numerous these days, and its producers have blazed a trail that opens up an inviting pathway for imitators to follow. "Number Please," a comedy sketch with the scene laid in a hotel lobby and the characters being a talkative clerk, a telephone operator and a fresh salesman, will add a touch of farcial merriment to the bill, while the singing and musical portion will be well taken care of by the melody trio, three vocalists and instrumental experts on the steel guitar and saxophone; the Misses Dean and Reade in a song and piano offering, and the Dixie Four, a colored quartet, who while away their time with a jazzy collection of "blues" and Southern airs. Shepard and Dunn will present a laughable skit called "Oh, What a Pal Was Mary," which, however, has nothing to do with the popular ballad of that name, and Faye and Thomas, a youthful pair of terpsichorean artists, will introduce some new steps under the title of "A Dancing Honeymoon." O'Loughlin and Williams, lightning gun manipulators and bag punchers, will complete the acts. A Fox film farce, "The Slicker," the Paramount weekly and the Pathe review will occupy the screen.



FREDERICK VOGEDING

From Holland, comes Mr. Vogeding on his first American tour, appearing with Florence Moore at Keith's.



WHO'S HOOSIER AND WHERE

Tom Snyder, who knows more about truck freighting than any man in the country, has blossomed out into a college lecturer, he having been engaged to lecture on highway transportation at the University of Michigan.

* * *

Omer Lloyd is the superintendent of the new Forty-second street station of the Indianapolis postoffice, which has thirteen carriers and everything else for the convenience of the citizens of this community.

* * *

Henry L. Dithmer, the new president of the Kiwanis Club, is beginning to get his hand in and the members look for an aggressive year.

* * *

L. H. Wright, director of the highway commission, has announced that the contracts for the 1921 program will be awarded about February 1. After a while the state will have a real highway system.

* * *

There is \$195,000 on deposit in the postal bank of Indianapolis, represented by 645 depositors.

* * *

Over in Richmond the flirtatious youths and maidens have aroused the ire of the police by their actions. In Indianapolis the flirting girl is not so red as she's painted.

* * *

Aaron Wulfson, who was a senator from Marion county in the state legislature at the last session, is now a private in the rear rank, and says he is glad of it.

* * *

Fred Gardner is a "political radical." He said he would be a candidate for mayor of Indianapolis on the condition that the salary of the mayor and the heads of all departments be abolished. And when the politicians heard of it they groaned in their misery.

* * *

If it wasn't for John Candee Dean and his love for the universe, what would we do for "tips" on what the celestial worlds are doing? Mr. Dean called attention to the conjunction of Venus and Mars, which was at its closest last Saturday.

* * *

Our old friend, Frank Brubeck, who used to city edit in Terre Haute years ago, has been appointed revenue agent to succeed John J. Hulse who recently resigned. The funniest thing that ever happened to Brubeck was when Tom Wilson wrote an item about him being run over, by a hearse. That was the day before auto hearses came into use.

Any one wanting to send any money to Spain to get a "prisoner" out of the bastille—according to an old-time "con" game—will be interested in knowing that the postage to Spain has been reduced.

* * *

Dick Miller, who manages to keep in practice in the forensic art, recently addressed the Junior Chamber of Commerce in a very effective manner.

* * *

The bunch of passengers in the Hotel Washington, which dropped fifteen floors on account of faulty brakes, had no kick coming on the lack of speed of this "lift."

* * *

Anyway, Edgar Bush left the office of the lieutenant-governorship wiser than when he went into it.

* * *

William L. Elder, collector of internal revenue, has received information that tax return blanks for individuals, firms and corporations with incomes of \$5,000 or more will be mailed out shortly. Cheerful news to the taxpayers!

* * *

Milk dealers have announced that they will get behind state laws as to the selling of skimmed milk in restaurants and dairy lunch rooms. James J. Harvey, deputy health officer, said investigations showed that 99 per cent of the milk dealers sold whole milk and that it was skimmed after it was delivered. It's up to the dairy lunch rooms to do a little explaining.

* * *

Governor Goodrich has laid aside his gubernatorial robes and will now take a hike over the world with the Far East as his first destination. Bon voyage!

* * *

Charley Orbison recently delivered a New Year's message to the Exchange Club. He probably told them it wasn't necessary to "swear off."

* * *

Dr. Morgan says the ventilation of many of the picture theatres is extremely bad, and that the places have odors like a goat-pen. Perhaps some of the films are "bad?"

* * *

An Indianapolis woman, writing to the newspapers, asks why not have the street car conductors call the streets, in view of the crowded condition of the cars at rush hours and the frosty condition of the windows (or is it dirt)—which prevents recognition of old landmarks. About every so often the board of works issues such an order—and sometimes a street car conductor remembers it—but not often.

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ENGLISH'S

THURS., FRI., SAT. JAN. 20-21-22

MATINEE SATURDAY

CHARLES FROHMAN presents

OTIS SKINNER

(Himself)

In the New Play

"AT THE VILLA ROSE"

BY A. E. W. MASON

PRICES: Night 50c to \$2.50; Mat. 50c to \$2
Seats Now Selling

Shop Tours

January is the month when the careful shopper begins her search for the season's bargains. Sometimes she finds "Just what I wanted" at a marvelously low figure, and sometimes she finds nothing at all. If she has the real shopper's heart, however, it is the sporting chance that makes January shopping in any of the big department stores the event of the year.

If the attempt to get a five hundred dollar cloak for one hundred proves unsuccessful, the January shopper is disappointed but ready to continue her pursuit of the bargain to other departments. If she can not afford the entrancing military coat, with the bushy fox collar and gallantly ripping cape, she will not eat her heart out with vain longings, but will follow up another clue.

"Underwear is simply dirt cheap," she hears a shop girl remark to a counter neighbor, as she deftly folds and pats into orderly piles the pink billows of silkiness that she has just been displaying. "Why, they're almost giving the stuff away. Just look at the price on these Italian silk knickers and then think what you'd have had to pay for it a year ago. Maybe prices aren't coming down."

A speech of this sort is more than sufficient to turn a shopper's mind from cloaks to lingerie. She remembers that January is the month of the annual event known as the "White Sale," and she inquires of the girl behind the counter just what are the special features of this particular white sale.

"It really isn't a white sale any more," that wise young person announces. "Of course, we still call it that, but we sell more pink underclothing than anything else. Why you hardly ever see a person take off her dress for a fitting but what she's got on all pink underclothing."

"We don't sell hardly any white silk lingerie except for brides. And then of course, the Philippine things. And by the way, we're having a big special on these Philippine garments. The work on them is lovely, and the material is awfully fine. You see, it used to be you could only get the combinations with the built-up top, but the Filipinos finally learned, I guess, that there's such a thing as the strap shoulder, and these are the first of that style we've had. The young people like them."

The shopper has forgotten all about cloaks by this time, and charmed by the daintiness and cheapness of the Philippine work, buys lavishly of the newly arrived "strap-shoulders." The shop girl recognizes a promising customer, and lures her over to a pink counter.

"We have a lot of colored things in the cheaper models, blues and yellows and lavenders in voiles and batistes and lawns, but they're not so good, though the buyer does say that in

Paris the best people go in for those odd shades in fine linens.

"But these heavy tailored crepe de chinos are the best there is. We've always had some, but now we've got any number of styles, no trimming except a few tucks or rows of hemstitching. The material is fine; they don't need the floozy trimming."

The avid shopper makes more purchases, and is just deciding that she'd better go home before she buys anything more, when she observes a novelty that takes her eye. Always she has longed for high-necked and long-sleeved silk gowns, and never has she found them. This style is of heavy white silk crepe, with a round collar of the Buster Brown type, a tiny pink silk ribbon bow for a tie, a daintily tucked bosom, and full-length sleeves with a tailored cuff fastened with two small pearl buttons.

"Oh, yes'm, we've always had them. We sell lots of them to old genteel

people. They're not in the sale, though. Quite expensive, you know."

But the shopper, forgetful for the moment that she is on a bargain raid, buys a number of the newly discovered nighties, though she is neither old nor enormously genteel.

One of the specialty shops has an interesting collection of objects of art on exhibition, which gives that section of the store the appearance of a small but interesting art museum. Most of them are recent importations from Italy, and they embrace various fields of art. There are marbles, various kinds of pottery, Venetian glass from the Island of Murano, and chests and strong boxes of carved woods.

The most striking pieces in the collection are a number of marble lamps. When unlighted, the lamp appears to be simply a tall slender column of creamy marble, surmounted by a carved globe of the same material. When lighted, the globe gives off a soft, beautifully diffused light. They are all of Italian make and several are quaintly ornate. Around the base of one a trio of chubby cherubs forms a ring, and the slender stem of

the vase supports a globe of marble carved in such a way as to suggest the conventional silk-shaded lamp even to the chimney tip protruding above the shade. Another lamp of more dignified design has a circle of stately marble maidens about the base. A table lamp of unusual design has a slightly flattened dome shape mounted on a short stem. The particular charm of these pretty lighting fixtures is the soft, diffused quality of their illumination.

Of the Florentine pottery, the most attractive things are the large flower bowls. They are more than a foot in diameter—smooth, round bowls of light tan pottery. One has a lacy border of open-work about the top which gives it a fragile and delicate appearance. Another of more substantial design displays three heavy bunches of flowers on its round sides and stands upon a small, dark wood base. These bowls can be used for fairly long-stemmed flowers by putting them in a turtle before placing them inside the bowl, and the creamy pottery will make an effective background for almost any bouquet.

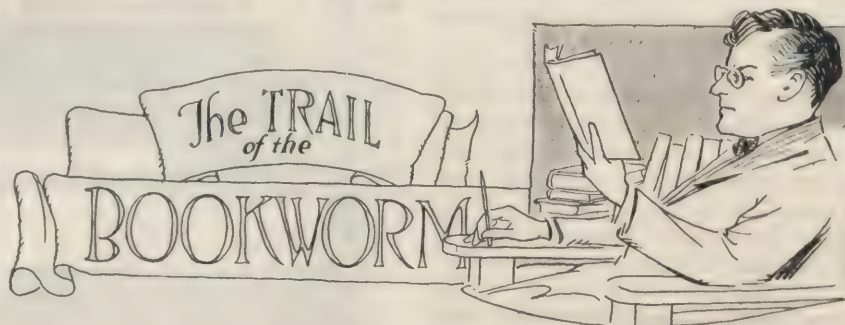
Home Spun Yarns

(Continued from Page 10)

on the paper, and making deliveries to westside saloons before the bartenders could open their doors and find fault with the carrier because the newsboy was late, was a part of the early business fortunes of Harry Bruce Mahan. And occasionally, too, a subscriber would disappear, leaving a dead account of a dollar or so unpaid among the liabilities of the newsboy.

About the meanest thing a man can do is fail to pay the bill for the daily newspaper left on the home porch. Maybe he grins about it and thinks he has "put one over" on the newspaper, but he hasn't. He has inflicted a genuine financial loss on the carrier boy, who is responsible to the newspaper for every copy he gets from the pressroom, or sub-carrier station, and has to pay for it.

LANNES McPHETRIDGE.



"Moon-Calf," by Floyd Dell, is a record of the childhood and adolescence of Felix Fay, a child of a Middle Western town. In the way of the modern life-story novel, it begins with the second generation back and traces Felix's ancestry from Abolitionist grandfather to rebellious father and dreamy mother. Felix, a spindling child living in a world of dreams, is the culminating branch of the family tree.

In Felix's warped childhood, the episode of how he learned to read, his discovery of the public library, and his brief but joyous adventure with Rose, were the big things of his life. The world of books was where he lived and moved and had his being, and his friendship with Rose, the girl who lived next door and discovered him in her attic reading, was the one reality that pierced through to his life of dreams.

As Felix grew to high-school age and it became necessary for him to work in his summer vacations, he never thought of making reality and dreams pull together. He took the first job that turned up; worked in a factory during the day, and in the evening absorbed large ideas from books and meetings and a few queer people—poets, socialists, anarchists and librarians. Ideas were his fetish and he was much more interested in talking them than in living them. He began to see that reality and ideas and enjoyment and earning a living may

be combined when he gets a job as reporter on a Port Royal paper.

All through his school and factory and newspaper periods, Felix was groping for the "not impossible she." There were those that he should have loved but couldn't and those that he couldn't love but should have, and then the amazing girl who was even better than an ideal, for he could never tell exactly what she was going to do. But in love as in socialism, Felix was constantly investigating and outgrowing old ideas. At the end of this account of his youthful adventures, one would be inclined to weep for Felix, except that he made capital out of the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, so that his cruelest pang was just another step in his education.

The book is an interesting contribution to the literature of adolescence, and an illuminating record of the Felixes of the world, and particularly of the Middle West. (Albert A. Knopf, New York.)

* * *

The latest addition to the literary monument of the famous Adams family is "A Cycle of Adams Letters," a collection of excerpts from the letters of three of the Adams', edited by Worthington Chauncey Ford. The letters open with Charles Francis Adams on his way to London as minister to England, with his son Henry as secretary, and with Charles Francis, Jr.,

(Continued from Page 15)

Week's Best-Selling Phonograph Records

Brunswick

Grieving for You—Fox trot.

Old Pal, Why Don't You Answer Me?—Baritone solo.

Columbia

Feather Your Nest—Fox trot.

Honolulu Bay—Hawaiian duet.

Edison

Whispering—Fox trot.

Avalon—Fox trot.

Gennett

I Love the Land of Old Black Joe—One step.

Broadway Rose—Tenor with orchestra.

Pathe

Margie—Fox trot.

Palesteena—Fox trot.

Victor

Margie—Fox trot.

Grieving for You—Fox trot.

Thin Dimes and the Spirit World

(Continued from Page 9)

Elizabeth was claimed and brought a message that she was "delighted to be with us this evening, and that all would turn out satisfactory."

"I see a spirit now that went out of this life mighty sudden. Seems to me he was crushed—or"

"It's my cousin that was killed," cried a woman next to me.

"Well, this spirit that was mashed has a message for you. He says that in three days—no, in three weeks—you're going to wipe your eyes. But after that things'll be brighter. He's watching over you."

Next came the spirit of one Matilda. She remained for a time unclaimed but finally Alma's sister spoke up. "I recognize her now, Mis' Fields. It's my great grandmother that died before I was born."

"Matilda says, 'You're thinking about making a change. You want to do it, and you don't want to do it.'" "Yes'm, that's right."

"Before you make that change 'be mighty careful that you're right. Be careful and do just what Matilda wants you to do. You needn't to be frustrated. She's delighted to be with you this evening and says not to be discouraged. It'll all come out satisfactory. The Lord is my shepherd."

By this time the medium was getting warmed up. Her black face shone with perspiration. She waved her handkerchief to and fro. "Somebody in here's got heart trouble and got it bad. I feel my heart a-beating hard. The spirits say that pusson whose heart is beating so hard is going to have a bad time. They can hear that pusson coughing. He's going away in a year and he won't come back."

Nobody claimed the beating heart and the performance continued.

"They's a lady been slapped in the mouth. The spirits warn that lady—and I won't say who it is, she knows—they warn that lady to be careful. And let me tell you, better not take that knife 'round with you. You've got a couple of people scared to death of you right now."

"I'll say I have," said the lady who had been slapped in the mouth. "An' I'm not going to give up that knife."

"I'm jus' telling you what the spirits say," answered the medium. "Be careful and leave the knife at home. The Lord is my shepherd."

"I got a message for someone else in this room. He's got to be on the watch or the bluecoats will come. I ain't saying who it is, but he knows himself all right."

A snicker greeted this sally from the spirits, but the medium talked on undisturbed. "A spirit comes to me now, an' he's an old man, used to be a great huntsman."

One of my accomplices sat erect. Her grandfather was very keen on hunting. I whispered in her ear, "What was his name?"

"John," she stage whispered back. We waited expectantly for the message.

"I don't get this spirit's name. Just a minute. Sam—Samuel, that's the

name. I can see him right over in that corner of the room. He's got a message for that man. Do you know him?"

"I do," replied that man.

"Samuel says not to feel discouraged. You're having a hard time now but within three—I won't say three days—but in three months, anyway, one of the threes, everything will come out to your satisfaction. Do you understand?"

"Yes, I understand. Thanks."

"I get a message now for this lady right in front of me, this lady with the glasses."

I turned around, but there was nobody behind me with glasses, so I knew she meant me. In the words of the medium, I began to feel frustrated.

"You're looking for a change, but it'll be better to wait to spring. Everything'll be brighter for you then. The little flowers will begin to come up, and everything'll be fine. You haven't got confidence in him, but everything'll be brighter in the spring."

I digested this message as well as I could in spite of my frustration, but I couldn't say that I felt it to be highly intelligent. As she hadn't given me the name of the spirit who was responsible for it, there was nobody to blame for its vagueness.

A few more messages were given after my spiritgram arrived. On the whole, the communications of the evening seemed to show that there was no reason for any of us to feel discouraged, that everything was going to come out satisfactory. In the other world, as in this, it seems that most of the leading spirits are named William or John or Frank, or Mary or Mary Anne or Annie. There were a great number of the spirits who had died violent deaths; burnings hangings, shootings and drownings, being very common occurrences that evening. This perhaps may be accounted for by the supposition that anyone who is pushed off this mortal coil very suddenly, finds it hard to settle down at once to rest after the shock of departure, and is glad to while away the time delivering news to his relatives.

After inquiring the time, the medium wiped her dewy brow and announced that there would be no more messages that evening. "Next Sunday I will try to give more messages, and I hope that you will all go home cheered and uplifted in heart and mind."

The meeting closed with a benediction from the back row.

N. B.—Some few of the spirits were not recognized by any one in the company. They simply gave their news briefly for the benefit of everyone in general and then departed. I do not remember all of these unclaimed dead, but if any reader of TOPICS should happen to recognize an old man who was called Uncle Bill, or a spirit named Mr. Anderson that thinks mighty well of himself, I will be glad to pass on to them the messages delivered by these gentlemen via the medium.



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The Trail of the Bookworm

(Continued from Page 14)

on temporary garrison duty at Fort Independence in Boston harbor. From early in 1861, the record is carried on until the end of the war, when the father achieved his diplomatic triumph and the son retired from the army, broken in health.

These two volumes are chiefly interesting for the personal and intimate views of their writers on the Civil War. Their close touch with the situation, military and political makes their opinions particularly interesting, and while their conclusions are far from infallible, they are as illuminating in their faultiness as in their accuracy. Charles Francis, Jr. was optimistic and in spite of inefficient Northern leaders, his faith in the strength of the Union army remained unshaken; Henry Adams' letters show a gloomier turn of mind and at each fresh discouragement, he was ready to give up the fight; Charles Francis, Sr., displayed the more balanced judgment of mature years, and realizing the seriousness of the English attitude toward America, stood calm in the face of grave dangers and guided the ship of state clear of the rocks of war with England.

The letters, it would seem, have been selected from the voluminous Adams correspondence with the idea of presenting that which a 1920 public will find most interesting. Intimate views of English dinner parties given for the American minister and reported by his son, accounts of the veterinary duties of a cavalry officer, reports of the effect of victory on three widely different temperaments, etc., make this a very human and entertaining supplement to the history of the Civil War. (Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.)



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of Folks We Would not Miss

The well-known individual who rides the elevator to the seventh floor and then announces in a voice of authority, "Fourth floor out, please."

* * *

The dashing young motorist who gathers a few stray ravelings from your coat tail as you cross the street, and then confides with the sweet young thing at his side that his act will certainly teach the plebeian pedestrian that life is not an empty dream.

* * *

The glib salesman who informs you that all the great men of the age have purchased his book and that there is certainly something wrong with your judgment if you don't rush to get your name on the dotted line.—R. C. C.

.. Motion Pictures ..

Week of January 15, 1921.

Alhambra—Fickle Women; Dorothy Gish in "Flying Pat."
Circle—Otis Skinner in "Kismet."
Colonial—Alma Ayres in "The Furnace."
Crystal—Douglas Fairbanks in "The Mark of Zorro."

Alhambra

Sophie Kerr's whimsical story, "Sitting on the World," furnished the inspiration for the photoplay "Fickle Women," which will be shown at the Alhambra the first half of next week. It is described as a serio-comic study of feminine constancy. The action takes place in a small town and concerns the love problems of Calvin Price, a young Yankee, who returns home after the war to find that his sweetheart has transferred her affections to another man. And if this were not enough trouble in itself, he discovers that some one has slandered his good name with false stories. His Puritanical townsmen, believing all that they have heard, turn against him. Being a live wire with a sense of humor, he proceeds to lay out a plan of action that will confound his enemies. Before he gets through straightening his affairs his home town is turned inside out, and he wins another girl, who has secretly loved him for years. David Butler, a new star, has the role of Price, while his support includes Julianne Johnston, Harry Todd, Lillian Hall, Fred Bond and other popular players. Sharing the program honors will be Roscoe (Fatty) Arbuckle in one of his funniest farces, "A Rough House." The Fox news weekly will complete the program.

Circle

The oriental atmosphere of the Arabian Nights pervades the production of "Kismet," the picture to be shown at the Circle Theatre the week of January 15. The cinema is a version of the stage success by Edward Knoblock, in which Skinner also played. "Kismet" is the tale of the day of days in the life of Haji, the beggar, who lived in the city of Bagdad. Between dawn and sunset Haji is raised high and sunk low. He meets his mortal enemy in the prison where both have been thrown, and slays him. He is presented to the Caliph, to whom his daughter is married at sunset, while Haji, with a banishment order over his head, sinks to rest on the stone steps of the mosque, murmuring, "Mine enemy dead—Marsinah wed—Mecca tomorrow."

A special feature of the bill will be a Prologue to Kismet, a stage picture of a street scene in Bagdad, and a specially arranged program of music.

Crystal

Douglas Fairbanks will be seen at the Crystal all of the week starting Sunday, in his newest picture, "The Mark of Zorro," adapted from the

Isis—Heliotrope.

Mister Smith's—Norma Talmadge in "The Branded Woman."

Ohio—Lois Wilson and Jack Holt in "Midsummer Madness."

Regent—Buck Jones in "Two Moons."

celebrated novel, "The Curse of Capistrano," by Johnston McCulley. The picture is generally regarded as the most entertaining in which the star ever has played. He is supported by an all-star cast, including Marguerite De La Motte, Robert McKim, Charles Stevens and others. In addition to the feature the current news review also is shown and a special musical program given by the Crystal entertainers.

Colonial

Agnes Ayres, who will be remembered as "the O. Henry girl" in a series of pictures from the short stories of that author, will be starred in "The Furnace," the feature picture at the Colonial Theatre next week. Miss Ayres plays the role of a London actress, who is married to a social somebody at one of the biggest weddings of the season. A barrier rises between the two when the husband learns that before the wedding the girl had said that if he jilted her she would sue for breach of promise. The story very nearly develops into a tragedy of misunderstood love, but in the end all difficulties are cleared up and the young couple love each other truly. In the cast supporting Miss Ayres are Jerome Patrick, Theodore Roberts and Helen Dunbar.

Mister Smith's

"The Branded Woman," starring Norma Talmadge, will be the feature attraction at Mister Smith's Theatre the week of January 15. The play, which has been seen here before, deals with the difficulties of a daughter, whose happiness is jeopardized by her mother's evil reputation. A comedy and a war picture, which has just been released from the government laboratories, complete the program.

Ohio

An entertaining story and a strong cast are the combination promised in "Midsummer Madness," the feature attraction for next week at the Ohio Theatre. The plot centers around two young married couples who are close friends. One of the wives is so coyly affectionate that her husband becomes a bit tired of her. The other wife has a husband who is more interested in business than in romance. The overloved husband and the underloved wife are attracted to each other, and in a moment of midsummer madness they very nearly muddle their chances for happiness beyond repair. The cast includes Lois Wilson, Jack Holt, Lila Lee and Conrad Nagel. A comedy and Literary Digest Topics complete the program.

The Wayfarer

(Continued from Page 6)

corn cure to cancer cure—from awls to patented zebras—and made money at it, but that was in the days before the automobile and the interurban line. When a fakir went to a small town, county seat, street fair, county fair or old settlers' meeting, the rubes were always glad to see him. He was like a breath from an unknown world. The country folks them days stayed at home most of the time. The old man, the old woman and all the boys worked hard six days a week, from sunup to sundown, taking a brief vacation on holidays. They welcomed the fakir—was glad to see him, believe me.

"Why, I used to hit a county seat town on Saturday, set up for business, sell out by lunch time and beat it back to the well-known city that same day. When I was driving a span of beautiful black horses, I'd drive out of the Elite livery stable, all dressed up like a million dollars, silver harness shining as bright as my silk hat, my nigger on the seat beside me in livery that fairly howled, it was that loud. The crowd would follow me—and I'd let them—until I got 'em worked up to the right pitch; then I would pick a shady spot on the east side of the court house square and go to it. After a song or two from the nigger with a banjo, I'd start to talk, commencin' in the Garden of Eden and windin' up a spiel that was so convincin' that by the time I'd finished that bunch of rubes would break for my buggy with their pocketbooks in their hands and the yarn string they had 'em wrapped with, trailin' behind, gettin' ready to loosen up.

"One Saturday afternoon in a southern Illinois town I sold ten gallon of rheumatiz cure made out of rain water, beet juice, to color it red, capsicum and a quart of turpentine. I sold a six-ounce bottle for 50 cents and didn't charge anything for my breath. I went away that night with a suitcase full of silver. . . . Ah, them was the good old days! . . . I'll bet I've sold enough can openers to open every can the American Can Company ever made. Knife sharpeners—non-breakable combs and corn remedies have made me three fortunes—but like all other street men I lived high and forgot there would be a sad day coming. . . . You haven't got a four-bit piece not workin' have you? I want to make another payment on my limousine—and what's left I'll invest in a cup o' Jav and some sinkers. . . ."

I provided the four-bits with fear and trembling, thinking perhaps he would invest it in "white mule"—but the last I saw of him he was astraddle of a stool at a cheap beanery. I had no doubt but what he was a convincing talker—the four bits I had passed over for hot air was ample testimony. —C. S. G.

New Equipment

Eleven of the twenty-five chemical and hose pumpers recently ordered from the Stutz Fire Engine Company for the city fire department have been delivered.



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January 16th

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Topics

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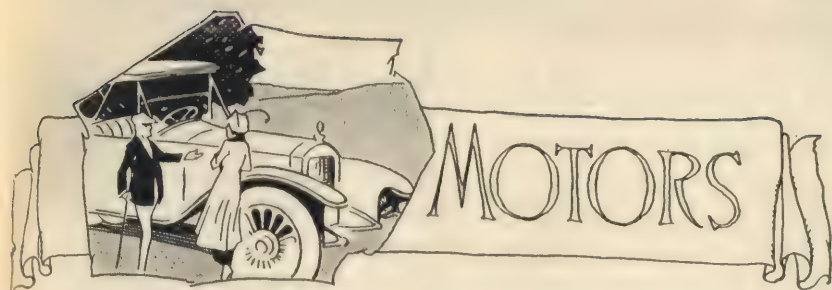
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By Thomas A. Hendricks

If the constabulary really "constabs" the bill for the establishment of an Indiana state police force, which will be introduced at the present session of the legislature, will have behind it a cheering section of every motorist in Hoosierdom, that is IF—

And on that "if" hinges everything. If the constabulary will operate along the lines of the famous and romantic Canadian Northwest Mounted Police and the highly efficient Pennsylvania Constabulary everything will be rosy for Mr. Motorist. But down deep in his heart the Hoosier automobile owner has a haunting hunch, unfortunately only too well justified by a number of bitter experiences in the past, that the so-called law-enforcing agencies have a habit of falling victims to petty politics and the lure of easy graft and become little more than legalized blackmailing bodies with the automobile public as their victims.

It is a fear that a state constabulary might prove to be only the old-time justice of the peace constable menace raised to higher power that has caused many automobile owners and a number of motor organizations to take an antagonistic attitude toward the proposed legislation. If a constabulary would devote its energies toward breaking up organized automobile stealing, roadside hold-ups, country bank robberies and lawlessness of this character there is not the slightest doubt but that the proposed body would prove to be as popular as are the Texas Rangers along the Rio Grande.

But it takes no ouija board to figure out just how the whole matter is likely to turn out if the personnel of the force is permitted to degenerate. It is easy enough to visualize what a nice, tender, juicy piece of white meat the average motorist would make. With the ridiculous and antiquated automobile speed laws now in force, practically every automobile driver violates some law or other every time he hits a smooth, straightaway on a country road. Any tourist who drives as short a distance as 100 miles, no matter how careful and conservative a driver he may be, is guilty of a half-dozen or more technical violations of the law before he completes his run.

Just what might happen all over the state can best be illustrated by what actually did happen in Allen county during the past year. Motorcycle cops would ease up behind a car traveling above the legal limit, as set down by a former bunch of state solons with Noah's Ark ideas of speed and announce that the driver was pinched. Then the protector of the law would give his victim the

choice of appearing in the Fort Wayne city court the next day or of paying him \$11, the amount of customary "one dollar and costs" fine levied in these cases. Now, the motorist could not, in nineteen cases out of twenty, afford the loss of a day's time to fight his case and would come across with the \$11.

Now just think what a harvest a dishonest member of a state constabulary force could reap in one season! And it is just exactly this thought and the natural distrust of the average American toward our politically-run system of law enforcement, against which is a distrust of the increasing tendency toward the regulation of the individual along Prussian lines, that make him mighty slow about putting his O. K. on the state constabulary idea.

Harry B. Smith, adjutant-general of Indiana, is a big believer in the constabulary idea—IF—it is properly organized and properly run.

"If the constabulary is run on an efficient basis and is absolutely free from politics, it will be a great thing for Indiana," he said. "But if it is going to be mediocre it had better not be at all."

Indianapolis-made automobiles and accessories play an important part in the big New York automobile show this week. The Stutz is being shown in five models, ranging from a racy roadster to a sedate coupe. One of the novelties of the show is the display of six miniature Marmons, complete in every detail, except motors. In addition, two regular man-size Marmons are shown. Five Lafayettes are shown at the Grand Central Palace and another is on display at the Hotel Commodore. Two open cars and three closed models make up the Cole exhibit. Twenty-one years ago the National made its first appearance at a New York show and has never missed one since; this year the company has on display a polished chassis and two completed cars. The H. C. S. is attracting plenty of favorable comment at the Astor Hotel. The Monroe, winner of the 1920 Indianapolis Speedway 500-mile race, is showing three models, while the Premier has four on exhibition. Wheeler-Schebler carburetors and the new Hassler shock absorber for Dodge cars complete the Hoosier capital exhibits.

Fifty-one main roads of the state highway system have been assigned numbers which, marked on poles, will be of great assistance to the touring motorist in finding his way about Hoosierdom. All a driver will have to do is to find the number of his route and then follow every telephone pole bearing that number.

On and Off Broadway

By Eugene Jepson Cadou

Gothamites are reminded of the pomp and officiousness which attends the sickness of a European monarch in the circumstances surrounding the present illness of Enrico Caruso, the world's greatest tenor. Attended by six physicians, the famous singer is convalescing in his luxurious suite in the Hotel Vanderbilt. During the crucial stages of the tenor's affliction frequent bulletins were issued by his doctors and the daily newspapers marked the changes in condition in their various editions. It became known the other day that the only thing which tends to retard Caruso's progress is his nervousness, due to the constant tooting of automobile horns in the vicinity of Thirty-fourth street and Park avenue. The tenor has complained that the incessant and rasping sounds annoy him, and it was hinted that if those who have been delighted at the operatic star's vocal performances will refrain from honking their automobile horns in the neighborhood of the Vanderbilt, the singer will be highly appreciative.

In almost every street in the tinsel zone there is an Italian restaurant alleged by the management to be the particular favorite of Signor Caruso. When the famous singer did appear in one of them recently, the whole kitchen and dining room force admired so strenuously that the other patrons waited in vain for spaghetti until the furore subsided.

The heterogeneity of the six million denizens of New York is attested by the various types of books they search for in the public library. The following twenty volumes are the ones most eagerly sought for in the central circulation room: "The Education of Henry Adams," by Henry Adams; "The Age of Innocence," by Edith Wharton; "An Outline of History," H. G. Wells; "Roaming Through the West Indies," Harry A. Franck; "A General Introduction in Psycho-Analysis," Sigmund Freud; "Main Street," Sinclair Lewis; "Margot Asquith, an Autobiography," Mrs. Asquith; "The Book of Susan," Lee Wilson Dodd; "The Americanization of Edward Bok," Edward Bok; "Memoirs of the Empress Eugenia," "Hey Rub-a-Dub," Theodore Dreiser; "Moon-Calf," Floyd Dell; "An English Wife in Berlin," Princess Blucher; "The Foolish Lovers," St. John Ervine; "Letters of Henry James," "Steeple-Jack," James Huneker; "Vagabonding Through Changing Germany," Harry A. Franck; "The Rescue," Joseph Conrad, and "In Chancery," John Galsworthy.

It is bruited about that the voluminous hair puffs which have so thoroughly concealed milady's ears for these long years are getting out of style on Fifth avenue. The newest

trick in preparing the crown of glory is to part the hair on the side (right or left) and then begin the waving process, finishing with two marvelous marcelled puffs at the back. Covering everything, of course, is the well-known hair net—interesting if understood, but, beyond, the power of description runneth out.

The Hotel Astor will not become an office building or an automobile salesroom for at least twenty years. Its lease was recently renewed for that period at the modest sum of \$500,000 a year. Half of this amount will come back in rentals from ten stores which will be installed in the Broadway street level of the hotel. They will occupy the space now used by the restaurants, which will be placed above the stores. The Hotel Astor is eleven stories high and covers the entire west side of the Broadway block between Forty-fourth and Forty-fifth streets.

Though none of the four parrots; foreigner tried to steal from their cage in Central Park the other evening were called to testify against him, he was convicted of burglary in the third degree by a New York jury. His story ran as follows: He was walking through the park when cries of "Murder! Police! Help!" attracted his attention. He rushed in the direction of the noise and found the parrots were making it. He decided the birds should be punished and was spanking them when a park watchman arrested him.

A nest-building sparrow, a robin, flowing maple sap, a twenty-inch snake, three caterpillars and a newly-sown row of sweet peas are submitted by various correspondents in and near New York as evidence that spring is not far away. However, there is no tendency on the part of haberdashers to display any straw hats on Broadway and overcoat advertisements still appear in the newspapers.

Grade Crossing Accidents

A large section of the 1921 annual report of the Indiana Public Service Commission is devoted to the prevention of accidents at grade crossings, especially automobile accidents. The report says: "Of the number of 91,000 lives lost in civil life outside of industry during the nineteen months our country was in the World War, 15,800 of these deaths were caused by automobiles or auto trucks, while during the same period only 47,949 of our soldiers were killed by the enemy. Thus, while the enemy, who was organized for the purpose of killing our boys, succeeded in killing 47,949 of them, the automobile and the auto truck, which was supposedly engaged in peaceful pursuits, killed only one-third as many of our people during the same period."

∴ The Weekly Potpourri ∴

The "mysterious woman," who gave a sixteen-year-old girl poisoned candy a few days ago, has written a note to the police, in which she says that "Now, as you are so dam smart and wise, why, ketch me." Of course, it will be up to the police to do that little thing and to show the writer that her vanity is her undoing.

The first American soldier returned from France for burial in Indianapolis was Sergt. John Skidmore, who was given a military funeral. Sergeant Skidmore was a member of the 150th Field Artillery, an Indiana contingent, and died from wounds in France. He was followed to his last resting place by comrades who had served with him. It is these things that bring sharp reminders of the World War and of the sacrifices made by the youth of America.

Work on additional improvements for sewage disposal will be begun shortly, says Lucius B. Swift, president of the board of sanitary commissioners. The contemplated work includes a pumping station and screens on the Sellers farm, construction of a building housing a laboratory, machinery and offices. The first unit, started last year, will be completed in September, and the second unit will be completed some time next year. This is a great beneficial work for Indianapolis.

Warren T. McCray, governor of Indiana, was formally inaugurated as the state's chief last Monday. A large crowd witnessed the event, which was without any particular fuss and feathers. Adjt.-Gen. Harry Smith was master of ceremonies and he did a good job. Retiring Governor Goodrich made a short speech. Governor McCray responded in a likewise brief address, following the administration of the oath of office—and the thing was done. Governor McCray will now proceed to worry about his work—as other governors do.

On January 29 a number of picture theaters in Indianapolis will give special shows for the benefit of the fund for starving children of Europe. Movie producers have agreed to co-operate and supply films without charge to the theaters. Of course, the public will be expected to patronizes these shows—and it should, for the cause is worthy.

Fred Myers, who used to conduct a "col" on the Star, has joined forces with the Popular Song Monthly as publicity director for this publication. Just so Fred doesn't try to sing he will be all right, as he wields a wicked Corona and is on speaking terms with India ink and pen.

A burglar broke into Earl Mantel's house in North Meridian street and was discovered by a colored employe, who proceeded to lock the burglar in

the house while he hotfooted it to call the police. Meanwhile, the burglar picked up a revolver and "broke out" of the house and to freedom. What goes in must come out.

Fifteen Indiana republican presidential electors, chosen at the recent landslide, met at the state house and cast their vote for Harding and Coolidge for president and vice-president. From all indications, Harding and Coolidge will be elected, much to the surprise of the Democrats and Mr. Wilson.

Incidentally, Dr. Carleton G. McCulloch, whom Mr. McCray defeated for governor, has been elected—as a member of the board of directors of the University Club. The other members are Otto Hauelsen, G. Barret Moxley and Alvin S. Lockard. The board will meet later and choose a president and vice-president of the club.

The American Legion of the state is behind a bill which will be presented to the legislature creating a boxing commission and the return of boxing as a sport in the state. The bill has many good features, including state control of boxing, as well as the supervision of it, and the examination of contestants by designated physicians. A commission of three persons, appointed by the governor, would have complete control of the game. Under this bill a fake fight would be impossible, and promoters looking for "easy money" would have a rough road to travel under the bill's provisions.

She Speaks Right Out (Continued from Page 6)

The Better Business Bureau took up this matter by letter with Block's three distinct times, but Block's refused to supply an explanation of this method of advertising. Fifty years ago such a policy might have gone unquestioned. Today, it seems archaic. In this enlightened day and age, the buyer has a right to expect truthful advertising and straight dealing, and every instance of sharp practice and unscrupulous misrepresentation lowers the standing of a firm in the community.

All of the cases mentioned above are a matter of record in the Better Business Bureau. There may be other cases, but these are actual instances recorded in the files of the Indianapolis Bureau. There is nothing secret about the work of the bureau. It aims to promote confidence in business ethics in Indianapolis and it deserves the support of all merchants and consumers in the city. As for those who do not co-operate with it, and persist in the outworn policy of deceiving the buyer where deception is possible, they deserve to be publicly exposed, so that the public may give its patronage where it is deserved and where honest values may be expected.

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DIVERTISSEMENTS 6

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—IN—
"The Snob"

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PUBLICATION OFFICE, 1113-1114 PEOPLES BANK BUILDING
Telephone, Main 2382 INDIANAPOLIS

F. F. HASKELL,
PUBLISHER AND EDITOR

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ASSOCIATE EDITOR

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TOPICS

VOLUME II

INDIANAPOLIS, SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1921

NUMBER 4

Indianapolis Products in the Films

New York Motor Show Visitors See How Indianapolis Automobiles Are Made From Start to Finish.

By Beatrice Sherman

"Oh, you're in the moving picture business? Well, where are your actors and your studios?"

These questions, according to Mr. H. H. Coburn, local motion picture man, are the first that everybody asks him when inquiring about his work. But Mr. Coburn has no actors and no elaborate studios. He is an enthusiastic promoter of the motion picture business; but he's in what he calls the "non-theatrical" division of the industry. For the most part, he's interested in the making of movies of particular interest in industries, schools, churches, and salesrooms rather than the big "production" that the theatre man wants.

For example, for the last few days Mr. Coburn has been immolated in his dark room putting the finishing touches to a film that went to the automobile show in New York. Every stage in the history of this make of automobile was shown, from the molten metal to the finished car. After the automobile show is over, a number of films will be made from the master film and sent about the country to distributors of that car. All of those procrastinating prospects who have been saying to the salesman, "Can't buy now. See about it in the spring," will be invited to the sales room some evening for a soiree of free moving pictures. The assembled company will then be edified by the filmed life story of the Best Car on the Market, and as they pass out of the assembly hall will give their orders for the 1921 model to "the salesman standing by the table at your left." The latest sales talk is by movie.

Mr. Coburn has had an active part also in the success of a local tractor for farm purposes. It was ready for the market in August and one of the first models completed was posed for motion pictures going through its various paces—plowing, mowing, harrowing, discing, cutting oats, planting, and doing everything that its grown-

up brother, the full-size tractor, could do. During the winter, when the farmers' association held its meeting at Purdue, the baby tractor was exhibited to an audience of several hundred, and its various virtues explained. Then the farmers were invited into the movie projection room to see it work, as the ground outside was frozen too hard to make a practical demonstration possible. As they went in they shook their heads and skeptically muttered, "Too small, won't do."

But the truthful movie showed that it would do. After seeing its activities on the screen, the farmers' tune changed. "Now, what do you think of that?" "It's a sturdy little rascal," and "Guess it does the work," was the burden of their remarks. The movies had made possible practical sales work with the tractor at least six months earlier than would have been possible had any other sales methods been used.

The very first motion picture film to figure in a court of justice was made by Mr. Coburn. Two local firms were litigating over patent rights to a shock absorber. It was claimed by the plaintiff that the defendant was making a device almost exactly like the one the plaintiff was making, and that there was a clear case of infringement of patent rights.

For several years the contest went on, the one firm attempting to prove that the two devices were almost similar. They tried to get Judge Anderson out in an automobile and give him a ride behind a car equipped with one shock absorber on one rear wheel and the other device on the other side. But the Judge didn't seem to think that his judicial duties included any joy riding, so the case seemed in a fair way of continuing forever, when some one decided that it would be a fine thing to get a moving picture of what the Judge would see on his excursion, bring it into court and show it to him. Mr. Coburn was called into consultation.

"Can you take a moving picture of the rear wheels and springs of a car going over a rough road at twenty-five miles an hour, from a trailer hitched to the back of the car?" he was asked.

"Hardly," replied Mr. Coburn, and the weary attorneys almost despaired. "You see, the camera has to be per-

fectly still, otherwise the picture would flop from one side to the other, and you could make nothing of it. On a flying trailer, we'd be in luck if my camera and I didn't jump off entirely, let alone standing still enough to take a picture."

But he did work up a substitute which served quite as well. A Ford car equipped with the two makes of shock absorber was set on a high platform, so that its rear wheels rested on a large cylinder, some six feet in diameter and with one large plank set across it in each quarter of its surface. The motor of the car was started, the motion of the rear wheels revolved the cylinder, and the protruding planks gave a very good imitation of a rough road.

On a platform in the rear of the car the camera was set. Mr. Coburn took the picture while the motor was going, and as the two shock absorbers were painted white, their reactions when the "bumps" came around were plainly discernible. Also the picture was taken at four times the normal speed, so that the resulting film was one of the slowed-up kind; the springs gently extended and then slowly returned to position.

With the successful film, and Mr. Coburn as operator, the lawyers for the firm bringing suit invaded the court room. But here was another obstacle. The opposition objected violently to dragging a movie into the case.

In righteous indignation and with dramatic fervor, the attorney for the defense objected. "Why, your honor," quoth he, "we all see Charlie Chaplin do impossible feats in the movies, and Doug Fairbanks, you know, achieves athletic accomplishments that common sense tells us must be aided by artifice. How do we know that this film is not a fake? No one to represent our client was present."

The Judge ruled, however, that a mere mechanical device could scarcely fake a stunt; also that since a moving picture is simply a succession of still pictures, there is no more reason why it should be ruled out of court because the opposing side was not present when it was taken than if it were an ordinary photograph. So there in the court room the picture was projected, probably the first time in the history of the world that a motion picture has

Non-Theatrical Field in the "Movies" Has Great Prospects—What Coburn Company Is Doing.

been used in a court of justice as evidence.

The two devices showed up so similar that the Judge could not tell one from the other. The case was quickly decided for the plaintiff, the movie having proved the deciding factor in the case.

The Judge is said to have remarked that the showing of the film saved an argument of at least 100 pages of manuscript that it would have taken to convince him of the similarity of the two devices without the movie evidence.

An interesting feature of this movie drama was that one man who was financially interested in the firm which lost the case was also a stockholder in the company which took the moving picture that practically won the case for the plaintiff.

Another non-theatrical field for the moving picture which is not generally known is in the home. If the old-fashioned family album is a constant source of amusement and entertainment, a collection of moving pictures of the family is pretty certain to be vastly more entertaining. Imagine the uncanny but interesting sensation of looking back from the heights of say forty years and seeing yourself at the age of three gaily riding a hobby-horse or playing with a pussy.

A number of Indiana people have started a family album of the motion picture type. Mr. Thomas Taggart has a picture of his family made every year on June 17, the anniversary of the Taggart wedding, and a few days later the new picture and the old ones of other years are shown at a private motion picture party. Mr. Samuel Rauh is another Hoosier who adds a yearly picture to his family film library.

Motion pictures have also come to be an important factor in political campaigns. Mr. Coburn has taken a number of pictures of Indiana candidates, and proves the potency of the motion picture in politics by citing the case of the national election when

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There Are a Variety and Multiplicity of Pests Who Bother the Rest of Humanity—Which One Are You?

Of all the expletives and ejaculations that are used by man to express a sudden distaste for his environment, the monosyllable has always held first place. For that reason it is strange that the explosive French "Peste" has never been added to the American exclamatory vocabulary. It is a neat short word, it has the hissing sound that harmonizes so well with the state of mind of one who wishes to lay tongue to biting invective, and the connotations of the English word "pest" should add force to the French exclamation. One can not journey far these days without meeting the ubiquitous pest, the thorn in the flesh of the most even tempered, the back-breaking straw for the veriest camel of a disposition. And upon the occasions when human endurance can stand no more, when the obnoxious pest has upset the pleasant equilibrium of the human spirit—then symbolic and fitting and not unladylike would be the pat ejaculation "Peste," an explosive relief for the baited sufferer from the pest.

Time was when our English word "pest" was used only of terrible diseases and epidemics. The mere sound of the word brought up visions of fire and pestilence, smallpox and yellow fever. Nowadays it is more generally applied to the small aggravations of the soul that by their very puniness go farther toward unbalancing the mind than an actual catastrophe. The man who can remain calm and contained when advancing on a German trench finds his nerves shattered and his self-control evaporated by the persistent humming of a mosquito. He who can survive the doubling of his rent by an omnipotent landlord, crumples up before the prospect of an extra penny added to his street-car fare. The dignity of a grand disaster forbids petty ill-temper, but a small inconvenience, accurately aimed at the weak spot of the psychological anatomy, can make reason totter on her throne.

There are a few thick-skinned spirits in the world who are not annoyed by the actions of their fellows, whose spiritual toes have no corns, whose mental shoulders bear no chips. As for the rest of us mortals, however, we are vulnerable; and the things that sour our souls and inspire murder in our hearts are the pests that beset our daily path.

An ordinary, everyday expedition from home to downtown can produce enough of these pests to exasperate the most even tempered. Take the simple case of Mr. Smith. He starts the car at eight-thirty, heads for the office and as he goes down Meridian street there's not a cloud on his



horizon. He's making splendid time just wondering if he can't give somebody a lift to town when a machine bolts out from a side street, tears across Smith's right of way, and without slowing down a fraction of an inch to see if he tore off a fender, speeds merrily on out east. Smith is aghast. His nerves are shaken by the sudden turn which the stranger's mad career made necessary, and he spins the wheel like a top to keep from climbing a lamp post. He grits his teeth. "Another one of those dominant personalities who can't be stopped by any obstacle. He's been reading the American Magazine, and he's going to succeed, probably in getting himself murdered." The boys in the office wonder where the old man got his grouch. Just the automobile pest, that's all.

Mrs. Smith comes downtown in the afternoon to do some shopping. She's a pleasant tempered woman, and her family find it not too difficult to live in the same house with her, but after a day of dodging pests she returns

home at the raw edge of irritability. To begin with, as she bears down upon the shop entrance she sees that they have put up the little sign which always appears in cold weather "Please use the revolving doors." Dutifully she follows instructions, but the timid old lady is just ahead who has always had a ghastly fear that some day one of these omniverous doors would catch her in its maw and mangle her frightfully. She has read of a girl who was ground to death in one of those revolving doors, and each time that she passes through she feels as if she's taking the barrel trip over Niagara. She jumps forward, basket on arm, for the first empty compartment, but she hasn't quite the courage, and drops back in response to the "As you were" of her timorous heart. She leaps with a rheumatic jerk for the next compartment, her basket catches on the door, and she flops back upon the bosom of Mrs. Smith who is still waiting for a chance to enter. Mrs. Smith draws a deep



Two elderly men were discussing the school situation in Indianapolis and comparing advantages offered children now with what the youngsters of a former generation had. They agreed that the curriculum was better, for the most part, and that, of course, the physical advantages were far superior.

"The modern day teacher has much more work to do than the old-time teacher," said one of the men. "Nowadays, a teacher is always on the job, at least she is if she wants to get anywhere. In my day—and I used to teach school, too—after a teacher had heard the last class and swept out the room ready for the next day, he was done until that time."

"Well, I don't know about that," said a third listener, who wore a white beard but was sprightly enough to belie his age. "My brother was a teacher for the most of his life, and had more than a local reputation as a 'birch-wielder,' as they were called in those days. And he was usually mighty busy during the four or five months of the term."

"In the days when he taught school, a teacher had to possess not only

'book larnin,' but he had to have the courage of a soldier and the fighting qualities of a prize-fighter.

"In the township where we lived there was a school—district five—that had the reputation of being the toughest school in the county. Term after term a teacher would be hired by the directors to teach at No. 5, and if he lasted three weeks he was doing well—and deserved a medal.

"In those days the teacher taught everything from the chart class to the sixth grade. There were not many in the chart class at No. 5, but there were about a dozen big, overgrown, double-fisted farmer boys who would make short work of any teacher that came before them, be they men or women. One young school marm lasted just five days. Those devilish boys would get out of their seats, surround her and two of them would make a 'hand saddle' and pick her up and carry her around over the room to the howling delight of the rest of the pupils.

"Finally, when it was found that nobody could govern the school, the directors came to Brother Joe and

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There Are the Auto Pests, the Woman-in-a-Hurry Pests and the Pest Who Explains the Movie Pictures.

breath of utter exasperation and is almost on the point of shoving the timid old lady in, head first, when with a spurt of courage, she jumps forward, whirls around, and is ground out safely on the other side. The revolving door pest.

But before Mrs. Smith can dodge into the store, a young mother with a robust son of seven years and a wily poodle dog rush in ahead. The small boy pushes vigorously on the door ahead, according to mother's instructions, and forgets completely how he is to finish up this merry-go-round trip and get out. Excited, he pushes harder than ever, can not understand what it is that mother is trying to shout through the glass to him from the compartment behind, and is only pulled out of his squirrel cage by a strong-armed floor-walker. Then and then only does Mrs. Smith march into the ingenious contrivance called the revolving door, and so on through to the shop. She knows she is a lady, so she says nothing, but even a lady may think.

As she walks severely and sedately down the aisle to the ribbon counter, she comes to an impasse. People are piling up from both sides with the same appalling rapidity with which a crowd gathers for a dog fight. Mrs. Smith, like all her neighbors, cranes her neck to see what is the cause of the gathering. In the very vortex of the crowd stands the complacent cause of the traffic stoppage, unconscious of the commotion she is causing. She is standing with her back directly in front of the counter that is marked "Special for Today," and is conversing with her friend Clara. "My dear Clara, you should have been there. We had the cunningest sandwiches—butterthins with the best new filling you ever stuck a tooth in.—No. I don't want to be waited on.—Where was I? Oh, yes, the loveliest filling, and tied up with pink ribbon, and a stalk of celery, very small, of course, stuck through the top"—and so on, ad infinitum. No one waits to hear the end. The arrested crowd gradually turns about and filters through other aisles to its destination, bearing Mrs. Smith with it. She'll get the ribbon another day, and decides to go to the matinee instead of shopping. That will be a much-needed rest.

She arrives promptly at 2:15. She disposes her hat, coat and furs neatly on the vacant seat beside her, and settles down to enjoyment of the overture. The play begins, and responding to the merry make-believe, she forgets all about the pestiferous people who have spoiled her shopping expedition. At the crucial mo-

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notes of Society



James Livingston Thompson left last week for his home in Ranger Texas, after a visit with Dr. and Mrs. John H. Oliver.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Dietrichs are visiting in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel M. Ralston entertained at dinner Monday evening, January 17, in honor of Governor and Mrs. Warren T. McCray.

Mrs. George E. Hume will depart soon for California, with Miss Catherine Coburn and Miss Alice Holliday. They will spend the winter in Pasadena.

Mrs. W. A. Atkins entertained with two luncheon parties at the Woodstock Club this week. On Wednesday, Mrs. John W. Kern, of Hollins, Va., who is the house guest of Mrs. Louis H. Levey, was guest of honor, and Thursday, Mrs. Henry I. Raymond who is visiting Mrs. Henry I. Raymond, Jr., was honor guest.

Miss Susannah and Miss Mary Louise Pratt, of Portland, Ore., are to arrive this week to visit their cousin Mrs. Booth Tarkington.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Eltel have returned from their wedding trip in the South and are now at home at 1811 North Meridian street.

Mrs. Hewitt H. Howland is visiting in Paducah, Ky.

Mrs. H. L. Brewer and Miss Ida Jones gave a luncheon at their home last week for Mrs. Warren T. McCray and her daughter, Miss Lucille, and a number of the McCrays' Kentland friends.

Mrs. John P. Frenzel, Jr., and Mrs. Douglas Jillson gave a luncheon at the Woodstock Club last Monday.

Mrs. A. M. Stewart gave a very pretty luncheon and bridge party last week for Miss Mary Reynolds, who recently came here to live from New York, and for Miss Amy Karon, of Louisville, who is the house guest of Mrs. A. R. Coffin.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Aufderheide will leave January 25 for California. They will sail from there to the Panama Canal for a two months' trip and will return home by way of New York.

Mrs. Mathilda Weil, of Rockport, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Isaac Born.

Mr. and Mrs. Cortland VanCamp and Mrs. John Martindale have gone to Miami, Fla.

Mrs. Charles Marcus Osborn, Jr., and niece, Miss Lillian Fletcher, have returned to Pewee Valley, Ky., after a visit with Mr. and Mrs. James Fletcher.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel VanCamp left for Miami, Fla., last week.

Mrs. W. E. Neal expects to leave shortly for the South, and will visit at various points, returning some time in March.

Mrs. Jaquelin Holliday has returned from a visit to her son, Fred Holliday, and Mrs. Holliday, of Pittsburgh, who are leaving this week for the Holliday country place in South Carolina.

On Saturday, January 15, Mrs. Frank W. Morrison gave a luncheon at the Columbia Club in honor of Mrs. John W. Kern, of Hollins, Va., who is the house guest of Mrs. Louis H. Levey. The luncheon was followed by a theatre party. Mrs. Allen A. Wilkinson gave a dinner at the Woodstock Club Sunday evening in honor of Mrs. Kern, and on Monday evening Mrs. Ernest Bross gave a box party for the Galli-Curci concert. Others who have entertained for Mrs. Kern this week are Mrs. William L. Horn, Mrs. Fannie A. Morrison and Mrs. Herman Munk. Saturday Mrs. Walter J. Goodall is to entertain for Mrs. Kern with a luncheon and bridge party and Mrs. James Cuning will be hostess for a dinner in Mrs. Kern's honor in the evening.

Miss Harriet Dean has come from

Piedmont, Calif., to visit her mother, Mrs. Ward H. Dean. Mrs. Elsie Martinez and little daughter, Micaela, and Miss Virginia Hale, of Piedmont, are Miss Dean's guests.

Mrs. Robert F. Daggett has gone to Oak Park, Ill., as the guest of Mrs. William G. Atwood, who has been a recent visitor at the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Chandler.

Dr. and Mrs. John H. Oliver, Dr. and Mrs. John Harrison Bull, Miss Elsie Bull and Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Newton Coolley were guests last week at a house party given by Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Jones, of Paris, Ill.

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Burnet left this week for California, where they will spend the winter.

Miss Helen Barney, who has been the guest of Miss Julia Jean Nelson, has returned to her home in Elkhart, Indiana.

Russel M. Seeds has gone to the Bermudas, where he will spend the winter.

Miss Marjorie Forsythe is visiting Miss Ruth Laymon, of Miami, Fla., and will spend a week in Cuba before returning home.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Bennett Gates celebrated their wedding anniversary Sunday, January 16, at the Miami Valley Hunt and Polo Club of Dayton. Among the guests from Indianapolis were Mr. and Mrs. Samuel B. Sutphin, Mr. and Mrs. William M. Rockwood, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Knefler, Mrs. F. O. Dorsey, Mrs. K. R. Jacoby, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Stanley, Miss Mary Powell and Robert Bruce and Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Murdock.

The Little Theatre Society dance, which will be given Saturday evening, January 22, will be in charge of the following committees: James B. Steep, general chairman; Miss Florence Beckett, vice-chairman; Mrs. C. R. Strickland, Miss Sara Lauter, Mrs. Charles S. Rauh, Miss Frances Morrison, Miss Dorothy Goeppers, Mrs. George Rockwood, Mrs. A. R. Coffin, Miss Angeline Bates, Mrs. Harry Parr and Miss Ruth Perry, assisting Miss Becker in the sale of tickets; Mrs. James Gordon Murdock, chairman of the box committee, assisted by Mrs. Gordon B. Tanner, Mrs. Henry F. Campbell, Mrs. E. B. Mumford, Mrs. J. Charles Schaf, Jr., Mrs. S. T. Murdock and Miss Mabel Gasaway. Box holders include Mr. and Mrs. J. I. Holcomb, Mr. and Mrs. Henry F. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Murdock, Mrs. John B. Murphy, of Chicago, and Miss Dorothy Goeppers.



MRS. WARREN T. MCCRAY

Mrs. McCray, the wife of the Governor, has been guest of honor at a number of social affairs since her arrival in Indianapolis for residence.

Federation of Woman's Clubs

The Clio Club will meet with Mrs. James M. Pearson, 4330 Park avenue, on January 28th. Mrs. John R. Barrett will speak on "Contemporary Women Novelists" and Mrs. Isaac E. Woodard will read a paper on "Edith Wharton and Ann Sedgwick."

On January 24th the Fortnightly Study Club will meet with Mrs. George L. Davis, 1610 Bellefontaine street. Two papers will be read: "Mexico—Past and Present," by Mrs. Daniel T. Weir, and "Our Spanish Historians," by Mrs. John W. Morrow. "A Literary Pilgrimage in New England" will also be read.

The Friday Afternoon Reading Club will meet on January 28th at the home of Mrs. A. Hornaday, No. 5 The Ballard. Mrs. Charles Cherdron will read "The Call of the Desert," which will be followed by a general discussion.

Mrs. Fred C. Klee, 2322 North Illinois street, will be hostess for the Home Economics Club on January 27, with Mrs. Norwood Hawkins, Mrs. F. E. Walker and Mrs. J. D. Hoffmeyer assisting. Mrs. Frank Fitch will talk on "Vitamines," Mrs. M. O. Ryker will review Lessons XV and XVI on Soups, and Mrs. J. D. Hoffmeyer and Mrs. Frank Hunter will give a demonstration.

The Ideal Embroidery Club will hold its regular meeting on January 26th at the home of Mrs. Harry E. Joslin, 125 Ridgeway Drive.

A "Guest Day" meeting will be held by the members of the Inter Nos Club on January 26th at the home of Mrs. F. R. Eldred, 3823 North Delaware street. Mrs. Milo Stuart will discuss the "Conservation of Our Natural Resources" and Mrs. Oren Hack will read an "Original Story." Mrs. Franc Wilhite Weber will play a number of selections on the harp.

Mrs. Carl Stone will read "The Fair God," and Mrs. J. R. Carr will lead the discussion at a meeting of the Irvington Coterie on January 24th with Mrs. B. C. Morgan, 5461 Julian avenue.

Mrs. S. L. Potter, 106 South Ritter avenue, will be assisted by Mrs. G. W. Allison in entertaining the members of the Irvington Fortnightly Club on January 28th. Mrs. C. J. Orbison will discuss the "Responsibility of Citizenship," and Mrs. C. L. Stubbs will read a paper on "Indiana Poetry."

Mrs. D. H. Jenkins will talk on "Women in Industry," and Mrs. C. D. Clark will discuss Current Events at a meeting of the Irvington Tuesday Club on January 25th at the home of Mrs. S. B. Walker, 52 Layman avenue.

Hostesses for a meeting of the

Magazine Club, to be held in the Green Parlors of the Y. W. C. A. on January 22d, include Mrs. W. J. Sumner, Mrs. F. M. Montgomery, Mrs. S. W. Keene, Mrs. J. A. Johnson, and Mrs. J. B. Kirlin. The following papers will be read: "Tapestry in History and Art," by Mrs. A. J. Clark; "Charles V," by Mrs. A. L. Leatherman, and "Guido de Bray," by Mrs. H. W. Dragoo.

On January 25th the Meridian Heights Inter-Se Club will meet at the home of Mrs. J. K. Lang, 1217 Park avenue. Talks will be given by Mrs. R. L. Williamson on "The Plains" and Mrs. William Peacock on "The Desert Region."

The Monday Club will hold its weekly meeting January 24 at 2:30 o'clock at the Propylaeum. The program will open with the singing of "Dixie," led by Mrs. Rhea Hall Behymer. A delightful entertainment will be given by Mrs. J. F. Edwards and Mrs. W. D. Long. In the fantasy called "On a Southern Porch," Mrs. Edwards will impersonate an old lady of ante-bellum days. Her memories of the old South will be illustrated by Mrs. Long with southern dialogues and stories, among them "Turkey Feather Fan," "Christmas on the Old Plantation," "Witches' Night" and "The Massa's Done Come Home." Mrs. Behymer will sing several southern melodies during the program, accompanied by Mrs. Milton Elrod, closing with "The Perfect Day." Each member will be privileged to bring two guests.

Mrs. L. B. Carr will discuss "Woman's Relation to the Family as a Citizen," and Mrs. D. B. Carter "Woman's Relation to the Nation as a Citizen," at a meeting of the New Century Club on January 26th. The hostess will be Mrs. O. C. Lukenbill, 1902 East Washington street, assisted by Mrs. Joseph Mess.

"Women Prominent in Education" will be the subject of discussion by the Parlor Club at a meeting on January 24th at the home of Mrs. E. H. K. McComb, 2145 North Alabama street. Papers will be read by Miss Della Dearborn on "Mary A. Livermore and Maria Mitchel" and by Mrs. Edgar Brown on "Mrs. Ella Flagg Young and Mary Lyon."

The programs for the Woman's Department Club for the week of January 24th are as follows: Department of Art—The Development of an American Art Class in History of Art will have a lesson January 26th on Alexander H. Wyant, N. A., led by Mrs. L. M. Edwards, Mrs. Wm. H. Welch and Mrs. A. F. Denny. Department of Home and Education—The Mock Senate will convene on January 25th at 2:30 p. m.

Mr. Sol Esarey will talk before the Woman's City Club at a six o'clock

Could You See a Child Starve?

A representative crowd of several hundred Indianapolis citizens attended the Hoover luncheon at the Claypool Hotel last Monday, at which \$75,000 was raised as part of the subscription Indiana is to supply in helping to save three and a half million children from starving to death in some of the governments of central Europe.

The luncheon consisted of the menu that America has been providing for these starving children—a bowl of rice gruel, a cup of cocoa and a slice of black bread.

Herbert Hoover, who has charge of the enormous job of feeding the starving millions, was present and spoke at length on the situation. Mr. Hoover did not appeal to the emotions of the guests, but spoke dispassionately and powerfully of what this country must continue to do if these little one are to be kept alive.

He said that America had been continuously on the job since the outbreak of the war and had fed hundreds of millions of people in that time. He said this country, solely, kept alive 15,000,000 children in central Europe; that following the armistice and the resumption of work in many of these countries the number of dependents had been gradually cut down until now only 3,500,000 were entirely dependent on America.

"This is no new venture in charity," said Mr. Hoover. "America has been feeding millions of people in Europe ever since the war began. It has been

dinner in the club rooms on January 28th.

The Zetatheta Club will meet on January 26th at the home of Mrs. G. R. McDavitt, 1955 Ruckle street. Members will respond to the roll call by giving the name of a favorite musical selection and its composer. A paper will be read by Mrs. R. E. Stevenson on "The Influence of Music on the Human Race," and a debate, "Resolved, That Novel Reading Is a Waste of Time," will be given, the affirmative to be taken by Mrs. H. F. Seay and the negative by Mrs. Edward R. Zimmer.

The Woman's Rotary Club will receive informally Monday afternoon, January 24th, from 1 to 2:30 o'clock at the Claypool Hotel in honor of Mrs. Harry D. Tutewiler. There are no invitations. New members of the club are Mrs. Elizabeth Sharpe, Mrs. Ernest Bross, Miss Alice Anderson and Miss Helen Clark.

The Vincent C. L. S. C. of Indianapolis will meet with Mrs. J. T. Berryhill, 2064 North Delaware street, on January 24th. The subject of study will be "Painful Birth of Third Republic," and the program will be as follows: Davis' History of France, Chapter XXIV, by Mrs. B. W. Gillespie, and Current Events by Mrs. M. Doud.

The Sesame Club will meet on January 24th at the home of Mrs. J. P.

a glorious chapter in the history of American generosity, and if we would write the final paragraph of this country, as we must do, we will write it in deeper honor if we fulfill our final obligations to these starving children of central Europe."

The speaker said that there were 15,000 canteens and camps in these newer governments where the children were fed daily and where the American flag was flying from sunup to sundown, and where these grateful little ones each day said a prayer of blessing and thankfulness to America.

The speaker aroused great applause when he said that if America can "entertain 7,500,000 automobiles yearly, it ought to be able to entertain until the next harvest 3,500,000 starving children."

He said America had an eighteen months' supply of food in warehouses and in storage with another bountiful harvest a few months away. "We have a food supply that is rotting in the warehouses and bins—farmers can find no market for their grains and cattle; yet only four hours away by cable there are 3,500,000 children actually starving to death—unless we help them."

On the speaker's platform with Mr. Hoover were Caleb S. Denny, chairman; Governor Warren T. McCray, Rabbi Morris Feuerlicht, J. I. Holcomb, S. E. Nicholson, who is connected with Mr. Hoover's office in New York, and Harper J. Ransburg.

Darnall, 3410 Brookside Parkway. "A New England Nun" will be read, the Introduction by Miss Helena Patterson and the Story by Mrs. L. P. DeVelling.

On January 28 Mrs. John W. Kern, of Hollins, Va., will be guest of honor at a reception to be given by the women of the Democratic Club. A great many dinner reservations have already been made by friends and former neighbors of Mrs. Kern.

A Signal Triumph

An audience that taxed the capacity of the Murat Theatre heard Galli-Curci last Monday evening. Her program was varied and well chosen to exhibit the wonderfully clear, sweet, silvery tones of her voice. One of the songs best suited to display the rarely beautiful quality of her voice was "Lo, Here the Lark," in which Galli-Curci's voice and Mr. Berenguer's flute contested for honors as to which was the clearer and more exquisitely flute-like. "Clavelitos" was the only song that gave an opportunity for Galli-Curci to display vivaciousness and quickness of a dramatic quality. The concert was another to be added to the list of Galli-Curci's triumphs.

The concert was under the direction of Mrs. Ona B. Talbot, of the Indianapolis Fine Arts Association, and was attended by music lovers from over Indiana.

Will Help Children



ED. H. BINGHAM

Every motion picture theatre in Indianapolis will hold special performances on Saturday morning, January 29, the total proceeds of which will be turned over to the European Relief Council with which to buy food for the thousands of starving children of Eastern and Central Europe. The special performances will be held from 10 to 12 o'clock in the morning.

Edmund H. Bingham, of the firm of Bingham & Cohen, owners of the Colonial Theatre, has been appointed by Herbert Hoover, national chairman of the relief council, to direct the theatre campaign in Indiana. Mr. Bingham has sent out letters to theatre owners in every city and town of the state asking their co-operation in the movement. According to indications every theatre man in the state will hold special performances.

The motion picture industry of the United States, including producing companies and exhibitors, has pledged itself to Mr. Hoover to raise \$2,500,000 in the campaign, a sum sufficient to feed 250,000 children. All persons connected in any way with the industry are taking an active part in the movement. Producing companies have agreed to furnish special pictures without charge to the exhibitor for the special performances and the Indianapolis Union No. 194 of Motion Picture Machine Operators also will furnish operators for every theatre without charge.

Mr. Bingham has named a special committee of theatre owners of Indianapolis to serve with him in carrying out the details of the campaign. The committee is composed of Gustav G. Schmidt, president of the Motion Picture Theatre Owners of Indiana; Charles Olsen, Frank J. Rembusch, Ralph Lieber, E. G. Sourbier, David Coulter, Fred Leonard, Roy Bair, Harry E. Cohen, H. A. Kliene, G. G. Swain, A. C. Zaring, Ollie E. Allen, Fred Sanders, Michael J. Duffey, Raymond Schmidt, Floyd Beitman, Robert Hesseldenz, William Griffin, Joseph Fopplano, Frank Cassell, S. W. Neal, Mrs. Anna Harlow, Harry Harrell, L. Markum, Charles Koch, J. W. Tucker, Bert Zaring, Benjamin Brumley, J.

Friedman, L. G. Murdock, Samuel Nickbald, Henry Meyers, E. M. Stewart, U. F. Lambert, W. E. Beadle, Thomas Taylor, M. C. Shears, Martin Cain, J. Nickelson, J. O. Puryear, James Hill and E. S. Stone.

"The motion picture theatre owners fully appreciate the faith placed in them by Mr. Hoover and I feel confident that we will do everything possible to aid in the general movement," Mr. Bingham said.

Old Melodies Concert

The Indianapolis Star's Old Time Melodies Concert is to be revived on Friday, January 28, in Caleb Mills Hall at Shortridge High School. This will be the first of a series of three concerts to be given under the direction of the board of school commissioners and the board of park commissioners and sponsored by the local newspapers.

The Star's Old Time Melodies Concerts were, in years past, a feature of the Santa Claus fund to raise money to buy presents for the poor children of the city who otherwise might go unremembered. They were held just before Christmas and were always affairs that packed the theatre in which they were given. This year this concert, as well as those to be given by the other papers, is to be a present to the people of the city for the purpose of stimulating interest in music and things musical.

The foremost musicians in the city have volunteered their services for the affair. Among those on the program is the Orloff trio, composed of Miss Jean Orloff, violin; Miss Genieve Hughel, 'cello; and Mrs. Clarence

Coffin, piano; Mrs. James Lowry, Mrs. E. C. Johnson, Miss Florence Ann Parkin, Mrs. Glenn Friermood, Mrs. Mary Traub Busch, and Charles F. Hansen, who will give a series of piano improvisations on old-time melodies.

All the old favorites will be played or sung. Among the popular songs on the program are: "Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms," "The Last Rose of Summer," "Annie Laurie," and "Love's Old Sweet Song." Several novelties that have never before been incorporated in an Old Melodies Concert will feature this year's presentation. Many of the songs will be sung in costume and the hall will be set in an attractive old-fashioned way.

The concert will be distinctively a community affair. It will be held for the music lovers of the city. No admission will be charged. Several more concerts will be given or are being planned by city officials in order that Indianapolis may become a better musical city, and, it is hoped, take its place as one of the leading musical centers in the middle west and even in the country.

Adopts Indianapolis



HORACE MITCHELL

Horace Mitchell, one of the best-known stage directors in the country, is among the latest additions to the Indianapolis colony of theatrical folk. Mr. Mitchell is living at the Columbia Club. He began his stage career when he was but seventeen years old, playing in support of Joseph Haworth in a repertoire of Shakespeare. He starred for three years in Augustus Thomas's first play, "The Burglar," and also in "The Flag of Truce." For several years he was under the management of the late Charles Frohman, appearing in "The Little Minister." In 1906 he became stage manager and director for George C. Tyler, and was subsequently with Klaw & Erlanger and Joseph Brooks in a similar capacity. He has directed such stars as Dustin Farnum, Marie Wainwright, Henry Jewett, Arnold Daly, Elita Proctor Otis and Taylor Holmes. During the year of 1914 he was a member of the all-star stock company at the Alcazar Theatre in San Francisco. Rose Coghlan, Charles Richman, Charles Cherry and many other notable players were in this organization.

Mr. Mitchell retired from the stage some two years ago and has devoted his time since then to managing the extensive farming interests of the Mitchell family of Martinsville. He plans to make this his permanent home, and doubtless will take an active interest in local theatricals.

Music Notes

The Irvington Junior Orchestra will begin rehearsals Friday, January 21, at 2:30 p. m., at the Irvington School of Music Studios under the direction of Miss Gertrude Conte. This orchestra is free and open to all east side children.

A second beginner's class in the Dunning System of Improved Music will be organized Tuesday, January 18, at 3:30 p. m., at the Irvington School of Music. This class will be in charge of Miss Margaret Delameter and much interest is being shown.

A Prize-Winning Photograph

This dim and dusty street scene is a view of Fall Creek boulevard at night. It was taken by Mr. H. A. French and was awarded the first prize in the December competition of the Indianapolis Camera Club.

The club, of which Mr. Rudolph Miller is president, includes some thirty members who are expert though amateur photographers. They admit that some of the work which they do is far better than that done by the best professional photographers in towns, and the exhibitions displayed in the club rooms in the Rauh building and the prize-winning photograph shown above seem to bear

them out in this statement. Every month a competitive exhibition is held on a given subject, and for December street scenes were in order. Pictures are submitted by the various members of the club and sent to Boston, where, free of all local prejudices, they are judged on their artistic merits by the editor of American Photography.

Mr. French's winning picture was taken with a special camera and the finished product which won the prize is what is technically known as a "bromide enlargement." The subject for the January competition will be "Portraits."



DO YOU KNOW THE PLACE?

Editorial

FALL TO!

An item in a country weekly newspaper—a note from the editor—thanked the donors, good country folk, for a gift of a mess of spare ribs and backbones. The editor in his enthusiasm remarked that he would “live high” for one meal at least—and so he did without doubt.

What is better on a snowy winter day than a “side” of spare ribs roasted to a delicate brown, with baked potatoes, a dish of slaw, made country style, corn pone and the other “trimmings” that go with such a dish? The snowy, freezing days suggest “hog killings” and the ambiguous item appearing in country correspondence that “Jake Hinsley slaughtered Tuesday” brought joy to the overworked editor who saw himself the recipient of a side of ribs and a length of porcine vertebrae from a kindly subscriber’s larder.

It might be said now, that the man who wrestles with a case of dyspepsia and who dines on Graham crackers and milk will not be interested in reading this. Such fare is not for him, nor for those who like to nibble at a chocolate éclair or a nut sundae. The “menu” is typically Hoosier and helped to put the “steam” into the pioneers of the old state—men who hewed out farm lands from the forests and helped to “raise” the log cabins and roll the logs from the “new ground.”

The city man who occasionally “invests” in spare ribs and backbones usually gets the worst of the deal. The ribs have been all but sandpapered, while the backbones are just that—bones, minus any particular amount of meat. The corn pone is a burlesque on the real article, even now a notable article of diet in some parts of Kentucky and that part of Indiana bordering on the Ohio river. Real corn pone is a delectable item of food when made with unbolted meal and baked before an open fire on a white-oak board.

The city man has many advantages over his country cousin, but they do not extend over the food if the country cook has an equal chance with the city cook. After all, it is the simple food that is best, and the testimony of arctic travelers and explorers is that after they are compelled to abandon the “mixed” diet of civilization—the “gooey” highly-disguised cookery of modern times, and subsist on the few simple foods that sustain the natives, they come back in better health and with higher power of resistance. Perhaps it was this simple cookery which gave the pioneers the tremendous power of resistance against fatigue in the work of wresting a livelihood from the soil and fighting every kind of enemy known to pioneering. Incidentally, it may be this occasional winter feast that keeps the average country editor in this vale of tears.

TOPICS

TOPICS is a weekly journal devoted to music, literature and the theater and to discussion and comment of current affairs.

Endeavor will be made, while following the best standards in all departments; to present the Indiana perspective on national and world events as well as to lay before the world the things this community is doing and thinking.

Original and critical contributions are invited.

Subscriptions will be received at four dollars the year in advance; three months trial, one dollar.

The advertising of reputable concerns will be printed at rates to be had at the office of publication.

F. F. HASKELL, Publisher and Editor

STANLEY GARRISON, Associate Editor ONA B. TALBOT, Art Director

PUBLICATION OFFICE, 1114 PEOPLES BANK BLDG., INDIANAPOLIS
MAIN 2382

TRAGEDY

Not all the tragedies happen in the films or on the speaking stage; nor in books. The other day an item appeared in the mass of world happenings that are recorded in the daily press telling of an old man in Wisconsin who killed his dog and himself, after the county authorities had refused him permission to have his dog with him at the poor farm.

Friendless, but for his faithful dog,

old and sick, the authorities took him from his hut to the poor farm to end his days. His old dog, which had been his only companion for years, went along, but the master was informed that the dog could not stay.

There was no protest from the old man—resentment to injustices had since been quenched. But late the next afternoon he called his dog and with a gun tramped out to a tumble-down shack in the woods, killed his



HOME SPUN YARNS

Are the days of the publicity writers about over?

Scan the columns of the newspapers and feel the “atmosphere” which prevails in the editorial rooms, and one reads the answer as “Yes.”

Time was and it was not back many years—say just before the Big Fight—when publicity men were about as thick around the city editor’s desk as were the regular reporters. Every public movement which came forward in Indianapolis had its publicity writer—press agent, some one branded them, and the brand stuck. There were a dozen public institutions of educational and welfare order which had a writer on the payroll. The theatres had their publicity men, and have them yet. The press agents for automobile factories and tire makers wrote yards and yards of “copy” with considerable assurance that it would find its way in the news columns.

Whether it was to raise money by public subscription, or to educate the reading public along some given line, publicity men were busy in those days. And their kind grew in numbers. At one time there were perhaps twenty of them who had “graduated” from reportorial and newspaper desk work into publicity writers. Why, publicity men were so thick that it was common for four or five of them to await their turn to get at a city editor.

These writers took considerable

work off the regular reporting force, for they were in close contact with their subjects, were overflowing with eagerness to work, and, with only one or two exceptions that I ever heard of, they played square with the newspapers. The city editors are too keen to work any gold bricks off on them.

Then came the Big Fight. It demanded and received most of the space on page 1, a page which was the high goal of every publicity man. With the war came money-raising and welfare efforts of many kinds. These required the help of publicity men, and the old lines of publicity gave way to the new. Writers for automobile and tire companies searched the newspaper pages in vain for what they had written. It had gone into the waste-baskets of the editorial rooms.

With the passing of the war, the demands on the newspaper from news sources continued, and it continues today. Where Indianapolis used to have twenty publicity writers, it now has maybe three or four. The others have scattered to other fields of endeavor, and some of them have taken up the same kind of work with national movements in other cities.

The city editors say that they are not paid to get publicity material into the newspapers as they formerly were. They are now paid to keep it out.

LANNES McPHETRIDGE.

Editorial

faithful old friend and then himself. Searchers found his body beside that of his dog with his gun still clutched in his hands.

A pitiful tragedy. A moving but brief tale of a life of loneliness and the devotion of a canine friend, which bears out the estimate the late Senator Vest put upon the dog in that famous speech he made, when a young lawyer, before a Missouri jury.

In the case of the Wisconsin man, it would seem that the devotion of the dog was returned by the master, who knew the tragedy of a lonely old age and did not propose to let the only friend he had suffer the same pangs, after being refused admission to the poor farm. No doubt the old man shared his few crusts with his dog and the dog shared his joys with his master. It was an even break—a satisfactory partnership. The Indians used to believe that when they passed over to the Happy Hunting Ground their favorite dog and pony went with them. Perhaps the old man was comforted by this thought. As to the dog—some day humans may understand dogs!

ON HIGH

Prospects for the automobile industry getting back to normal are brighter than for many weeks. This is the consensus of automobile men who have been studying the situation. Howard Marmon, who recently returned from the New York show, said the business outlook is much more encouraging as far as the motor industry is concerned.

Press dispatches from Detroit carry the opinions of many big motor makers who voice sentiments similar to that expressed by Mr. Marmon.

It will be remembered that automobile manufacturers said more than a year ago that the industry would pass through a period of reconstruction and rehabilitation. It has done that. From the travail of business depression there has been born a new standard of motor making. From the feverish anxiety to make cars in quantity, the industry has reached the point where it sees the necessity of making fewer cars but cars of higher quality. The principle of giving 100 per cent service for every one hundred cents put into a car by a purchaser is beginning to be the guiding principle of motor making. The change is significant and bespeaks a renewal of confidence in the trade. It means that what a few years ago was an “infant industry” has grown to be the giant of industries.

That resumption of manufacture will begin soon can not be doubted. That better cars for the money will be made is a demonstrated fact. The New York show has proved it. Indiana-made cars will lead the list—as they have done in the past.



Buy Road Bonds

J. F. Wild & Company has purchased \$23,000 of road bonds issued by the Boone county commissioners. The Meyer-Kiser Company took two road issues in the same county, one for \$11,500 and the other for \$17,900. All the issues run for ten years and bear interest at 4½ per cent. Marion county is planning to spend \$800,000 for better roads, as part of the statewide program for highway improvement.

Gets Promotion

Friends of W. J. Flickinger will be interested in knowing that he has been elected vice-president of the Fort Dearborn National Bank of Chicago. He went from Indianapolis to Chicago in 1917 as assistant cashier of the Fort Dearborn institution and has been rapidly promoted.

Some Good Advice

Here is some mighty good advice to persons who are always thinking about what sort of an income they can have. It comes from Alfred T. Hemingway, financier of note. He says: "You may have hoped for the time when you could have a few thousand dollars laid aside. You want that fund to work for you, to bring you, say, \$60 a year for each \$1,000 invested. But don't talk about such a gain from interest while you are even now spending uselessly or needlessly \$60 or \$600 in a year. That would be interest on \$1,000 or \$10,000, and you are throwing it away. Your carelessness is evidence that you don't want that income you are dreaming about. If you do want it prune your expense account."

Officers Named

The annual meeting of the Bankers Trust Company, held recently, re-elected the officers and directors who have been guiding the destiny of this institution. The annual report shows that the company had a very prosperous year in 1920 and that the outlook was bright for better business in 1921. The following are the officers and directors: Howard C. Binkley, president; Henry C. Thornton, vice-president; T. S. McMurray, Jr., vice-president; Albert Uhl, secretary-treasurer; Elmer W. Rogers, secretary-treasurer; Lucien L. Green and Eugene W. Short, assistant secretary-treasurers; directors, Howard C. Binkley, Joseph G. Brannum, John C. Cheney, Lewis A. Coleman, Clarence A. Cook, Samuel O. Dungan, Edwin Embich, C. A. Hilgenberg, Victor C. Kendall, T. S. McMurray, Jr., all of Indianapolis; C. W. Mouch, Newcastle, Ind.; Joseph E. Reagan, W. E. Showers, Bloomington, Ind.; Robert J. Spencer, Marion, Ind.;

Henry C. Thornton, Frank E. Wickenhiser, Huntington, Ind., and Frank B. Wilkinson, Logansport, Ind.

Same Old Price

The Ford Motor Company has announced that there will be no reduction in the price of Ford cars this year. The announcement said that the cars were being sold below cost, but that operating expenses were being slightly reduced. There will be no change in the design of the cars for the present. The company will likely begin operations within a week or so.

Protective Association

Indianapolis merchants have organized a mutual protective association against shoplifters, purse openers and other thieves who ply their trade in the downtown stores. The method adopted is similar to that used in shops in the East. The organization has been incorporated by G. A. Efroymsen, of H. P. Wasson & Co.; W. B. Wheelock, of L. S. Ayres & Co.; G. A. Gay, of the Pettis Dry Goods Co.; E. A. Kahn, of the Peoples Outfitting Co.; Sam L. Hahn, of the Selig Co.; Carl A. Taylor, of the Taylor Carpet Co., and Albert S. Goldstein, of Goldstein Bros. Many of the stores in the organization will have their own private detectives, who will co-operate with the police department. Other stores will be provided operatives by the corporation. The downtown merchants lose thousands of dollars annually through the work of shoplifters and sneak thieves. Offenders will be vigorously prosecuted.

Disconcerting

The Rev. Mr. Winders of the Church Federation was speaking informally before the Optimist Club. He was talking on the evil of intoxicating liquor and described the prevalence of drink in European countries, particularly Scotland, where he had traveled extensively.

"We traveled much by stage coach," he said, "and at every stop where there was an inn the crowd of passengers would get out and patronize the bar—all except myself."

At this point a member of the club, sitting well up in front was smiling broadly. The speaker turned to the smiling one and assured him that what was said was true and that it was a serious matter.

"It was not that," said the member. "I was just wondering if they carried it out to you."

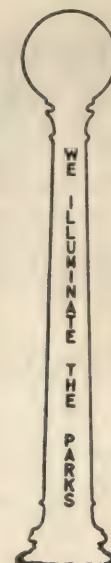
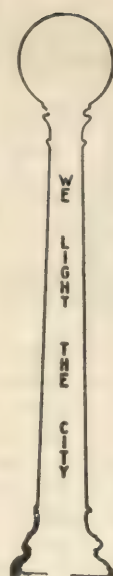
There was a general laugh at the sally, which rather disconcerted the minister for a moment, but who quickly assured the inquisitive one that neither he nor other Americans in the coach required that service.

Electric Light and Power SERVICE

MERCHANTS Heat and Light Company

C. O'B. MURPHY, General Manager

The Daylight Corner



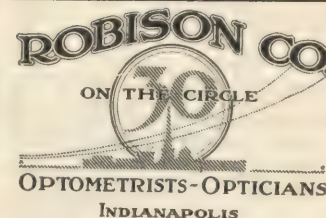
The creation of our Bond Department, the eighth distinct service of this bank, is in response to a sturdy demand for secure investments.

You will be welcome in the special statistical department and will profit by its facilities for providing information for men and women.

The Peoples State Bank

FELIX T. MCWHIRTER, FOUNDER

Market Street Between
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National City Bank

SECURITY
COURTESY

INDIANAPOLIS

What's on Your Mind

Phil Brown (Keith's)—I see in the press dispatches where an Illinois man was killed by drinking hair tonic. He just curled up and dyed.

* * *

George Stout (advertising)—The lazy writers ought to be glad; there are two figure 1's in 1921.

* * *

Henry Burton (press agent)—I'm glad I'm not Caruso; it costs him \$10,000 a week to have pleurisy besides his doctor bill.

* * *

Senator Beardsley—The favorite song of the state legislature seems to be: "Oh, Where Do We Go From Here."

* * *

Herbert Hoover (in Indianapolis)—If Americans can maintain seven and a half million automobiles a year they ought to be able to maintain half that number of starving children until next harvest.

* * *

Caleb Denny (attorney)—Indianapolis never turns down a call to help humanity.

* * *

John George (coal dealer)—The "burning question" is a real one with me since we lost several trucks in the fire at our East Michigan yards.

J. F. Cantwell (chairman of the Marion County Council, American Legion)—From now on, when civic activities are the thickest, you will find the American Legion helping to supply the thickening.

* * *

Frank Baker (well-known Democrat)—Democrats are so scarce at this session of the legislature that we have to bring them over to the Indiana Democratic Club occasionally, so they won't get lonesome.

* * *

Lew Shank (auctioneer)—Now that home brewers are subject to a thousand-dollar fine for even thinking about brewing, I can buy me another cow without a qualm of conscience.

* * *

E. O. Hobbs (advertising)—The lad with an ear to the ground is beginning to hear a man's size rumble indicating that old man "Business" is in active training for the hop-skip-and-jump back to prosperity.

* * *

E. G. Holmes (credit manager)—Ya' haf t' give Indianapolis credit. Over four hundred credit men attended the Indiana State Conference Friday, January 21. Everybody's rating was quoted as AA1 and then some.



Theatre Calendar

Week of January 24

English's—"Century Midnight Whirl" all week.

Murat—"Chu Chin Chow" all week.

Keith's—Vaudeville.

Lyric—Vaudeville.

MURAT

Sublimated in scenes and costumes of almost exotic splendor, its score exalted and made more eventful by the additions and rearrangements of the musical numbers, the second costume edition of "Chu Chin Chow" will be presented at the Shubert-Murat Theatre, Indianapolis, for a farewell week's showing, beginning Monday evening, January 24, with matinee Wednesday and Saturday.

The presentation here of an exact replica of the famous London jubilee production and costumes, offered last August at His Majesty's Theatre in the English metropolis by Oscar Asche to celebrate the fifth year of continuous playing, proved a delightful spectacle and all credit should redound to F. Ray Comstock and Morris Gest for their importation of the new scenic and costume equipment.

The feast of Kasin Baba's palace, with its ballets, is said to be one of the greatest examples of consummate stage craft. In addition, the Blue Hall, the Slave Mart, the Bazaar at Bagdad, the Rose Terrace, the Orchard in the Moonlight, and the other newly-vested scenes are of such amazing beauty that the spectator can almost imagine the picture is being seen for the first time—no matter how often one has viewed the spectacle.

Several additions have been made to the musical score of Frederick Norton. There is an orchestration by Percy E. Fletcher and a new song "At Siesta Time," sung by demure Elsie Malstad and chorus, which was

written for the new "Chu Chin Chow" by Arthur Anderson and Grace Toren. The additions to the ballets were made possible by the visit to America of Mme. Guida, who has been the premiere dancer of the original London production and who came to America this summer to assist in the staging of the new ballet features.

In the cast will be found all of the Century Theatre Company, including Majorie Wood, Henry Latimer, Alfred Howson, Eugene Cowles, Don W. Ferrandow, Elsie Malstad, Roy Cropper, Adelaide Mesmer, Gladys Earlscoot, Hattie Carmontell, Thorai Lake, Edgar Kiefer, Roy Tracy and many others, including the original ballet of sixty, headed by Helen Lee.

Owing to the length of the performance and size of production, the evening curtains are announced to rise at 8 p. m. and the matinees will start at 2 p. m.

KEITH'S

A vaudeville bill that should prove pleasing because of its diversity in the way of acts will be offered to Keith patrons, starting Monday matinee. Miss Valerie Bergere, a popular star of both the legitimate stage and vaudeville, with her company of players, will top the bill in a one-act playlet by Emmet Devoy, called "The Moth." It is a comedy-drama in four scenes. "The Moth" tells the story of a discontented wife rather inclined to listen to the persuasion of another man. She is about to leave her home when an accident occurs which renders her unconscious and in this condition she sees what would have happened had she taken this step. Upon regaining consciousness all thoughts of discontent have left her and she is again a happy and loving wife. In the support of Miss Bergere are Herbert Warren, Ivan Christy, Villet Barney and Effie Bordine. Marie and Mary McFarland, former sopranos of the Metropolitan Opera Company, will offer a concert program, which includes a wide range of selections, with a preference to the lighter variety. A trio of funmakers, McDevitt, Kelley and Quinn, will offer "The Piano Movers and the Actress," in which singing, dancing and piano playing are features. Alan Coogan, with his new partner, Mary Casey, a recruit from the legitimate stage, will be seen in "Bidding Her Good Night," in which love's young dream is all shot to pieces. The Ara Sisters, a duo of pretty and graceful young women, will contribute a terpsichorean number which they term "Their Own Dance Creation." Jack Joyce, a former British Tommie, and known as "The Boy With the Smile," even after he was severely wounded and lost a



MARIE AND MARY MCFARLAND

Two singers, formerly with the Metropolitan Opera Company, will be seen at Keith's week of January 24 in a program of song.

leg in action, will show how he kept up the spirits of his comrades during the world's conflict. Kluting's animals is a remarkable group of performing pigeons, rabbits, cats and dogs. The Jack Hughes Duo are brother and sister, and between them they play a violin, piano, saxophone, banjo and trumpet. Their program is composed of both classical and popular airs. The Kinogram news weekly and the Digest Topics with its pithy paragraphs will open the performance.

ENGLISH'S

Been hoping something absolutely new and novel in theatrical entertainment would come this way—something that would make you sit up and take notice? Something that has all that you like best in the theatre, with more of it and better than anything else? Well, it's coming and probably you have guessed what it is. Right—It's the celebrated "Century Midnight Whirl," and already you're happy and merry in anticipation of the delights you will enjoy from it. For of course you will see it. Nobody would miss it who was able to hop or crawl to the theatre. It will be at English's next week. Haven't you already consulted your engagement book to see what date you must break to go to see the "Whirl." For you will see it, no matter what you have cut to do so. Of course, you know what this entertainment is, but you may as well be told that it is the roof show that for three years on the Century roof banished sleep from New York from midnight to dawn. Everybody stayed awake as long as the "Whirl" was whirling. Nobody could break away from it to go home. But at length the "Whirl" has broken away from New York and now John Henry Hearn is sending it here with an all-star cast including Richard Carle, Blanche Ring, Winona Winter, Jay Gould and others, and there is the celebrated "Millionaires' Chorus," the collection of beautiful girls who are said to be the most notable group of handsome women ever brought together at one time in one place. There are all the novelties that make the "Century Midnight Whirl" unique and fascinating and alluring—the merriest, jolliest, most tuneful, most graceful and spectacular entertainment ever provided in a

theatre. This is the first time a genuine roof show ever has come here. These entertainments are parts of New York's most diverting and popular amusements, the kind the smart and fashionable set best enjoy. So will you enjoy it. Everybody does.

LYRIC

Foremost among the array of resplendent new attractions coming to the Lyric next week will be the Cziganie troupe of five gypsy singers and dancers, who appear in a colorful presentation of gypsy pastimes, introducing their melodious folk songs and their dashing, brilliantly executed dances. The troupe is headed by Zaro Cziganie, son of a Bohemian gypsy king, and who will one day himself rule over the destinies of his tribe. Mlle. LaToy's models, beautifully groomed dogs in a series of artistic statuary poses, will provide another novelty, while among other acts there will be the Misses Sinclair and Gray, singing cycle experts, who display their vocal talents while performing difficult feats of trick riding; Delbridge and Grimmer in a refreshing combination of story and song; Dale and DeVoe, who satirize the fads and foibles of society in a mirthful skit called "A Beach Flirtation;" Tyler and Crollius, funmakers, with a budget of what they call "nifty nutty nonsense;" Page and Page, a comedy pair who entertain in original fashion; Fitch Cooper, "the musical rube," who extracts melody from a common ordinary handsaw, gives violin imitations and tells an assortment of yarns, and Conroy and O'Donnell, one of whom is a clever blackface comedian, in a sketch entitled "The Parcel Postman." Chief among the screen diversissements will be Mack Sennett's latest laughfest, "The Movie Fan." The Pathe review and the Paramount magazine will also be shown.

Some Popular Books

Just as "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" was so decidedly the book of the hour a little over a year ago, so now two books are quite as much in vogue—"Margot Asquith" and O'Brien's "White Shadows in the South Seas." One library patron asked September 6th to have this last book reserved for him, and because the waiting list was so long, did not get it until January 17th. It is good to know that there are waiting lines for books just as there are for movies.

"The Power of Will," by Haddock, is another book which has had a most envied library career—for it is held continually in reserve for the next person who wants it just as soon as the last borrower brings it back. "The Education of Henry Adams" has been a fad for several months. "Neither Dead Nor Sleeping," by Mrs. May Wright Sewall, has quite a following. "Life of John Marshall," by Beveridge, has probably been third in popularity among the non-fiction books in the last few months. H. G. Wells' "Outline of History," which has come into the field of letters, is destined to outrank in popularity many of these.



DANCERS FROM CHU CHIN CHOW

Oriental splendor marks the theatre spectacle, "Chu Chin Chow," to be seen at the Shubert-Murat week of January 24.



WHO'S HOOSIER AND WHERE

Ralph Lambert, traffic policeman, doesn't consider himself unlucky, even if he did arrest thirteen jitney bus drivers for not displaying their tariffs where passengers could see them. Passengers may consider themselves lucky, however.

C. A. Childs writes a letter to the daily press and denies the assertion that risqué dances exist only in the public dances. Childs is a dance hall manager and declares that the high school girls and boys who attend his dances cause much trouble by wanting to introduce their own form of dancing. Dear old jazz appears to be dying hard, but dying.

Mrs. Julia D. Nelson, the only woman member of the legislature, has been mildly reproved for not jumping in and demanding that the poor male members of the assembly quit smoking while in session. Mrs. Nelson, by refraining from making herself conspicuous, has done well, knowing, probably, that smoking is common with a big percentage of women as well as the men.

Governor McCray forgot his official worries long enough to be the guest of the Indiana Society of Chicago the other day.

Dwight S. Ritter is advertising for street markers that the average kid with a "nigger killer" can not deface. The quest is like looking for the fountain of youth.

James P. Goodrich, who was once Governor of Indiana, has been named as a member of the board of trustees of the state war memorial.

The modest violets begin to appear. Ira Bramblett has been indorsed as a candidate for the city council by the Ninth Ward Republican Club, the first to announce for councilmanic honors.

Albert J. Beveridge says that if the primary election law is repealed it would result in the disfranchisement of women voters as a class. Now who'll be the Pauline Revere of the women?

Burglars are wise—at least those were who hauled away a safe from an East Tenth street grocery store in a wheelbarrow and then battered it open with sledges. They did their boiler factory hammering close to the dwelling of a man who was very deaf.

Charles Coppe's tailor shop was raided by police, who found several bottles of booze in the place. Evidently Charles was selling overcoats at so much a gurgle.

There's a closed season on lobbying in the lower house of the legislature, a rule having been made which bars the softly spoken gents from the floor of the house.

Roltaire Eggleston is sad these days. He formerly owned three pet snakes—"Hart," "Shaffner" and "Marx," which he kept in his basement office at Keith's. The other morning he went to pay a visit to his cosy pets and found two of them cold and lifeless. He is sad because he doesn't know which one of the trio is living—that is, the name of it—as all three of the reptiles looked alike. It is said that when any of Mr. Eggleston's actor friends besought him for a drink he gently led them to the basement and let them look upon the snakes. The psychological suggestion of the d. t.'s answered every alcoholic purpose and the thirsty one used hydrant water and departed satisfied.

Indianapolis last week entertained a famous young man—Sergt. Alex. Arch, of South Bend, who fired the first American gun in the World War. Sergeant Arch was gassed and wounded by shrapnel during his service with Uncle Sam.

A gift of 1,076 books has been made to the City Library by the estate of Mrs. E. C. Atkins and another from the Hannah Mansur estate.

Dr. J. N. Hurty of the state board of health says that 97,554 school children in the state suffer from malnutrition and he is urging medical attention for them. It would seem more economical to keep these children in good health than to have to take care of them after they become chronic sufferers from disease.

There are twenty-one members of the legislature who saw service in the World War. The other day they met in a body and lunched at the Board of Trade, swapped yarns and talked everything but politics.

Bill Herschell, who has been in New Yawk attending the automobile show, says the report that he bought the Woolworth building is false.

Capt. W. E. English has taken the bull by the horns and introduced a bill in the legislature increasing the salaries of judges. Well, gasoline has gone up!

Emsley Johnson has petitioned the public service commission to reduce the Broad Ripple trolley fare from 10 cents to 5 cents. This will be good news to the small boy who patronizes the swimming pool and river in the summer time.

ENGLISH'S

WEEK STARTING MONDAY JAN. 24

Something Different, Novel, New.
Genuine New York Roof Show to Be Seen
HERE FOR THE FIRST TIME

Direct from three years on the Century Roof, where it kept New York awake from midnight till dawn.

Artists Producers' Corp., Direction John Henry Mears,
Presents the

CENTURY MIDNIGHT WHIRL

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There's no adventure to equal the first trip in a Pullman car. For the inexperienced traveler of any age there are thrills aplenty in the awesomeness of the narrow, green-curtained aisle, the precariousness of the ladder that leads to an upper berth, and the appalling ingeniousness of the various light fixtures, water faucets, and hammocks for holding clothes. The high-handed air with which the conductor robs you of your tickets, and the amazing astuteness of the porter who returns you your own shoes are both a part of the amazing Pullman system, which is a revelation of efficiency to the novice in the business of traveling.

But when one has traveled far and wide and often, the novelty of the Pullman evaporates. The business of traveling reduces itself to a system of beguiling the moments of enforced idleness on the train, and overcoming the inconveniences incidental to travel in the most up-to-date of Pullmans.

The first few novel accessories that were invented to supplement the traveler's kit were hailed with delight by travelers, but at best they were India-rubbery things that no one would have countenanced as part of his toilet equipment any place but on a train.

For those who are taking the long trip to California or Florida to winter resorts these days, there are a number of new conveniences for the traveling kit in attractive as well as useful designs. A new case for toilet articles, instead of being a rather smelly affair of cretonne and rubberized lining, is neatly made of heavy tapestry. It is made in one long oblong piece, tapestry-covered on one side and lined with tiers of light tan silk pockets on the other, with a handle of heavy dull gold cord at each end. To close it, the two ends are brought together, and the open sides and top are fastened together with snaps. Of the many rows of little tan silk pockets inside the case, only three are lined with rubberized materials these to hold soap, wash cloth and tooth brush. The dozen odd pockets besides these three are filled with hairpins, plain pins, pins of all sorts, powder, puff, tooth paste, face cream; and there are three extra pockets to be filled with anything which the manufacturer of the case forgot to provide. When the case is folded, it is flat and easily packed in bag or suitcase. It is to be found on sale, not too inappropriately, in the art section of one of the local department stores.

Another article in this same department which should appeal to the feminine traveler is a sewing bag, a very modern "housewife." It is pretty enough to be carried to the theatre, for it is made of lavender, Dresden ribbon, fulled on to a small round base. Inside the bottom of the bag is a well-filled pin cushion, and the

sides are lined with small pockets like a roll-up pencil case. In these are thimble, thread of all kinds on tiny spools, several cards of darning cotton, a small bolt of lingerie ribbon and a bodkin. Fastened to the small pin cushion is a tiny emery strawberry bag, and loose inside the bag is a pair of scissors, not too small to be useful, tipped with a protective cork. The bag is capacious enough to hold a number of things, or it can be mashed down till it will no more than fill a small corner.

This much for the latest conveniences of travel. As for the means of beguiling monotonous hours of riding a leather-goods store offers card decks in neat leather containers, made so nearly like a small leather-bound volume, that when closed they would pass undetected in church as prayer books.

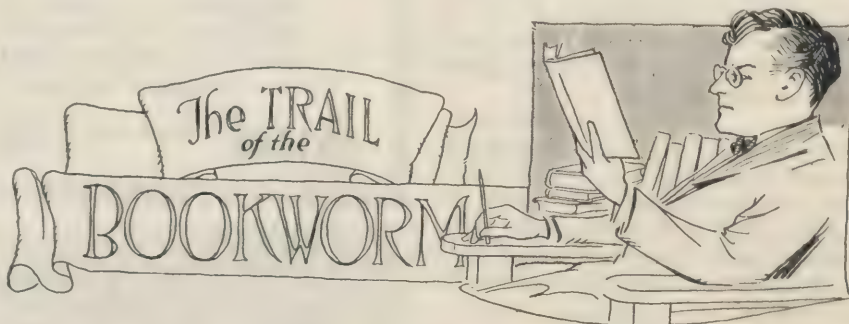
For the traveler who doesn't care for cards, a gift that she should appreciate is a basket of assorted can-

dies, not the soft, drippy chocolate cream variety, but cunning little hard drops that can stand travel. These "bon voyage" baskets are made of gilt wicker, in circular or diamond shape, and are filled with small glass jars of candies, preserves, pulverized chocolate and preserved fruits. Nestled in among the little jars are candied cherries, strawberries and pears and topping the whole gorgeous edible bouquet is a ribbon-tied bunch of pink-candy grapes. These baskets can be purchased in various sizes, large or small, depending on the affection of the giver and the appetite of the recipient.

Incidentally, it might be mentioned that the young woman who presides in the art section where toilet cases, sewing bags, and candy baskets are to be found with the miscellaneous assortment of other interesting articles, is a very pleasant person, who has an admiring affection for all her novelties and is happy to explain their intricacies to the inquiring shopper.

* * *

Some of the many quaint flower decorations that were so popular on



Caliban

It is Richard Bulmer who plays the role of "Caliban" in W. L. George's latest novel. As to the patness of the title, the reader may judge for himself. Beginning with the early years of Bulmer, the author details a bit of his school life at "Winchester House," a duly interesting and mismanaged school; throws in a measure of family life, sketching with a few definite lines bigoted Bulmer, Sr., the failure; conventional Mrs. Bulmer, strong-minded, Puritanical, disagreeable Eleanor; and sentimental sister Hetty. From the first fatal day when Richard dabbles in stocks and wins seven pounds instead of losing his all, the perspicacious reader can tell that Richard is doomed to success. He is not a brilliant, brainy man; he has an ordinary, average intellect, only on a greatly intensified scale. His doctrine is to give the public what it wants; and he assumes that, first, last and all the time, what the public wants is "zip." His first independent venture in the world of journalism is the launching of the magazine "Zip" with a capital of fifty-eight pounds—a limited amount even back in the pre-war days when exchange was something like 4.83. From then on his career is one wild riot of journalistic exploitation, one magazine after another being created by the feverishly active Bulmer, until he is master of the Daily Gazette. Coincidental with his espousal of the cause of

putting "Zip" into the magazine world, he marries Vi; but her one merit of understanding Bulmer's aims melts upon close acquaintance, and she plays no further part in Bulmer's life than as the woman whom it is convenient to have about. She interferes very little with the progress of the newspaper epic of Bulmer's career, which is traced through to the period of the war—a feverish career of activity for activity's sake, a continual zippy fight to keep the public interested. Even a maturer and bigger love fails to overbalance Bulmer's devotion to his papers. As he says of himself, "I am my papers."

Bulmer is an unusual and plausible character, but the story of his fevered career has the dullness that attaches to a too-compressed narrative. What excitement is there about the story of a man's being knighted if in the next chapter one finds an equally stressed account of his being made a baronet? "Caliban" has the charm of a conscientiously concocted synopsis.

The telling of the tale is done in Mr. George's spirited style and with the George mannerisms. The men in whom you must take an interest are short—sometimes a bit thick—and the admirable women have faintly yellow shoulders. The rest of the noteworthy people have long bodies.

The book is a new version on the theme of success—worldly success—

(Continued on Page 15)

lacquered boxes, perfume bottles, salt and pepper shakers that cluttered the gift shops during the holidays, have evidently made their influence felt in the jewelry departments of the local shops. A new fad in bracelets and pins is "Florentine" jewelry—gaily painted and flower-bedecked articles made out of some kind of composition which takes kindly to a bas-relief of conventional roses and a bright enamel finish. Black is the foundation color, on which are imposed posies red and blue and yellow. Flat brooches two or three inches long, bracelets of shiny black with raised decorations in bright colors, and girdles of shining black links with dangling pendants of painted baubles, are offered in the Florentine work. Perhaps the prettiest piece of all is a flowered pendant on a narrow black silk gros-grain necklace, with a slide ornamented by a single conventional rose.

The Romantic

In a recent literary fray in London, staged for the benefit of charity, G. K. Chesterton and Hugh Walpole were the opponents on the question of whether or not "the modern novel is a sign of social decay." As an argument for the affirmative, Mr. Chesterton said:

"The novel has become a sack in which a person stuffs anything he happens to have about him, with the result that it becomes to a large extent shapeless. I have a great respect for the genius of Mr. H. G. Wells, but in his later novels he has put pages which are simply his essays. The novelist's tendency is to philosophize and preach; to express annoyance with certain institutions; to insert recollections of travels in Iceland, or to discuss proposals for a new kind of umbrella; and, in fact, to use the novel for purposes for which it was not intended."

Announcement has been made that the next Boys' Club play, scheduled for March 27, will be "Mrs. Goring's Necklace."

Week's Best-Selling Phonograph Records

Brunswick

Rustle of Spring—Piano solo.
My Home Town is a One Horse Town—Quartette.

Columbia

Margie—Fox trot.
Feather Your Nest—Fox trot.

Edison

That Naughty Waltz.
Bells—Ziegfeld.

Gennett

Feather Your Nest—Fox trot.
Broadway Rose—Tenor.

Pathé

Margie—Fox trot.
Darling—Fox trot.

Victor

Margie—Fox trot.
Grieving for You—Fox trot.

Indianapolis Products in the Films

(Continued from Page 5)

Indiana was the only state that went Republican and Indiana was at that time the only state that used moving pictures in its campaign; ergo, the movies did it.

Mr. Coburn has made pictures also of various subjects non-theatrical in character. Some years ago he took pictures of an apple orchard in Brown county, at four seasons of the year, for purposes of instruction in horticulture.

He took pictures of a full day at Fort Harrison when the first Officers' Training Camp was held, for the government records at Washington.

He has pictures of every Indiana soldier who went to France and returned. This film, which was taken for the Welcome Home Committee, consists of ten continuous reels. It is probably one of the few pictures in the world that shows two hours or more of continuous action. In every film taken for theatrical purposes there is a break in action at comparatively frequent intervals, but this picture shows every single man who marched in the welcome home parade during its long jaunt of two hours or more. Two machines were used, and the instant the operator neared the end of his reel, the other machine was brought into play so that not a man was missed. On that historic occasion, Mr. Coburn devoted his entire energies to seeing that fresh magazines were ready to supply the cameras when the operators called for them.

The only work which Mr. Coburn does which touches the theatre is an occasional news picture, and this more nearly approaches reporting than theatrical work. Big occasions, such as the visit of General Joffre to the city, the G. A. R. encampment, etc., are filmed by Mr. Coburn and sent to the news service which he represents.

"We never have a fire big enough to be used for a news picture," said Mr. Coburn, regretfully, "but anything of national interest I can use. Now when I got the signing of the agreement of the miners and operators at the state house that was a big scoop. Nobody else had that. And that was the only time I ever got Judge Anderson—as he was coming down the State House steps. By the way, he's the only man I ever had any trouble getting to pose for the camera. Most of them are willing enough.

"The annual speedway races are such a big event that I make up a special feature for that, and don't include them in any news reel.

"But one of the hardest stunts in this newsgetting business is to take a picture of a football game out at Washington Park that ends at four-thirty, and have the pictures on at the theatre at seven o'clock. That means some hurrying.

"I get up the various titles before the game begins. You have your line-up; you're sure of that. Then there's always the close-up of the favorite player. A few stock titles are all you need besides—"Kick-off,"

"Purdue makes the first touchdown," or maybe it's Indiana. "I. U. leading in first half," "Score — to —." Then when I bring the film in, that's all I have to work on, and it's enough. I use the titles that are pat, fill in the score and the winner's name, and rush the film through, clip it, and paste it up, and at seven o'clock I hurry it down to where the operator's standing with his hand out ready to take it.

"Then I collapse in a back seat of the theatre, and wait to see it. I'm a nervous wreck, and I'm dead sure the picture's going to be all upside-down, and indistinct and no good. But pretty soon it comes out on the screen, good and clear; and the students who turn out en masse to see the game again, begin clapping and cheering, and I know it's all right.

"It's a hard job, and time and again I say that I'll never do it again; but I always do.

"You know on a picture like that, something that happened the same day, causes a lot of comment. You can hear everybody in the audience arguing about whether or not it's possible, whether the whole thing isn't faked.

"One morning after a big football game, a woman came down to my office and said, 'I want you to settle something for me. My husband and I saw a picture of that football game last night at the theatre, and I want to know whether I can really believe my eyes. Was that the actual picture of the game at Washington Park?'

"I assured her that it certainly was, and explained the whirlwind methods that get the picture done."

One of Mr. Coburn's pet projects is an exchange to handle films particularly suited to schools, churches, clubs, etc. He believes that teachers or ministers or club women will be glad to deal with an organization particularly fitted to supply their needs, and with a staff that is not accustomed to the showman's methods of dickering for pictures.

He would plan to make this exchange rather a film library. He would own the films which he rented to schools and colleges and would perhaps distribute those films also through branches at Muncie, Anderson, and other towns throughout the state. He feels that there is a need for such a "film library" and hopes that some time in the future the non-theatrical motion pictures may be handled through some such specialized medium.

The Trail of the Bookworm

(Continued from Page 14)

and as such it should not fail to secure its full quota of readers. (Harper and Brothers, New York.)

The Mysterious Rider

The outstanding figure of Zane Gray's latest book, "The Mysterious Rider," is Hell-Bent Wade, a cowboy type of the "Ancient Mariner." He can ride the range, hunt, prospect, shoot, fight, better than anybody else in the book, but all of his talents are

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overshadowed by his fatal power of bringing dark trouble and tragedy in his wake, or, to state it conversely, his power of always arriving on the scene when disaster is due to come. When he reaches the scene of imminent tragedy, he picks the victim with unerring accuracy and tells him the terrifying story of his life. When Wade opens his mouth to say, "I tell you—" his hearers tremble, for they know the prophetic fit is on him. Since the awful tragedy and crime of Wade's youth, he travels over the West, trying to help clear up other people's troubles, but his career continues to be "Hell-Bent."

The particular occasion for the exercise of Wade's uncanny power is in connection with the romance of Columbine, the blue-eyed angel of the ranch. Her sense of duty to the man who adopted her inspires her to sacrifice herself by marrying his worthless son, Buster Jack. But she really loves another, a dashing cowboy, staunch and true, and it is hard for her to do what she thinks is her duty. After pages of agonized waiting for the worst to happen, after plots and counter-plots of cattle rustlers and gamblers, after brutal fights in which the best man doesn't always win, the melodramatic story reaches a peaceful conclusion. (Harper and Brothers New York.)

She Speaks Right Out

(Continued from Page 6)

ment when the leading lady is ready to burst onto the stage to delight an enraptured audience, the woman who is always late comes in, dragging an apologetic friend. Mrs. Smith grabs desperately for her wraps, saves her hat from imminent destruction, and rises to her feet as the late-comers squeeze by. Then she sinks to her seat with relief, but she has lost a pretty joke, and everybody else in the house is chuckling over the bright bit. To add to her discomfort, the lady who arrived late is one of those persons who has seen the show on its opening night in Chicago, and worse luck, her companion is a bit hard of hearing and not disposed to let slip any of the good points in the show. Mrs. Smith hears three versions of the play, one on the stage one fresh from Chicago and a hissing repetition of all the funny parts. But nothing is funny now to Mrs. Smith and she goes home wondering why anybody ever said that the show this week is a good one.

Mr. Smith meanwhile has left the office for home, stopping on the way to get a new license. He makes out his application with speed and dispatch, inside of five minutes after he



Mlle. Theo Hewes

With

One Hundred Members of Her Company

And a

**Philharmonic Orchestra
of Twenty-Five Pieces**

Conductor, Raymon S. Drexler
Will Present a Program of
Fourteen Ballets and Divertissements
With Special Scenery
and Electrical Effects

AT THE

**English Opera House
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.**

Sunday Evening, Feb. 6th

Prices: \$1, 75c, 50c and War Tax

Reservations Now on Sale at
the Studio

**317 Merchants Bank Building
Main 6800**

entered the court house he has lined up at the window, and there are only seven men ahead of him. He wonders why anyone should grumble
(Continued on Page 18)

We've Got A Little List of Folks We Would not Miss

The business man who has regular office hours on the street. His favorite outdoor sport is to park himself in the middle of the busiest sidewalk in town, so as to divide the disgusted public into two paths of travel. He should do business in the Sahara desert.

* * *

You know her. The ever-present music "lover" who talks throughout the recital in a deep monotone, and then applauds lustily at the end of each performance. She couldn't tell you—ten minutes after the performance—whether it was Rachmaninoff or Al Jolson who performed, but "My wasn't it wonderful, his technique, his interpretation, his touch—just wonderful."

∴ Motion Pictures ∴

Week of January 23, 1921.

Alhambra—Douglas MacLean in "The Rookie's Return;" Wanda Hawley in "The Snob."

Circle—Sylvia Breamer and Richard Dix in "Unseen Forces."

Colonial—Elaine Hammerstein in "Pleasure Seekers."

Crystal—William Faversham in "The Sin That Was His."

Isis—A Child for Sale.

Mister Smith's—Louise Burnham in "Lahoma."

Ohio—Lois Wilson and Jack Holt in "Midsummer Madness."

Regent—William Russell in "The Cheater Reformed."

Alhambra

In his new comedy, "The Rookie's Return," coming to the Alhambra for the first half of next week, Douglas MacLean bumps into a servant problem that possesses some unique and original angles. As Jimmie Lee, a young soldier who returns to civilian life to find himself heir to his aunt's millions, he is also called upon to live up to a peculiar clause in her will, which provides that if he decides to discharge the servants who have been in her household for many years, each is to receive a bonus of \$5,000. He is at the point of dismissing them and presenting them with their checks when he learns that they have planned to make things uncomfortable for him for the very purpose of obtaining their release. This arouses his fighting blood and he determines to keep them on the payroll in spite of any and everything that they may do. The ensuing domestic revolt, how he copes with the situation and finally solves the problem, furnishes one of the most entertaining episodes of the picture. Completing the program there will be a Mutt and Jeff comedy and the Fox news weekly.

Circle

"Not Guilty," a picture adapted from Robert W. Chambers' story, "Parrot & Co.," will be the feature at the Circle Theatre the week of January 23. The theme of the story deals with a case of mistaken identity, and twin brothers, Arthur and Paul, are the principals. When the two were small boys, Paul accidentally shot his brother. After an operation to save the boy's life, the doctor warned the family that it might leave an intermittent weakness in Arthur's mind. A sense of responsibility for his brother's life thereafter prompted Paul to take the blame for his misdeeds. Paul and Arthur traded personalities, and the exchange led to exciting complications in a love affair. Before the romance was properly settled there were journeys, fights, and surprises in which Chinamen, parrots and the twins figured. A comedy, "The Skipper's Narrow Escape," a Circlette of News, and songs by Ascher B. Samuels completed the program.

Mister Smith's

An outdoors story of the Northwest is "Lahoma," the feature picture at Mister Smith's Theatre for next week. The action of the story revolves about

Lahoma, a waif whom a tender-hearted outlaw adopts after rescuing her from death at the hands of his own band. Heading a cast of "boomers," homeseekers, Indians, outlaws and cowboys is Lahoma, played by Peaches Jackson and Louise Burnham, as child and woman

Ohio

The feature picture at the Ohio Theatre for the week of January 23 will be "The Passionate Pilgrim," from the novel of the same name by Samuel Merwin. Matt Moore is the leading man, and Rubye de Remer has the principal feminine role. The story centers about an author, who to protect his mother-in-law from the consequences of an involuntary crime, sends her away and is himself sent to prison for three years. While he is in prison his wife dies. After his release, he begins life anew as a reporter. He writes an account of some questionable business which the mayor is engaged in and loses his job, but finds another one soon, which includes making love to a beautiful girl while he writes her father's biography. The end is what might be expected.

Colonial

Elaine Hammerstein, one of the screen's most charming exponents of demure simplicity, will again be the headline attraction at the Colonial Theatre next week. The beautiful Selznick star will be seen this time in her latest production entitled "Pleasure Seekers," an original story by John Lynch, and the scenario by Edward Montagne, a writing combination that has been responsible for many recent photoplay successes. In addition to "Pleasure Seekers," Buster Keaton, one of the screen's leading comedians, will be seen in his latest comedy, "The Scarecrow." The current news review also will be shown and a special musical program given by the American Harmonists and Liberty Entertainers.

Regent

A strange case of dual identity—or rather merged identity—that rivals the famous tale of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," by Robert Louis Stevenson, is portrayed in a motion picture scheduled for a week's engagement at the Regent Theatre, beginning next Sunday. This is the much discussed

William Fox photodrama, "The Cheater Reformed," in which William Russell, in a double role, is said to give the most unusual portrayal of his career. The presence of Seena Owen as the leading woman, and Sam de Grasse as the villain in the cast, adds distinction to the entire picture. Miss Owen is a star in her own right, and is well remembered as the "Princess Beloved" in D. W. Griffith's "The Fall of Babylon."

The Wayfarer

(Continued from Page 6)

asked if he would 'keep' the school. They increased the pay \$10 a month. Joe accepted the job. . . .

"All was serene until the opening of the second week. Monday morning, Joe was unsaddling his horse in the shack near the school and overheard three of the largest boys planning what they were going to do with 'teacher.' Before he went to the school room he cut a bundle of hickory withes—long, tough and keen. He rang the bell and 'took up books.' As the last shuffle had died away, Joe ordered the pupils to work and at the same time called for the ringleader of the gang to come forward. He told him what he had overheard.

"Yes," said the culprit, 'we were goin' ter give you a ride on a rail to-night, but I reckon we'll have to do it now.'

"It was not more than out of his mouth until Joe was flailing that lad with a vigor that took his breath. The chap was thinly dressed, as it was early in the fall, and every lick Joe struck made a welt or brought the blood. The fellow was so dazed by the suddenness of the attack that he couldn't fight back or run and he had to beg for mercy. Joe made him name the others of the gang, and, after booting him out of doors, flogged three more and expelled them from school.

"Of course, there was an awful to-do about the brutal way in which Joe treated the four and Joe was prosecuted for assault and battery, which indicated that the licking must have been severe, for people in those days didn't usually have a teacher arrested for thrashing a pupil. The old squire, however, after hearing the case, and knowing already about the reputation of the school, decided that Joe was justified in what he did and refused to find him guilty.

"The next day after the trial the fathers of three of the boys came to Joe and said they would let bygones be bygones if he would permit the boys to return to school.

"Joe said if they returned and did not behave he would thrash them again and bar them from ever coming back. They accepted the terms and the boys returned, crestfallen and sheepish. They shook hands with Joe and said they would abide by the rules, which they did. . . .

"Yes, they were good friends afterward—Joe and the ringleader were especially friendly—Joe married his sister, and the brother, who never



Week Beginning
Sunday, January 23, 1921

SIDNEY A. FRANKLIN'S

"Not Guilty"

Adapted from "Parrot & Co.," by Robert W. Chambers

A FONTAINE FOX
COMEDY

"The Skipper's Narrow Escape"

SOLOIST

Ascher B. Samuels

with new selection of songs.

Circlette of News



WEEK STARTING
January 23rd

COSMOPOLITAN PRODUCTION
A Paramount Picture

"The Passionate Pilgrim"

—With—

Matt Moore, Rubye de Remer,
Claire Whitney, Charles Gerard,
Julia Swayne Gordon.

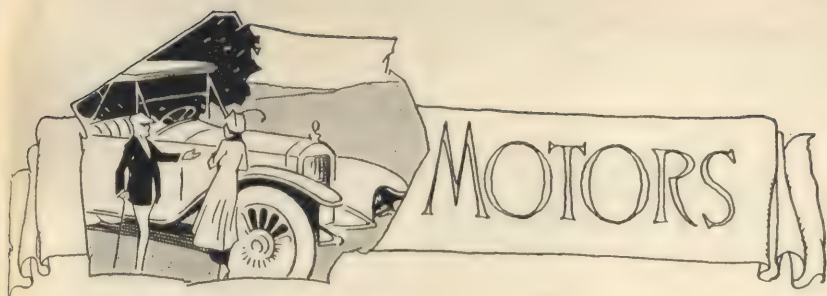
—Also—

Special Christie Comedy
"PARLOR, KITCHEN
AND SINK"

married, lived with them until he died about eight years ago. He left Joe's children 280 acres of mighty fine land. "If that had happened in these days," said one of the listeners, "there would have been law suits, fines and maybe a murder. . . . Yes, times do change—and so do schools."

Tablet Dedicated

A tablet to the memory of Maj. Paul Coble, who died in France while in command of Base Hospital No. 80, has been unveiled at the Indiana University School of Medicine. Major Coble was a professor at the university and a patriot.



By Thomas A. Hendricks

We all knew something like that would happen and yet we get all peeved and "het up" about it when it does. We know from past experience that one of the greatest faults of a legislature is an incurable mania for introducing fool bills; and we also know that in law-producing bodies in recent years the desire to find some new way to make the automobile owner pay something or other in addition to the taxes and licenses he now pays, has become almost a mania.

So none should have been surprised when among the very first batch of bills introduced at the present session of the General Assembly was one proposing to put a one-fourth of a cent tax on every gallon of gasoline used in the state of Indiana.

It does not take a careful study or close analysis of the bill to disclose the fallacy and utter ridiculousness of the proposed tax. There are, approximately, 350,000 automobiles in the state at present and there is no way of estimating with any degree of certainty the number of gasoline launches, stationary gasoline motors and other gasoline-burning machines. However, it is generally admitted that, relatively speaking, only a small amount of gasoline is consumed by devices other than automobiles.

Now it has been estimated by state officials that the total amount of income derived by the state from the proposed gasoline tax would be about \$315,000, less an average of less than one dollar for every automobile in the state.

It is easy to see that about all the tax will do, if enacted into law, will be to raise the price of gasoline to the consumer not less than one cent a gallon; for none of us have forgotten the lessons of the war taxes on toilet articles and sodas. All of us know that the imposition of a tax of one or two cents on a cake of soap raised the retail price not less than five cents; that soda fountain drinks increased in price at a rate of about five cents for every cent of tax imposed.

Therefore it seems very evident that the effect of the proposed tax would be to make the consumer pay out more than \$1,000,000 in order that the state get \$315,000; and the state would not get anywhere near that amount net, after deducting the expenses of collection. There would be the items of office help, printing, collection, etc., and no doubt a number of good political jobs would result; and there are too many of those right now for the good of the Hoosier public. Then there would be untold trouble to the garage man and the seller of gasoline, forms to be filled

out, reports to be made, accounts to be kept. In fact, it would cost the gas dispenser the better part of a cent a gallon to comply with the law.

Now, if the state of Indiana needs another \$315,000 and the automobile owner is the proper person to pay it, why in the name of simple, every day, common sense didn't the wise bennies at the State House increase the present automobile license tax one dollar? This would give the increased revenue with no additional cost of collection; there would be no waste, for every cent of the increase to the automobile owner would go to the state, and there would be no increased overhead for additional employees to administer the law. But, ah! Maybe that's the catch. Perhaps deep down in the hearts of the supporters of this bill is the idea that once it becomes a law there will be additional patronage to dispense.

And to the politician patronage is the very staff of life.

John Orman says:

Senator Beardsley has in mind the introduction of a bill requiring every driver of an automobile in Indiana to take out a special license and put up a \$1,000 indemnity bond—the thought being that such a law would induce more careful driving.

A tax of one-fourth of a cent on each gallon of gasoline sold in Indiana, the proceeds to go for the purchase of state parks, is provided in a bill introduced in the Senate by Senator Lee J. Hartzell, of Fort Wayne.

N. H. Cartinhour and P. E. Chamberlain spoke in Vincennes, Evansville, Muncie and Richmond during the past week in the interests of the Indiana Automotive Trade Association membership campaign.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert H. Losey are wintering in California.

Andy Hutchison missed his train for the New York show. He was detained by some customers wanting to buy electrics.

J. C. Vollrath & Son have taken over the agency for the I. H. C. line of trucks. They will be located at 302 North Capitol avenue, and will carry a full line of the International Harvester Company trucks. The company will be known as the International Truck Sales and Service Company. J. C. Vollrath for several years past has been identified with the Huff-Buick Sales Co.

Mr. F. W. Hammond, district sales manager of the Reo factory, was a visitor at the Fisher Automobile Co.

On and Off Broadway

By Eugene Jepson Cadou

The Roseland on Broadway is a popular dance hall of the ultra-jazz variety in which one orchestra is turned off and the other switched on. Dances cost a nickel a minute, a moderate rate in that the music is exceedingly stimulating and the floor excellent.

Habitues of the dance hall pride themselves on being up to the minute in the intricate ramifications of the latest shifts of the body and the less important changes in the position of the feet. Nevertheless, the jazz devotees were puzzled the other evening when a middle-aged couple glided gracefully to and fro with a peculiar quick step which contrasted strangely with the current ball room movements.

Soon they became the center of the admiring gaze of the other dancers. What was this fascinating dance? Was it hard to learn? Where did they pick it up? Maybe it came out in the Passing Show.

"Pardon me, but would you mind telling me what you were dancing?" asked the boldest worshipper at the end of the dance, and the other couples crowded about.

The male member of the couple blushed, smiled and replied:

"Well, I don't know what you people call it down here, but up in Schenectady, where the missus and I have been dancing it for twenty years, we call it the two step."

The trombone sounded forth, the saxophone whined and the dancers with contemptuous glances for the elderly persons who had taken them in so simply, offered propitiatory wiggles to the Great God Jazz.

"Youth on an Oyster Shell."

It was a happy thought for a pageant scene that Albert Karten arranged for Howard Chandler Christy at the Mecca ball at the Hotel des Artistes, New Year's eve.

Miss Marion Hurley, who said she posed for Mr. Christy and Penrhyn Stanlaws, was engaged to provide the shell and the youth. New Year's eve came around, however, and Marion showed up with the necessary degree of youth, but without any shell.

"How?" they asked her, "in the deuce can you be Youth on an Oyster Shell if you have no oyster shell?"

Having no shell, Marion compromised by doing what she described as "an impromptu dance," to the intense delight of various masqueraders garbed as well-known historical and mythological personages.

As she told Magistrate Nolan in West Side court, Miss Hurley then asked Karten for the \$125, the union wage scale for all members of the Federation of Youths on Oyster Shells. Karten is supposed to have offered her \$25 instead, in lieu of lost shells.

The result of the argument, accord-

ing to Miss Hurley, was that Karten pushed her against a table, injuring her thigh. Karten denied all this and said that Miss Hurley had appeared with three men friends, who had threatened and coerced him into letting her dance without the shell.

The West Side judge discharged Karten, but Miss Hurley will start a \$10,000 civil suit for the injuries to her thigh and her pride and also another one to get the \$125.

During the rush hour at the New Amsterdam Theatre one afternoon last week an energetic individual from what Gothamites believe to be the barren wilderness, namely, the district outside of Manhattan Island finally elbowed his way up to the box office window.

"What's the name of this here cpry?" he demanded of the ticket seller.

"Sally," was the reply of the busy man who takes in the gold which pays the salaries of Marilyn Miller and Leon Errol.

"Well, give me a ticket," the visitor decided. "I used to have a darned good heifer calf by that name."

The metropolitan press is constantly under the surveillance of F. P. A., the gifted columnist of the New York Tribune, who is always on the lookout for juicy newspaper "boneheads."

Here are two jovial items which he gleaned from the staid Brooklyn Eagle:

"WRITER

"All-year-round position, with a splendid opportunity for advancement is open in the Butterick Publishing Company for a young woman measuring 36 bust; no previous experience. Apply by letter, giving experience, etc."

Item Number Two, which is headed by the Conning Tower's captain, "The Feminine Unrest," is:

"Young woman would like a few rough-dry washes. CANNON, 254 Reid avenue."

A Flushing restaurant has evolved the Delysia Hot Dog, christened in honor of Alice Delysia, who is appearing in "Afgar." Perhaps it has paved the way for the Nora Bayes Ice Cream Cone, or the Mitzi Hot Buttered Popcorn. If actors can have cigars named for them, why can't actresses lend their names to other mediums of dissipation in this prohibition age?

Do You Know—

The young clerk who affects a sentimental regard for all customers and interludes her chewing gum solo with beautiful terms of endearment, urges the purchase of her wares by a lady forty years her senior with such convincing statements as "Oh, honey, it sure looks swell?"

∴ The Weekly Potpourri ∴

Charles Orbison, prohibition enforcement officer for Indiana, is under fire because he has written many orders permitting persons to get whiskey held in the keeping of the Indianapolis chief of police. Most of the whiskey withdrawn from "observation" was for "dire necessity" cases. Now that the Federal grand jury is to investigate the matter, Chief Kinney has let it be known that he will fill no more booze orders from the prohibition enforcement office. The loud noise now being heard is the guffaw from the white mule brigade.

The Marion county commissioners have let it be known that economy and conservativeness will be the guiding principles in the building of new roads in the county. Just as the commissioners do not let false economy enter into their calculations all will be well. The county must have good roads—but get them as economically as possible.

Indiana's method of keeping the records of the state's quota of soldiers in the World War is known to be excellent. The state of Illinois is impressed with the system and sent representatives to Adjutant-General Harry B. Smith to get the data on the Indiana method for use in Illinois. Some compliment.

Not many persons knew that Indianapolis celebrated another New Year's on January 14. Some of the Greek citizens did, however, observing a general holiday. Christmas with the Greeks is not celebrated on December 25, but thirteen days later and the week between that time and their New Year is filled with merry-making and feasting and with religious observances.

George Lemaux of the board of public works has proposed that there be a change made in the automobile license law so as to provide that part of the license money paid by Indianapolis motorists be returned to the city and then combined with a special tax levy to make a fund for resurfacing streets. He declared that if half the annual sum spent on street resurfacing, estimated at \$200,000, was raised by taxation and the remainder raised from auto license fees, the property owners, who are directly assessed for such improvements, would be relieved of the burden. TOPICS has called attention to the possibility of some sort of law which would provide for a general taxation for the purpose of improving certain short stretches of streets which can not stand the street assessment yet which is universally used and of benefit to the whole city. Possibly the Lemaux plan would come near answering this problem along with other street improvement problems.

There is some indication that the Indiana legislature will be asked to

pass a movie censorship bill. Women of the state are behind the move and they take the position that inasmuch as the producers will not provide the proper pictures, the state will have to do it. There is no doubt but what the movie men are thinking more of the dollars than they are of the morals of the public. The producers say, however, that they give the people what they want—that if the public doesn't want the class of film plays being offered why do they attend them? There is something in this. Producers are not altogether to blame—but the unthinking public must bear its share of whatever odium now attaches to the picture business.

Indianapolis recently went through an epidemic of hiccoughs. Now Muncie reports a similar epidemic. Some considerate doctors say that the "hics" were the aftermath of the flu, while the less conservative lay it to the prevalence of white mule and hair tonic drinks. Take your choice.

She Speaks Right Out

(Continued from Page 15)

about having to get a license. It's really no trouble at all. The first and second men in the line hurry off, but the third man gets stuck at the window. Something is wrong with his application—he's trying to put two cars on one license or he's signed some one else's name. It's a grave matter and clerks from adjoining windows are called in consultation. The line is held up with Smith five men away from the window. After mysterious and lengthy argumentation the case is postponed, the pestiferous petitioner for a license takes his leave, and the line pushes on and Smith gets his.

When he arrives for dinner half an hour late, he is in a touchy humor and Mrs. Smith, who has just returned from the ruined matinee is "so nervous she could cry." Their only relief is to recite their tales of woe to each other, and call down the wrath of heaven upon pests in general and today's batch in particular.

At that there are dozens of pests that they've missed entirely: The man who makes the streets hideous by riding through a quiet community with the cutout on his muffler; the person in a crowd who can't stand still a minute, but must needs be exercising his elbows punching his neighbors in the back and ribs, as he struggles futilely to get out of the crowd; the person who on an empty street can not manage to pass by you peacefully, but dodges back and forth before you until you anchor yourself firmly in one spot while he gathers up decision enough to get by; the telephone pest, who hangs on your wire; but to enumerate all of them would be impossible.

And the only relief is just to say, "There ought to be a law against the pest."

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PUBLICATION OFFICE, 1113-1114 PEOPLES BANK BUILDING
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Prompt and dependable delivery of Topics can be arranged with your carrier of the Indianapolis News. No extra charge is made for this service. Notify your News carrier and he will supply you with a copy of Topics every Saturday.



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Our patrons tell us that a Vaudeville Show backed by the name B. F. Keith, is a sufficient guarantee of its quality.

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Our Bargain Matinees are priced as low as fifteen cents for the Gallery, while the Balcony and Main Floor sections have prices of Twenty, Thirty and Fifty-five—nothing higher.

The bill for the week opening Monday, January 31st, will be up to our usual standard of "Big Time" Vaudeville.

(Read It Again)



The advance ideas you will always find in Hudson design. That fact created its leadership. But they must earn their right to belong. No mere straining after something new ever won place for a single feature of Hudson design.

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TOPICS

VOLUME II

INDIANAPOLIS, SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1921

NUMBER 5

Living in the Halcyon Days

Buying Porterhouse Steak in Indianapolis at 15 Cents a Pound Was a Joyful Procedure With Housewives.

By Beatrice Sherman

There is a great deal of talk these days about the complexities of modern life, and any one engaged in the mad struggle to make income and outgo balance properly is ready to agree that "complexities" is an apt term for present-day problems. The downward trend of prices, which is just now beginning to be visible to the naked eye, is being gratefully welcomed by the hard-pressed consumer; but even present prices are far above pre-war levels, and when our prices are compared with those that prevailed about thirty years ago, it is apparent that in those days life must have been much simpler.

Prices were beautifully low. The penny had not lost all meaning in the world of business, and even the half-cent was commonly used in price fixing. The nickel was a self-respecting coin that could really buy things without assistance from the other members of the coin family. If wages, salaries and incomes were much smaller in those days—as we are constantly reminded when we yearn for their return—they did not need to be very large to buy all that one could want at the very low prices prevailing then. And besides, with low salaries and low prices, the matter of managing income and expenditures was certainly a much simpler mathematical process than it is nowadays.

The business of shopping at the place where prices were lowest was also simpler, for there weren't so many stores to choose from. The business of reading the evening journal, marking the ads that sounded promising, and making out a shopping list was not a work that required a whole evening and a wearisome wading through endless pages of newspapers cluttered with dry reading matter between large and thrilling ads. The modest little ads were easily found in a paper of eight to twelve sheets, and they were easily read in a minute or two. There's no question

that that part of life was simpler than it is today.

Here's a typical ad from one of the January issues of the Indianapolis Journal of 1890, evidently written by a copyman with a touch of humor in his outlook on merchandising:

"Inviting Opportunity

The reduction in cloaks, which we have emphasized in this place before several times, is still with us. Some of the cloaks are also. Sales have been great, but our stock was great.

Actual Offering

For \$7.50: All-wool New Market that cost \$12.00

For \$9.00: Beaver Cloth New Market, stitched sleeves, pockets and cuffs that cost \$15.00

For \$19.50: Broadcloth New Market with bishop sleeves, satin-lined, that cost \$25.00."

Even at these prices, cloaks evidently needed pushing to clear up stocks; otherwise, the L. S. Ayres adman of the 90's, who wrote the above, would scarcely have been compelled to use "this place" more than once or twice.

The attractive line, "Prices cut in half," was in use as early as 1890, for Rink's used it as a headline in their January sale of cloaks that year. Perhaps it was a warm winter and cloaks were a superfluity. Even so, Rink's were not giving their goods away or running risks of non-payment, for they append to a list of prices from \$2.00 to \$15.00 for their cloaks, the following plain statement:

"Cloaks marked in plain figures. Bring your cash with you. No goods sent on approval."

The When clothing store had a habit of running an ad very frequently with odd bits of information and entertainment. Once in a while the only words in the whole space that referred to merchandise were those in the name of the store itself. For the rest, there were nearly always the weather indications, and it has only been recently that the When has discontinued its daily weather bulletins. Life then was not such a feverish existence as it is now, and the adman could afford to talk about the weather and indulge in pretty pleasantries. One January day, when one might have supposed that he should have been worrying about the overcoats he had left in stock, he

gave his space to some two dozen conundrums, printed large and bold, so that even the children might enjoy them. The first two on the list were:

"A grain elevator—a crow.

An old humstead—a bee-hive."

That same year Wasson's had a linen sale, a stupendous affair in which one could purchase linen towels three for a quarter. But even a sales event of this calibre, which called for the unusually large space of a quarter-page, did not ruffle the store organization from its placid policy of taking life as it came, and avoiding the complexities. In Sunday's Journal the bargains were listed, and at the bottom a note was appended:

"Sale begins tomorrow, January 6.

Owing to a delay in freight, by which many of the goods will not be received until Monday morning, our store will not be open until one o'clock."

Some of the ads are a bit misleading in tone, but a small matter of that sort evidently caused store proprietors of the 90's no loss of sleep. For instance, the "Model" advertised blandly:

"The ladies are interested in the cut we make in the price of our broken lines of fine knee pants suits this week -----\$4.99."

The interest of the ladies in such unusual costumes as these might have passed unnoticed during the late war, or even now, when the costume for the woman golfer, as prescribed by the latest fashions, is a knicker suit, but it seems to suggest a too violently radical departure for the ladies of the conservative 90's.

Prices on everything that is included in the necessities or pleasures of life were cheaper then. Of course, styles were different, but even taking that factor into account, the prices then were staggeringly low. For instance, the prices of a few articles of clothing taken at random from the papers of the day: Children's wool hosiery, 5 cents a pair; ladies' cotton hose, 5 cents a pair; mufflers, 5 to 50 cents; blankets, 50 cents a pair; wool blankets, \$2.25; ladies' leather gloves, 19 cents; skirts (no further description given), 37½ cents to \$1.00; misses' school shawls, 37½ cents; gentlemen's linen collars, 5 cents; suits and overcoats, \$9.99; caps, 13 cents to \$1.00; stiff fur hats, \$1.89.

The Wanderer Could Go to Niagara Falls and Return for Five Dollars, if He Craved Excitement

Furniture also was very moderately priced in those days. The New York Furniture and Carpet Company advertised "Walnut suites, marble top, \$35.00; ash suites, \$18.00." All wool carpets could be bought for 65 cents a yard, and body Brussels for \$1.00.

Hotel-keepers, who groan continually about the high cost of china and the terrible losses due to breakage, must have enjoyed life considerably when a tea set, of "English ware, semi-porcelain, brown, blue and pink decorations, full 56-piece sets," could be bought for \$3.97. Such an offering certainly seems worthy of "The Housekeeper's Bargain Store."

An inkling of food prices may be gained from a butchershop advertisement of "Porterhouse steak at 15 cents a pound; round and loin steak, 10 cents, and boiling pieces, 6, 8 and 10 cents." Why should any one find life difficult with porterhouse steak at 15 cents a pound?

If existence in Indianapolis became uninteresting or uncomfortable, it was very easy for him to go elsewhere, for railway fares were not what they are now. What wonder that the trip to Niagara Falls was accepted as an ideal spot to visit on a honeymoon when June excursion rates were set at \$5.00 to Buffalo and return? When one reads accounts of the Journal reporter finding that the station, "large as it is, was full to overflowing," it is easy to see the reason for the crowd, in view of the fact that an excursion rate for July was offered of \$15.00 to New York and return. Of course, it must be remembered that the excursion was especially for the Christian Endeavor convention in New York, but the reporter turned in an account of a most enjoyable time being had by all, and, anyway, it's very easy to get lost from a convention, if one has more important matters on hand.

In midwinter of 1890, coke could be obtained at the gas-works for 8 cents a bushel, a rate of something in the neighborhood of four dollars for a ton.

(Continued on Page 15)

Proposed Tax on Bachelors Would Cut in Mightily on the Happiness of Many of Indianapolis' Single Citizens.

There never yet was a tax suggested that did not call forth shrieks and groans from the oppressed class that was to feel its weight heaviest. If the tax affects land, all the landowners bring on a choice assortment of sob-stories to prove that they can not stand a greater tax. If the tax is on inherited property, then every beneficiary of a will makes more noise about the tax he must pay the government than over all the wealth that he has inherited. It is not strange, then, that lawmakers, drawn from various classes of life, should find it very difficult to settle on just what should be taxed and what should not. There's no pleasing everybody.

A new tax is suggested to add to the federal income which will no doubt cause more than the customary wailing and gnashing of teeth, if it ever goes into effect. A Washington woman has proposed that congress levy a tax on all bachelors in the United States. She has even gone so far as to make out a schedule of what the amount of the tax should be, a sliding scale to make the punishment fit the crime:

- \$1.00 for bachelors of 20 to 40 years.
- \$2.00 for bachelors of 40 to 50 years.
- \$3.00 for bachelors of 50 to 65 years.
- \$5.00 for bachelors of 65 and up.

The sponsor of this novel revenue plan calculates that there are about ten million bachelors in the country, and under her proposed plan, she figures that they should yield the government approximately \$20,000,000.00 a year—a welcome sum in these days of rapidly mounting costs of government.

A woman who in cold blood could propound such a plan as this should not feel surprised if a sentimental proletariat inquires, with undue curiosity, as to her motives for advocating such a law. The field for speculation is more than ordinarily inviting. Infinite vistas of "the reason why" readily come to mind suggesting stories that would make Cecil de Mille and David Wark Griffith fight for scenario rights.

The woman who suggested the bachelor tax law is a married woman—or at least she has been, for she wears a Mrs. before her name—and this circumstance would indicate that she had no ulterior motive in suggesting such a law. However, she must have had a motive—as the criminal lawyers say—so this single circumstance only makes the problem of finding it more difficult and more intriguing. Perhaps in her youth she loved fondly but hopelessly; the object of her affections spurned her love; now, in her early widowhood—hypothetical, of course—she plans to win him yet; and to assist in the siege of his wayward heart, she plans to put on the extra pressure of a tax on

bachelordom. Or, possibly, the unfortunate woman has a large family of daughters of the type that English vicars are always afflicted with—and any incentive to bachelors to marry would be a blessing to such a family. Or, perhaps, these ideas are altogether off the track. It may be that she is a lone but beautiful woman who is trying to collect the government insurance on her soldier husband, who died in the late war, and feels that the government must get the money some way to pay her claim, and so she suggests taxing the bachelors. However, since she has not set forth her reasons for suggesting a head tax on bachelors, it's safe to say that nobody will give her the benefit of the doubt, and that she'll be credited with no disinterested motives.

It is even possible that she will be accused of colluding with the blue law agitators to deprive certain classes of citizens of their freedom and harness them in the bonds of matrimony.

An interesting feature of the case

The Wayfarer

They were apparently two retired farmers and were discussing the recent convention of threshermen and the proposal to license threshing men.

"Threshin' ain't what it used to be," said one as he filled a corn-cob pipe. "It's a business proposition now, pure and simple; but when I was some younger than I am now it was sort of a holidayin' with a lot of hard work throwed in for good measure."

"Well, I'm glad to see it a business instead of makin' a holiday out of it," said the other. "It's easier on the women and puts more money in the farmer's bank account."

"I remember hearin' the whistle of the old traction engine just as the sun was comin' up on a July mornin'. It was dragging the outfit to our house. Ma and the girls and about a half-dozen neighbor women had been preparin' for the event. They had baked a truck load of bread. I had killed a beef and a sheep and had brought out a few hams from the smokehouse. You know that threshin' gang of about fifty, not countin' the women and children, could eat a car-load of grub at one settin'."

"You needn't tell me about it," said the other. "I've been there and until

is, how would the law work in Indianapolis, could it be enforced, and would it be a highly profitable source of revenue?

The present population of Indianapolis, according to the latest census, is 314,194. Taking the same basis that the Washington woman used in her computation of the number of unattached males in the whole United States, Indianapolis might estimate the number of bachelors within its city walls as 28,563. Calculating the revenue at the conservative rate of \$2.00 per man, the income would be \$59,126. Of course, it might be necessary to rebate part of the tax if any of the bachelors married during the year covered by the payment of the tax; but to prevent this loss, the process for procuring a rebate might be so involved in red tape that it would take more time than a married man could afford to give. A net income of at least \$50,000 could be counted on from this city—that is, if the tax could be collected without a protest.



just a few years ago, too. But it was great times! Most of our money was wrapped up in wheat shocks, and we were always anxious to see how it would turn out—whether we would hold the record for our company for yield.

"Everybody was willin' to help—and it didn't cost nothin' save the grub—as ever'body swapped work and we paid 4 cents a bushel to have the wheat threshed."

"If you had to feed the hands now as you did then, it'd cost something," I suggested.

"It certainly would. We usually had the outfit at our house for at least three days, and if it rained, a few days longer. They didn't have self-feeders, automatic sackers, band-cutters, etc., in those days, but it was all done by man power, and, of course, we worked slower."

"It was nothin' for that crowd of workers to stow away, among other things, a dozen or so pies, a half-dozen cakes about three layers high, pots of chicken and dumplings, slabs of roast beef and boiled ham, not to mention green beans and a half-dozen other things."

(Continued on Page 14)

Washington Woman Has Prepared Rate of Taxation to Help Out Federal Revenue in These Stringent Days.

But there's the rub. Would the bachelor contingent of Indianapolis march calmly down to the Federal building, pass up to a bachelors' tax window, flanked by the excess profits tax counter on one hand and the narcotic tax compartment on the other, and give up their one, two, three or five dollar tax? Would they be able to pass the marriage license window at the courthouse if they knew that one purchase there would free them from the onerous duty of paying yearly tribute at the bachelors' tax window at the Federal building? Or would they be willing to pay the price of freedom?

Would Mr. Oscar P. Welborn walk meekly down to the government halls and pay his annual tribute for the privilege of remaining unmarried? Would Mr. George Griffin submit to a tax of this kind in the land of the free? Would Mr. Claude Wallin be willing to fork over the yearly premium on bachelorhood without a protest or a proposal? Would Mr. George Calvert contribute to the \$50,000 bachelors' tax fund without a murmur? Would all of the other 28,593 bachelors in town knuckle under to class taxation of this sort?

Or would there be a sudden flood of hasty marriages to escape the tax and the opprobrium that this law would heap on bachelors? It is possible that some clever persons might work out a system of married life, similar to Fannie Hurst's well-known plan of having a husband and retaining her freedom by limiting marital relations to breakfast en famille once a week.

A marriage with a speedy divorce might also be arranged to meet the situation, but this would, no doubt, call for a rider to the Bachelor Tax law, providing a special tax for divorcees.

There never was a law made that did not invite violations, and the proposed law for taxing bachelors would probably be no exception. But, even so, it would bring in a considerable revenue for the government.

The one real, basic objection to the passing of a law for the taxation of bachelors, as such, is that it would tend to commercialize marriage. Too long we have heard of the poor girl who is compelled to marry to gain a home; and now that the poor girl has a chance to earn a living in business, it would be a pity if the bachelor should be driven to marriage to avoid the payment of a tax.

But, cheer up! Perhaps when the worst comes to worst, we'll continue to pay income, poll, dog and motor taxes—and buy a marriage license occasionally.



notes of Society



Mr. and Mrs. Enrique C. Miller have gone to California, where they will spend the next two months.

Dr. and Mrs. Henry Ostrom, of Greencastle, Ind., have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Ostrom, of this city.

Mrs. Myra Allison is in Miami, Fla., as the guest of her son, James A. Allison, and Mrs. Allison.

Mr. and Mrs. Lucius M. Wainwright have gone to Miami, Fla. They will cruise on their new yacht, the Kalamahnee, from Miami to the Bahama Islands and the West Indies.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Bookwalter left last week for Miami, Fla., where they will spend the rest of the winter.

Mrs. E. H. Evans, of Minneapolis, formerly of Indianapolis, has returned to Indianapolis for a visit with friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry B. Burnet have gone to California for an extended visit.

Mrs. Douglas C. Jillson and Mrs. John P. Frenzel entertained with a luncheon at the Woodstock Club last week.

Mrs. Robert Kerr McConnell, of Northampton, Mass., is here for a short visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred C. Gardner.

Miss Susannah and Miss Mary Louise Pratt, of Portland, Ore., are the guests of their cousin, Mrs. Booth Tarkington.

The Little Theatre Society entertained for Stuart Walker with a tea the afternoon of January 19.

Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Krauss are now at their winter home in Miami, Fla.

Miss Helen Eaglesfield is visiting in Mobile, Ala.

The members of the University Club gave a reception Saturday evening in honor of the officer members of the Fifth Army Corps, of Fort Harrison.

Mrs. J. I. Holcomb and her daughter, Mrs. Clarence Strickland, gave a luncheon and bridge party last Tuesday. Wednesday, Mrs. Strickland entertained at bridge at her home.

Mr. and Mrs. Randle C. Dean have gone to New York for an indefinite stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Elliott Jones, 3932 Washington Boulevard, have left for an indefinite stay in Los Angeles, going by way of New Orleans.

Mr. and Mrs. John N. Carey entertained with a dinner at her home, 1150 North Meridian street, Friday evening, January 21, in honor of Governor and Mrs. Warren T. McCray and Miss Lucile McCray.

Mrs. Stanley M. Timberlake and Mrs. Sewall A. Nebeker, of Hampton Court, returned from New York on January 21.

Mrs. E. S. Severin, of Golden Hill, left last week to visit her sons, Henry and Edward, at Hamilton College, in Clinton, New York. Mrs. Severin will be one of the chaperones for the Annual Junior Prom of the College.

Mrs. Frank W. Cregor, 1621 North Meridian street, entertained with an informal tea last Monday afternoon, in honor of Mrs. Thomas Baxter, who is leaving soon to reside in Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter C. Marmon.

1119 North Delaware street, have gone to New York.

Miss Margaret McCulloch, 1325 North New Jersey street, has returned from New York, where she has been visiting for two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank L. Jones, 3551 Washington Boulevard, are visiting in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. John T. Martindale and family, 1354 North Delaware street, left Tuesday for their winter home at Miami, Fla.

Mr. and Mrs. Tarkington Baker and son, Theodoric, who are in Bombay, India, will sail for home on February 7.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Taggart, 4525 Park avenue, have returned from French Lick, Ind.

Miss Mabelle Hendleman attended two lecture recitals Tuesday afternoon and evening given by the famous French pianist, E. Robert Schmitz, at St. Mary's-of-the-Woods.

Mrs. Booth Tarkington gave a baby party Saturday afternoon, January 22, to celebrate the second birthday of Patricia Jameson, the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Donald Jameson.

The Indiana Democratic Club gave a dinner and reception February 4, in honor of Mrs. John W. Kern, of Hollins, Va., guest of Mrs. Louis Levey.

Mr. and Mrs. B. M. Gillespie, 843 North Meridian street, will leave Monday for California. At Berkeley they will be the guests of the Mayflower Society, of which Mrs. Gillespie is the historian for the Indiana Chapter.

Mrs. Henry Schiela, of Mt. Vernon, Ind., is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Albert Asche, 3559 Central avenue.

Miss Clara Marie Frommeyer, 2156 North Meridian street, has gone to St. Louis, where she will visit Mr. and Mrs. William Arthur Nugent. Mrs. Nugent was formerly Miss Adele Eckler, of this city.

Mrs. Richard Habbe and Miss Helen Habbe, 4848 Central avenue, are visiting Dr. and Mrs. Charles W. Hartloff, of Evansville, Ind.

Mrs. J. C. Uhl, 1733 North Meridian street, and Mrs. Thurza Lamphier have gone to California, where they will spend several weeks.

Mrs. S. D. Spellman, 2016 North Meridian street, has gone to New Orleans to spend the remainder of the winter.

Officers, directors and employees of the National City Bank were guests at the annual bank dinner on January 22 at the Florentine room, Claypool Hotel. Sixty-seven persons were present, including the wives of the bank personnel. Mr. and Mrs. Courtlandt VanCamp were the special guests. J. M. McIntosh, president of the bank, presided at the dinner. A feature of the dinner was the "fish pond," from which were fished the favors of the evening, approximating as near as possible some saying or some special thing done by each of the bank employees. The women guests received small iron savings banks, which were taken from a replica of the new bank building which the institution will occupy next fall. G. H. Erdman had charge of the favors and the arrangements for the dinner. After the dinner the party attended the Otis Skinner performance at English's Theatre.



MRS. JAMES GORDON MURDOCK

Mrs. Murdock was an active member of the committee in charge of the Little Theatre Society dance last Saturday. As chairman of the box committee, she was responsible in good measure for the success of the occasion.

Indianapolis and Its Music

By Grace Hutchings

John L. Geiger gave an informal talk, "An Evening With Puccini," before the Anderson Musicale on Thursday evening. The musical numbers were given by Mrs. Hazel Simmons-Steele, soprano, and Dr. Paul Herbert Kleeman, baritone, pupils of Mr. Geiger. Mrs. Steele's numbers were: "I Am Mimi," from Boheme, "Love and Music," from Tosca, "One Fine Day," from Madam Butterfly, "Thy Mother," from Sour Angelica, and "Oh, My Beloved Daddy," from Gianni Schicchi. Dr. Kleeman sang: "Coat Song," from Boheme, "Divine Tosca," from Tosca, and "Thou Art Thick-headed," from Gianni Schicchi. They gave the "Letter Duet," from Butterfly.

The Sigma Alpha Iota sorority of the Indiana College of Music and Fine Arts were entertained Wednesday evening by Mrs. Cristine Roush. The program was given by Mrs. Arthur Monninger, pianist; Miss Ruth McClure, violinist; Miss Emma Doeppers, contralto; Miss Martha Winkenhof, violinist, members of the sorority. Mrs. Bernard Batty gave a group of musical monologues. Mrs. Roush was assisted by Miss Beatrice Luce, president of the sorority.

The Matinee Musicale presented a program of "Old and Modern English" numbers at the regular meeting on Wednesday afternoon. The program was in charge of Mrs. James Moag. Old English Rounds were sung by a ladies' trio—Mrs. R. W. Blake, Mrs. Lloyd Elliott and Mrs. James Pearson. Miss Leona Wright, soprano, gave a group of old English songs, in costume. Musical settings of readings from Shakespeare were given by Mrs. B. R. Batty. Mrs. John A. George, pianist, gave two modern numbers by Cyril Scott; Miss Norma Mueller, contralto, sang a cycle from Tennyson's Maud; Mrs. James Lowry, soprano, sang the "Cycle of Life," by Ronald, and the Lincoln Trio, Mrs. S. K. Ruick, Miss Ella Schroeder and Mrs. Hansi Humphreys, gave a group of modern numbers.

The Nomads Repertoire Company, of the Metropolitan School of Music, will give an entertainment consisting of three one-act plays and musical numbers, Friday, February 4, at the Moravian Church. The players are Miss Helen Barrett, Miss Lillian Hoag and Cecil Lancaster. The plays will be "The Wrong Side of the Road," "Because She Loved Him So," and "Man Proposes." Miss Barrett will give a group of musical monologues; Mr. Lancaster, pianist, will play four modern numbers, and Lynn Cordes, baritone, will give a group of songs. Arthur J. Beriault directs the plays. The public will be admitted for a small fee.

Sunday afternoon, January 30, M. Sergei Rachmaninoff, Russian composer, pianist and orchestral con-

ductor, will return to play for us at the Murat Theatre, under the direction of the Ona B. Talbot Fine Arts Association. When M. Rachmaninoff played here last season he stirred up things generally in the pianistic world. About one-half of his audience thought he was superb. The other half did not like him at all. That is ever the fate of originality. M. Rachmaninoff is one of the finest musicians of our age. His compositions will go down to posterity as classics. But in having the creative gift, he colors all that he plays with his own ideas and personality; he never stays in the "straight and narrow" road of authentic interpretation, thereby bringing the wolves down upon his head. But his is an interesting personality, and the program he will present will be well worth the hearing, whether or not you agree with his peculiar and unique ideas of interpretation.

The coming into our midst of the famous La Scala Orchestra, with the great Toscanini directing, is a musical event of supreme importance. Toscanini was for years the most popular conductor at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. He left there several years ago, and until this season no impresario has been able to prevail upon him to return to us. Coming with so famous an orchestra he should be given an ovation and should play to a crowded house. The concert will be given in the Murat Theatre Sunday afternoon, February 6, under the auspices of the Ona B. Talbot Fine Arts Association.

The next artist concert that the Matinee Musicale will present will be the Elschuco Trio, one of the finest ensemble organizations before the public today. The artist concerts of the Musicale are open to the public

upon the payment of a fee that is very small considering the artistic standards of the attractions.

The Mu Phi Epsilon sorority of the Metropolitan School of Music was entertained Tuesday evening by Miss Mildred Casey at her home, 2224 Broadway. A "spread" was served at six o'clock, after which Miss Eileen Reeds was pledged to membership in the sorority and a musical program was given by Miss Jessie Barkley, soprano; Miss Genieve Hughel, 'cellist, and Miss Gladys Whiteman, pianist. Mrs. Arline Clark was in charge of the program.

The Alumnae Club of the Mu Phi Epsilon sorority held its January meeting at the Athaeneum. The program was given by Mrs. Mildred Barrett-Pearson, soprano; Mrs. Marie Allison-Elliott, contralto, and Miss Jessie Kitchen, pianist, of Rushville, members of the club. Besides those on the program, members present were, Mrs. Ila Sink, Miss Elsa Reyer, Miss Norma Mueller, Mrs. Roy Sellery, Miss Gertrude Appgar, Mrs. Grace Johnson, Mrs. Lucille Hoss, Mrs. Laura Moag and Miss Charlotte Lieber. Special guests were Mrs. St. Claire Carver, of Chicago, with Mrs. Sellery, and Mrs. Harry Bently, also from Chicago, with Miss Lieber. The club meets regularly the first Fridays of each month at the Athaeneum at eleven o'clock for a musicale and remains for luncheon and a social hour. Miss Norma Mueller is in charge of the programs and Miss Charlotte Lieber makes the reservations for the luncheons. All Mu Phis who are in the city, either permanently or temporarily and are not members of the active chapter, are invited to be present at any or all of the meetings, and can get in touch with all the Mu Phi activities by communicating with either Miss Lieber or Mrs. Elliott, president of the club.

The Indiana College of Music and Fine Arts will present Miss Hester Bailey, teacher of dancing, in a recital Saturday evening, February 5, at the Masonic Temple. The recital is complimentary and the public is invited.

Mr. Horace Whitehouse, organist, new vice-president and musical director of the College, will enter the faculty at the beginning of the third term, February 1, as will Willoughby Boughton, who will head the piano department. Mr. Boughton will give a recital early in February.

Two of Indianapolis' most popular musicians are leaving the city this month for residence in Chicago; Mrs. Roy Sellery, soprano, and Mrs. Thomas O. Baxter, pianist. Members of the Matinee Musicale, the Harmonie Club and the Mu Phi Epsilon sorority, both have been actively identified with the musical life of the city, and it is with the keenest regret that their many friends see them leave.

An Evening of Dancing

Mlle. Theo Hewes and her ballet of 100 will present an artist group of dances at English's opera house Sunday evening, February 6th. The program will consist of fourteen ballets and divertissements, with special scenery and electrical effects, and a baby ballet.

The Burmese dance, an exotic East Indian affair, will be a feature. This dance contains a grotesque character, made so by the wearing of a mask. The mask as an accessory to

pantomime and dance was first used in the "Greenwich Village Follies."

The mask to be used in Mlle. Hewes' dance was made expressly for the performance at English's. It was secured through the courtesy of Jack Sanderson, a personal friend of Raymond S. Drexler, manager of Mlle. Hewes.

The performance promises to be of the most artistic Mlle. Hewes has ever attempted in Indianapolis.



MLLE. THEO HEWES
One of Her Movements in a Fetching Dancing Number

Shaking the Nut Tree

By O. HUMM

Meditations With One Ear Glued to the Telephone

Wonder how much practice it takes to say "line's busy" in a convincing tone without lifting one's eyes from a copy of Peppy Stories.—See where Queenie, a lioness in the Brooklyn (N. Y.) Zoo contracted civilization of the teeth and had to have one of them extracted. Dentist used a block and tackle and a crowbar. Bet an alligator with the toothache feels like a giraffe with tonsillitis.—Wonder if Central 5248 sounds so awfully much like West 3319.—The village of Long Beach, N. Y., that was left out of the 1920 census, ought to sue the government for breach of enumeration. Probable cause of oversight was absence of a moving picture theatre.—This operator's idea of repartee is three buzzes and a screech.—I'll have to wind up the cat and put the clock out for the next few nights. The members of the class in biology at the Indiana Dental College are rounding up every stray feline that crosses their path, for the purpose of dissection.—Fail to see how a study of what makes the wheels go round in a cat will be of any assistance in pushing a drill in the middle of a person's face.—Wonder if I could prevail on this "Number" person to use T. N. T. as a gargle.—Merchant Tailor Designers' Association states that longer trousers for men will offset shorter skirts for women next spring. Wonder who their offset calculator is.—Guess I'll take a street car.—!!***x!!**.

The following open-faced letter was received at this office with a request for publication. All those interested will please attend the secret meeting to be held the second Tuesday of last week. All visitors will be required to furnish their own passwords.

Brother and Sister Soviets:

Gird on your pamphlets and prepare to defend your rights. Our oppressors are upon us! Comrades in Utah are about to receive another capitalistic downtrodding. The Utah legislature has introduced a bill providing imprisonment of from thirty days to one year for any one caught wearing high heels. Are we going to submit to a high-heelless existence? Must we raise our children to manhood and womanhood without a single fallen arch to brighten their lives? But the danger does not stop here. If we allow the tyrants to obtain this opening wedge, you realize that it will be but a matter of time until all of our rights are stripped from us.

I will tell you what will follow—a sentence of from two to five years will be given the honest laborer who is found wearing a pair of trousers that bag at the knees. A pair of lavender sock supporters will cause the wearer to subtract pebbles from cobblestones for a minimum of seven years, three months. Any of our wives or daughters, sweethearts or mothers found wearing a crape-machine caserole will be banished to New Albany

for thirty days, with two eternities off for good behavior. And for the comrade who is discovered with a handkerchief in his coat sleeve they'll strew tacks on the electric chair.

Will we allow those who weight us down even now with unbearable burdens sheer from us our inherent privilege of dressing as our tastes abhor? We who are unafraid answer NO.

I, myself, would overthrow this base attack if I could locate the degraded tool of the capitalists that stole my soapbox.

(Signed)

COMRADE TROTZLINE

Timely Tips

Consider the lads on the corners, they toil not and spinning is obsolete anyway, but Solomon, in all his glory, never had his hair parted in the middle, as one of these.

The reason a man gets up in a street car these days and lets a woman have his seat, is because he gets off at the next corner.

The average business man regards dignity as his most essential asset, but let him get in a strange town and he'll eat peanuts on the main street, right out loud, too.

Although the camel is now our national bird, it might be well to bear in mind that a little blind tiger makes a wonderful pet.

A soft answer maketh a better-half almost as angry as a soft hard-boiled egg maketh her spouse.

Just because the steno has a bucketful of hair over each ear gives you no excuse to tell the boss that story about the traveling salesman.

No matter how much a man's disposition has soured on him, he'll cotton to you if you happen to mention his vivid sense of humor.

When SHE insists on getting balcony seats, its times to see what terms you can get on that parlor suite SHE thought was so adorable.

Flower Gardens

How would you like to make flowers your fad? Everybody must grow a hobby of some sort. The Indianapolis Public Library has at its central building a most tantalizing display of seed and flower catalogs. People haunt this table, whether they be growers of tomatoes or hyacinths. One of these flower enthusiasts is a young lady who has an iris garden of almost one hundred varieties. Another lady makes a specialty of gladiolas, and she calls her yard "The Garden of the Glads." But even if you haven't a spot on earth in which to plant a seed, you can fairly get the breath of spring and all the hope that it brings from the brightly colored illustrations of these flower books. They will help you to enjoy other people's gardens if you familiarize yourself with the names and types and families of flowers and vegetables. Let your public library help you plant your garden intelligently.

I. A. C. on Home Stretch

Henry Campbell, president, and W. H. Barrere, Jr., secretary of the Indianapolis Athletic Club, recently returned from a trip of inspection of several athletic clubs in different cities and have made a report to the board of directors. The two obtained a wealth of information regarding athletic club construction and club management, which will be adapted to use of the local club.

Officers and directors of many of the clubs visited had words of praise for Indianapolis business men who were behind the project, and dwelt on the fact that Indianapolis was growing metropolitan airs.

Secretary Barrere said the work of organizing the local club was progressing rapidly.

"Each member," he said, "should be justly proud of this achievement and personally see that their payments on membership are sent in promptly, and get behind the officers and directors and give them every aid and support. They should think club and talk club, so that in a short time Indianapolis will have a lasting monument to show her sister cities and our visiting friends the splendid spirit and belief the business men of this city have in a greater Indianapolis.

"The membership must realize that the officers and directors of the Athletic Club must have the full support of every member, not only in thought, but action. They could no doubt go out and finance and build a club building in a short time, but they are looking to the future and build on a firm foundation, and they must have a full paid-up membership, so that when the building of the club is started they will have positive assurance that upon its completion the membership will be large enough to put it on a self-sustaining and paying basis from the beginning of active operation.

"The board of directors will have in their hands in the near future an estimate as to the approximate cost of a club building suitable to the wants of Indianapolis, from tentative plans which have been drawn. They will appoint a building committee to supervise the construction of the club building under the board's approval.

"Every care is being made to safeguard the future success of the club, and the board of directors feel that it is better to take matters a little slow than to plunge the club headlong into building operations and the buying of the site, which might prove fatal to its ultimate and future success."

The members of the Indianapolis Athletic Club have been taking an active interest in local and state amateur sports and the club is well represented in the Indiana A. A. U. T. N. Wynne has been chosen president; Paul R. Jordan, secretary-treasurer, and Wallace O. Lee, chairman membership committee. The three club members are also on the

board of governors of the Indiana A. A. U. Mr. Barrere, secretary, is on the boxing and championship committee, while Mr. H. L. Bass is on the hand-ball committee of the A. A. C.

Mr. Barrere reports that he has received sanction from the Indiana A. A. U. to hold a state amateur boxing tournament, to be held in Indianapolis on or about March 17th under the auspices of the Indianapolis Athletic Club. He is appointing a committee to take charge of this tournament and plans will be announced in a short time.

Word has been received that the National A. A. U. has awarded the Indianapolis club sanction to hold three of the national championship swimming events for 1921. A committee is now working and formulating plans to handle these events.

The social committee announces that the club will hold its first annual ball, which will be a pre-Lenten affair, on February 8, in the Louis XIV room of the E. W. Steinhart building. This will be strictly a formal event and exclusively for members of the club. Invitations are now in the mail and it is expected that it will rank as the social event of the season.

Over the Hill

Government experts say that the low point in depression throughout America has been reached. Conditions are expected to improve from now on. By April, the industrial tide will be sweeping back from the sea of idleness. The governmental survey of conditions has been painstakingly made and should indicate correct conditions.

Already there is a slight gain in retail activity. The public "buying strike" appears to be over. It is time for every one to be up and doing and to quit harboring the thought that conditions are adverse.

The tendency of some advertisers and heads of manufacturers to rush into print and advise the public to buy because "products will be higher" should be restrained. The public is in no mood to accept this sort of advice—even if it were true, which is decidedly questionable. Economists say that the situation ought to be accepted as it is and leave anticipation alone.

The future will take care of itself. The present is of most concern at this stage, and the business that acts on this theory will realize the most. The thing to do now is to establish stability—that done, the rest is easy sailing.

Leaves the National

S. L. Bennett has retired from the National Automotive Company, where he has been acting as sales manager. He is succeeded by George W. Higgins as general manager. Mr. Higgins was an automobile dealer in Indianapolis, but has not been connected with the industry for the past three or four years.

Editorial

COAL

Domestic coal consumers, who kicked loud and long regarding coal prices, do not seem to realize that they can cut their coal bills and, at the same time, get the same efficiency from the coal they use by merely changing the size of the coal they burn.

Most furnace users burn lump coal—or “prepared” sizes, as the coal men say. It costs more to “prepare” sizes—operators having to run the coal over screens before loading it on cars, instead of dumping it in as it comes from the mine. This coal is called “run of mine”—a mixture of small coal with lumps. Prepared sizes always cost more at retail than mine run coal, but where a high-grade coal is used—long burning, smokeless or semi-smokeless, known to the trade as “Pocahontas,” “West Virginia Splint” and “gas” coal—mine run is much to be preferred for furnace stoking than the prepared sizes.

K. C. Adams, president of the Great Lakes Coal and Coke Corporation and a practical coal man, has called attention of dealers who handle his coal to this fact. He says that mine-run coal gives better burning satisfaction and is cheaper in dollars and cents than prepared sizes. Many concerns using heavy coal tonnages nowadays burn powdered coal, forcing it into furnaces by compressed air. It has been found that powdered coal is cheaper to burn than “screenings” and “nut and slack,” generally used.

The domestic consumer, if he buys a high-grade coal, will find it to his advantage to buy mine-run, which, as a rule, averaged between 60 and 65 per cent lump. Of course, mine-run coal must be clean and the fine coal must be coal and not dirt. It is quite probable that the domestic consumer has, in times past, been sold dirt instead of mine-run coal, which has caused him to switch to lump coal, believing he will get less dirt. However, the agitation for “clean coal” has grown to such proportions that it is only occasionally that dealers sell “fireproof” fuel. It is not likely that coal will ever be as cheap as it was before the war, and it will be up to the consumer to save on his annual fuel bill by stoking his furnace more scientifically and buying his coal the same way—not haphazardly as he was wont to do.

CLEMENS VONNEGUT

Indianapolis lost a valued citizen when Clemens Vonnegut passed out of this life on January 18. He was an unostentatious man, going about his duties without blare of trumpets, but with fidelity and painstaking. He did much for the civic welfare in his quiet way, having a deep regard for his home city and for his friends and neighbors.

He was the oldest of four sons of Clemens Vonnegut, Sr., founder of the business which now bears the family

name, and was a native of Indianapolis, having been born here in 1853. For many years he was manager of the Indianapolis Casket Company, retiring in 1908, when he formed the Vonnegut Hardware Company.

Mr. Vonnegut took pride in the advancement of the best things in Indianapolis, was a student of the violin and a patron of the musical arts. In his earlier years he managed and di-

rected the May Musical Festival in Indianapolis and was a member of many musical societies. At the time of his death he was president of the Athenaeum.

Mr. Vonnegut was taken off in the prime of his activities, his death following complications which resulted from a motor accident which he recently suffered. The loss of this solid and substantial citizen is regrettable.



HOME SPUN YARNS

The hearts of men is the Hall of Fame, where Douglas Malloch, “The Lumbermen’s Poet,” is inscribing his name. He is a literary and journalistic bright light who is in and out of Indianapolis many times a year, and he is always at the convention of the Indiana Retail Lumber Dealers’ Association, which he attended last week, for he is a prince of humorists who is in a nation-wide way in demand as an after-dinner entertainer.

“The Lumbermen’s Poet” is to all intent a Hoosier, in his wholesome homely humor, as well as in the rhythm of his rhymes. He is always on the go, so he hardly has a home. He is known to every lumberman in the United States, has been in most of the retail yards, has explored the pineries and sawmills of the South, the timber regions of the Pacific Northwest, and the pine country up under the northern stars.

He has a page of his own in a Chicago lumber journal, and therein he inscribes his “Between Towns” yarns and his poetry. He has probably slept in as many good and poor hotels as the next American, including William J. Bryan.

Here is one of his “Between Town” stories:

“Speaking of hotels, it is a well-known fact that when prohibition went into effect (if it ever did), hotel-keepers just tacked 50 cents a room

on to their rate to take care of the deficit. There are two interesting things about this: One is that previously the bar was supported by those who patronized it; but, after it had closed, everybody, even Bill Bryan, who, like ourself, travels around a bit, has had to contribute to the extent of 50 cents a day to a memorial fund to its memory. The other interesting thing is that, as the hotels have been crowded until this last few weeks, the 50 cents a day amounted in a 400-room hotel to \$1,400 a week, or \$72,800 a year. It must have been some bar. We never would have thought of this if a hotel man hadn’t called our attention to it.”

Not long ago the first pages of American newspapers were ablaze with stories of three balloonists who were “shipwrecked” near Moose Factory on James Bay, far up in the Hudson Bay country, and much ado was made over them when they came back to civilization. But “The Lumbermen’s Poet” beat the three balloonists to Medicine Factory by several years. He explored that region on foot with a Canadian forester back in 1913. He had to make his own way back to civilization, and when he arrived there were no brass bands or movie camera men to meet him.

Two of Malloch’s friends in Indianapolis are Bill Herschell and Frank Kin Hubbard.

LANNES MCPHETRIDGE

TOPICS

TOPICS is a weekly journal devoted to music, literature and the theater and to discussion and comment of current affairs.

Endeavor will be made, while following the best standards in all departments, to present the Indiana perspective on national and world events as well as to lay before the world the things this community is doing and thinking.

Original and critical contributions are invited.

Subscriptions will be received at four dollars the year in advance; three months trial, one dollar.

The advertising of reputable concerns will be printed at rates to be had at the office of publication.

F. F. HASKELL, Publisher and Editor

STANLEY GARRISON,

Associate Editor

GRACE HUTCHINGS,

Music Editor

PUBLICATION OFFICE, 1114 PEOPLES BANK BLDG., INDIANAPOLIS
MAIN 2382

Editorial

He left his impress on the community life. It was made better by him having lived in it.

TIME TO GET ABOARD

Citizens of Indianapolis have about awakened to the fact that the city is to have one of the finest athletic clubs in the country. The organization work has been going on quietly until now the directors of the club have announced success. Those who want to be included in the “prominent citizen” class should get their names on the dotted line of the membership roster if they expect to get there anyways soon.

According to the list of names on the roster of the club, which has just been published, there are now 1,200 members, with the 2,000 goal just in sight.

The board of directors is proceeding slowly in the organization, inasmuch as it will take no chances in making a mistake that will be too late to rectify. The site committee, for example, which had at least twelve locations under consideration, has eliminated all but two through a comparative process. It is expected to make a final report on the site within the next two weeks. When this is done it will be the signal that the club has completed its preliminary work and is ready to put itself on the map of Indianapolis.

It would seem to a casual observer that the representative men of Indianapolis, who are not members of this club, ought to bestir themselves, as the personnel of the organization promises to become a tremendous influence for the building up of the city and in the creation and disposition of affairs that will touch the well-being of every citizen in the town, regardless of whether he is a member.

President Campbell recently said that invitations to membership would yet be extended to a limited number of citizens, and it is expected that the roster will be closed before long. The club will maintain a waiting list, which means a limited membership.

From reports of what the club proposes doing in the way of a structure and activities when it is housed in the new building, it seems that Indianapolis is about to enter a new social life. All of which means that the “band wagon boys” had better be prepared to get aboard at the first opportunity.

DULL DAYS

A bill has been introduced into the state legislature providing that all motion picture films shown in Indiana must be licensed. A state commission would be created, at fat salaries, to pass on the films. In addition deputy commissioners, advisory commissioners, assistants, and what not would be appointed, all at nice salaries, to help. Ho, hum! Things must be dull at the state house these days.



Looking Brighter

Packard Motor Car Company says that the New York show brought in an unusual large number of live prospects and outside of the show the past week was a good one. There was a distinct renewal of activities in actual demand for both passenger cars and

New Rail Issue

Do You Own Any?

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Vanilla With Black Walnuts	-	-	-
Vanilla With Nougat Layer	-	-	-
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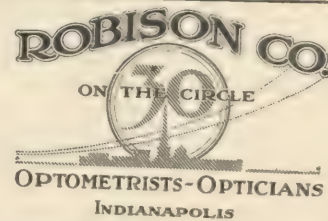
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INDIANAPOLIS

What's on Your Mind

James H. Lowry (secretary Park Board)—If Indianapolis wants beauty

Lew Shank (candidate for mayor) —I'm a candidate and my campaign slogan is "Too much re-form and too little per-form."



Theatre Calendar

Week of January 31

English's—"Old Homestead," January 31 to February 2.

Murat—Florodora—All Week.

Keith's—Vaudeville.

Lyric—Vaudeville.

ENGLISH'S

To visit "The Old Homestead" is to really breathe the atmosphere of the New Hampshire hills. To meet the good folks at Swanzy is to touch life where it is sweet and wholesome. The story begins in a scene showing the old homestead of the Whitcombs. Here the audience make the acquaintance of Uncle Josh, Aunt Matilda, the Ganzey boy, Rickety Ann, dear old Cy Prime and Seth Perkins, whose rather belated courtship of Aunt Matilda furnishes much quaint comedy. There are, too, the farm hands, who, coming in from their work in the fields, gather about the old well and sing the songs that are dear to the hearts of all. And Happy Jack, the rover, whom Uncle Josh brings to a realization of a debt to mother love and sends back to his home to try again, as he puts it, to rout old John Barleycorn.

From the farm the audience is carried to New York City, where two scenes are shown, the first the home of the Old New Hampshire friend, Henry Hopkins, where Uncle Josh finds refuge while the search for Reuben is carried on, and then comes the famous Grace Church scene, a scene familiar to nearly everyone and



RICKETTY ANN AUNT MATILDA
Two well-known characters in the famous old play, "The Old Homestead," at English's next week.

perfectly reproduced in the play. Wandering along through the crowded streets comes Uncle Josh, still seeking his boy, despairing and yet hoping that he will, somewhere in the great city, find him. He lingers for a moment to rest, while through the church windows comes the notes of the great organ and he listens while the choir is heard singing. From New York the scene turns back again to the farm, and an interior of the farm house is shown. Reuben, a new Reuben, is coming home and the old home fairly radiates the welcome awaiting him.

Augustus Pitou, Inc., are bringing this wonderful old play to English's January 31, February 1, 2, with William Lawrence in the character of dear old Uncle Josh, a part he has played over three thousand times.

MURAT

Next Monday night will mark the opening of one of the most important weeks in the Shubert-Murat Theatre's present season. On that night the Messrs. Shubert's superb \$100,000 revival of "Florodora" will begin its local engagement.

This magnificent production of the ever-popular "Florodora" has included Indianapolis as one of the very few of the principal cities it will visit before withdrawal. Owing to the expiration of contracts with the principal members of its cast, "Florodora" will play a season of only twenty weeks. Indianapolis is, therefore, extremely fortunate in securing this attraction.

The producers of "Florodora" give their personal assurance that the production will be the same gorgeous and magnificent one that ran at the Century Theatre in New York City for nineteen weeks, and the cast will be far above the usual run sent on tour with road companies. Heading the list will be charming Eleanor Painter, foremost of all American and European prima donnas, while in her important support will be such nationally celebrated artists as William Danforth, Robert G. Pitkin, Dama Sykes, Walter Woolf, Harry Fender, Isabel Rodriguez, Maxine Brown and Nace Bonville.

But this cast—important as it is—is not the main feature of this attraction. The famous "Pretty Maiden" sextette—said to be the most beautiful collection of young women of the stage ever assembled in one company—vies in importance with even the stellar cast.

While "Florodora" has necessarily been modernized to a certain extent since its American premier of twenty years ago, it still retains its charming story and gems of melody. Such numbers as "In the Shade of the



NAT NAZARRO

This novel comedian, who is accounted a "sensation," will be seen at Keith's the week of January 30, in some new acts.

Sheltering Palm," "I Want to be a Military Man," "Tact" and "Tell Me, Pretty Maiden," are still a part of its delightful score. Besides these gems, two other numbers from successful operas by the same composer have been interpolated. They are "Hello, People," from "Havanna," and "Come to St. Georges," from "The Belle of Mayfair."

KEITH'S

One of vaudeville's biggest features, Nat Nazarro and his company of entertainers, will have headline honors on the bill that will be offered at Keith's next week, starting Monday matinee. Nazarro, who is a gymnast par excellence, this year has departed materially from his customary routine. Variety plays an important part in his present offering. It includes instrumental music, song, dance and an abundance of comedy. Most of this is provided by Buck and Bubbles, a pair of phenomenal pickaninnies. George N. Brown, the world's champion walker, will appear in an act called "Pedestrianism," which is said to be an ingenious combination of comedy and novelty. In the act Mr. Brown uses a sort of treadmill, by which he can do hiking on the stage and do his record-breaking mile in full view of the audience, and at the same time introduce some original comedy bits. Wood and Wyde, a former pair of musical comedy stars, will offer a new act called "All Right, Eddy." There is a prologue and four scenes. The first shows the stock in England in the fourteenth century; the second is an Igloo in the Arctic region, the third the "Knights of the Blind Pig, Topeka, Kansas," and the fourth a bit of the Palace Versailles, France, during the Napoleonic period. Aside from Wood and Wyde the cast includes Francois L'Eslee, soloist, and William C. Wilson, well-known pantomimist and dancer. Mary Haynes, assisted by Bobbie Roth, a pianist, will offer a group of songs. The act of the Lovenburg sisters and Neary is a new dance revue, including merriment and

song. Almost every style of dancing, except classical, is included in their repertory. Ben Smith, the former partner of Hugh Jennings, the famous ball player, when that star of the diamond took a fling in vaudeville, will offer songs and stories. Joseph M. Norcross, the oldest living minstrel basso, assisted by his wife, Nellie, will be seen in "A Song Glimpse of Yesterday." A novel gymnastic act will be presented by the Aerial Weavers. The customary motion pictures will open the show.

LYRIC

With the scene laid on an old plantation south of the Mason-Dixon line, "A Holiday in Dixieland," one of the biggest acts staged in vaudeville by colored performers, comes to the Lyric to provide a merry feature of next week's bill. The act is, in fact, a musical comedy in itself, for in addition to the principals there is a hard-working chorus of singers and dancers who enhance the various numbers, while the action is replete with a wealth of darkey fun. Harry Mason and company will present a playlet in three scenes entitled "Getting the Money," which smacks of the prize-ring and includes a novelty in the shape of a whirlwind boxing bout. Mason is a Hebrew character comedian who gets an abundance of humor out of his lines and who is well cast in the role of an ambitious peddler who is anxious to get into the fighting game, being lured by the tales of wealth to be gained. Among other acts there will be the Hilton Sisters, a dainty pair of singers of popular songs; Willie Lang, super-xylophonist, whose skill in playing this melodious instrument is little short of marvelous; Roy Gordon and Laura Vail in "Wedded Bliss," a skit which has to do with an incident in the matrimonial career of two newlyweds; Robinson's Baboons, an animal divertissement billed as "Circus Day in Monkeyland," in which a highly-trained group of simian stars appear, and the McCune-Grant trio of pantomimic horizontal bar comedians. A Fox film farce, "The Baby," the Paramount magazine and the Pathe review will be the screen contributions.



HARRY MASON

A character comedian of ability who will be seen at the Lyric all next week.



WHO'S HOOSIER AND WHERE

Now is the time for all good citizens to oil up their earthquake recorders. The well-known hat of Lew Shank, erstwhile mayor, and holder of the potato-weight championship, has been vigorously recast into the mayoralty ring. Lew is in favor of reform in all of its ramifications. In advancing his platform, he declares himself in favor of votes being counted as cast.

Sol Schloss returned from the mid-winter conference of the National Association of Retail Clothiers with the sad news that the downward trend of clothing prices has reached the sub-basement and will soon begin the ascent.

John B. Reynolds, secretary of the Indianapolis Chamber of Commerce, is out gunning for the permanent establishment of national headquarters of the B. P. O. E. at Indianapolis. Mr. Reynolds, who is a member of the Elks, has been appointed head of the committee to present the subject to the grand lodge.

Jubilant Hoosiers will soon have an opportunity of extending the glad hand to a distinguished wanderer in the political wilderness. One, Thomas R. Marshall, will soon forsake the vice-presidency and resume the more eventful role of Hoosier citizenship.

Stuart Walker, one of the most popular theatrical managers in the country, in the opinion of Indianapolis devotees of the drama, addressed the Rotary Club at their regular Tuesday luncheon at the Claypool Hotel. Mr. Walker, as the guest of Nelson Trowbridge, manager of the Murat Theatre, outlined some of his plans for next summer's season.

The reappointment of Adjutant-General Harry B. Smith for a four-year term by Governor McCray, while not coming as a surprise, still has occasioned a feeling of general satisfaction. General Smith has established a record for efficiency in handling the military affairs of the state that would be hard to equal.

Looks like our old friend "Flu" is trying to sneak back in disguise. Dr. Herman G. Morgan, secretary of the Board of Health, has issued a warning to citizens to be on their guard against "mixed respiratory infections." John L. Citizen will probably reply that he is too busy cataloguing new names to do any large amount of guarding.

Representative Charles E. Dean, of Jefferson and Scott counties, was personally responsible for a large rift of silver lining in the legislative gloom

the other day. He had a flock of home-grown, Hoosier-picked apples distributed from one end of the House of Representatives to the other.

The Lawyers' Club of Indianapolis was organized at a meeting of attorneys at the University Club recently. Thomas A. Daily was elected president and stated that the organization was going to make an effort to have a little more ink used on the pay checks of judges of the state courts.

Just as we were contemplating making our first attempt to smile since our bills came in on January 1st, Leo K. Fesler, county auditor, comes along and announces the possibility of greatly increased taxation due to the tax levy limits on cities and towns.

Vice-Admiral A. P. Niblack, who calls Indianapolis his home, was recently appointed commander of the American naval forces in European waters. His headquarters will be in London.

Chester Jewett carried a message of Indianapolis optimism to Columbus, Indiana, where he gave an address to the Chamber of Commerce on the business outlook.

Emsley W. Johnson, of Indianapolis, spent a few days in Washington before going to New York, to lend his efforts toward smoothing a path for several hard-working Hoosiers who are aspiring to Federal appointments under the new administration.

With the enrollment of over 1,400 new pupils in the city high schools for the second semester, the Indianapolis "Halls of L'arnin'" have closely approached the much-discussed "saturation point." Milo H. Stuart, principal of the Technical High School, said that during the first semester the buildings were so crowded that the school was forced to operate in two shifts. Unless the new buildings are completed in time for the opening of the fall semester we may have to turn to the correspondence school idea to satisfy our seekers after knowledge.

We will now have an opportunity of studying extemporaneous revolving in all of its branches. B. R. Inman, manager of the Indiana Chamber of Commerce, announced that a number of Indiana universities and colleges will exchange scholarships with similar institutions in Mexico. DePauw, Purdue, and Hanover have already offered to make an exchange of students. Indiana University and State Normal have the project under consideration.

ENGLISH'S

THREE DAYS STARTING
MATINEE WEDNESDAY Monday Jan. 31

AUGUSTUS PITOU, INC., presents

DENMAN THOMPSON'S

THE OLD HOMESTEAD

WITH WILLIAM LAWRENCE AS

"UNCLE JOSH"

Prices: Night 50c to \$1.50, Mat. 50c to \$1.00

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SADDLE HORSE

You Will Have Found the Ideal Avenue to

Health, Exercise and Enjoyment

THE BLUE RIBBON STABLES

Have Rented the COLISEUM at the FAIR GROUNDS
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Columbia

Broadway Rose—Peerless Quartette.
Darling—Fox trot.

Edison

Gra-na-da—Fox trot.
That Naughty Waltz—Violin.

Gennett

Broadway Rose—Fox trot.
Margie—Fox trot.

Pathe

Margie—Fox trot.
Palesteena—Fox trot.

Victor

Margie—Fox trot.
Feather Your Nest—Fox trot.

Just as the snug little roadster with a left-hand drive supplanted the parlor sofa as an aid to courtship, so the airplane threatens to relegate the

LITTLE THEATRE CO.

WILL PRESENT

Friday Evening, February 4th

8:30 P. M. at the

MASONIC TEMPLE

The Mollusc

A Three-Act Comedy

Reserved Seats at 116 N. Penn.

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auto into out-of-datedness. Miss Ruth M. Martin, of Fort Wayne, accepted an offer made by Major Paul Milner, Chicago aviator, of a ride in a new "swallow" airplane at Dayton, Ohio. At an altitude of 2,500 feet Major Milner "popped the question." After considering the absence of any definite proximity with terra firma, Miss Martin accepted. It was then a simple matter to flit over to Illinois, where the marriage ceremony was performed.



Shop Tours



Alys, Mary and Narcissa sat in Mary's sunny-glassed porch sewing, their tongues going as fast as their needles. But they found no time to sharpen their tongues for gossip, because all their energies were concentrated on spring clothes, either those in hand or in the offing.

Alys was the sightseer and chatterbox.

"The loveliest dove gray georgette," she was saying, "with a new kind of embroidery on it, not a bit like the regular machine-made stuff. It looks just like hand work, though it can't be, at eight dollars a yard. But I thought it would be so perfect with my new dress; I got enough to make a hat."

She opened up her purple, satin sewing bag, and diving down into the basket, which made the bottom of it, came up with the piece of material, a truly elegant creation, evidently inspired by a Parisian artist. She was working on the crown, which was made in four segments, fastened together with a cord of self material. The brim was of layers of plain gray georgette, with the top layer of the embroidered crepe. A tiny edge of the embroidery hung down all around the edge, giving the effect of the new lace veils which are seen on so many spring hats.

"I like that veil effect," said Narcissa, "but I don't need a dress hat, and I can not find a single shop where I can buy a separate lace veil."

"You can get them at Wasson's," said Mary. "Let me show you mine." She brought out her winter hat, a small, off-the-face brown duvetyne, over which she had draped a coarse meshed henna veil. The entire hat was covered with the body of the veil, and an inch or two of scalloped edge hung down all around. In the back, all the ends were gathered together, hanging down almost to the waist line.

"What a nice effect!" exclaimed Narcissa. "Are the veils like that very expensive?"

"This one was only a dollar sixty-nine, and they had others up to ten dollars. They have such a variety of colors, too: brown and blue in a couple of shades, henna and other rust shades, gray and taupe, and black, of course."

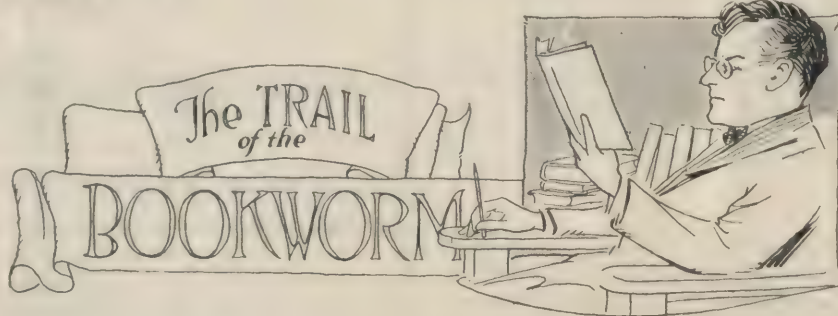
"Well," said Narcissa, "that solves the spring hat problem for me. I saw the most charming shape the other day, and would have bought it if I had been inspired as to trimming. But one of these veils will be all the trimming it needs. It is a small hat, with a three-inch brim rolling up all around. To avoid monotony it has been cut in several places, so that the flaring pieces look like the curling petals of a flower."

"One of the prettiest spring hats I have seen is made of a straw-like stuff in a bright brown," said Alys. "The crown melts right into the brim,



which rolls under to meet the head-band, after the fashion of a tam o' shanter."

"The difficulty with that style of hat," said Mary, "is that it requires a certain type of face, and my style of beauty does not harmonize with tams. A tam looks well only on the girl who can wear linen collars, Buster Brown style, and tweed Norfolks, and square-toed Oxfords, and—



The Vacation of the Kelwys

A book by William Dean Howells, written a number of years before his death but withheld from print, has just been published. "The Vacation of the Kelwys" is the title of the story, which is laid in the quiet Shaker community region. Professor Kelwyn and his wife engage one of the deserted family houses of the decaying Shaker colony as a summer home, living on one floor of the huge old house, while the Kite family takes up residence belowstairs to attend to the cooking, housekeeping and working of the farm lands. The plan at first blush seems perfect, but the small frictions between Kelwys and Kites, in spite of the diplomatic machinations of the gentle Shakers, keep up a placid conflict, which forms the slender plot of the story. There is also the romance of Parthenope Brook, a cousin of the Kelwys who descends upon them in the midst of their trials, and Mr. Emerance, an advanced thinker and dreamer who is blessed with practical powers, as well as ideas. The atmosphere of the story, even when the Kites are proving themselves quite impossible, is quiet, gentle and mellow. The academic isolation of Professor Kelwyn, the housewifely self-sufficiency of Mrs. Kelwyn, the 1870 idealism of Parthenope, keep the Kelwys separate from the world of turmoil and confusion, and though

"The essential is a turned-up nose," interrupted Alys. "If a girl has fuzzy hair and a turned-up nose she can get away with arctics on her feet and a skull cap on her head."

"Speaking of skull caps," said Narcissa, "I saw a black satin hat the other day at that little shop on Ohio street, and if the crown had been made of a skull cap it couldn't have fitted closer. But if the crown was tiny, the brim was huge. It was cut up, too, like the straw hat I told you about, and the pieces were wired so that they could be bent to conform to any shape of face."

"The thing that is most noticeable about the spring hats," said Mary, "is that almost without exception they are in bright colors. Walking into the hat section in any department store is like strolling in a conservatory, as far as rainbow hues are concerned. That peach-like shade of orange is the most popular of all. There's so much of that that I'm not sure I'd want it for myself. Geranium pinks, brighter-than-usual hennas, and gold yellows. For any one who fancies

herself in bright colors, this is surely the happy season."

* * *

Sashes of voluminous design, that have been so popular on evening frocks, are now invading the field of street dresses and afternoon gowns. Crepe de chine or a heavy quality of georgette are the materials used for sashes on costumes of heavy corded silk or tricotine Eton suits. They are worn low over the hips in Spanish fashion.

Dresses for children are being shown in styles suitable for southern wear. A simple little frock of white cotton, trimmed in appliqued flowers of corn flower blue is an ideal costume for a six-year-old when promenading on the beach. For good hard playing and digging in the sand, the frock is the same, except that the colors are reversed, white trimming on a blue ground.

The Wayfarer

(Continued from Page 6)

"Yes, we fed well at those dinners, but our threshin' meals were not as elaborate as those of old Captain Stillwater, who gave a banquet every day the rig was at his house—at least that's what the men used to say. A small army of women—the best cooks in the township—were on the job, and what they didn't fix up for that bunch of hungry men couldn't be imagined. That was what made it hard, you see; every family'd try to outdo the other on the variety and quality of grub that was set out.

"But it is all changed now. The threshin' rig is a business proposition. It takes the job of threshin' your wheat at so much per bushel and you don't even have to stay at home and see it done. The men either bring their own dinners or else the threshing company has a cook house. The women don't have to work their heads off in cookin' and washin' a warehouse full o' dishes, as they used to do. . . . But I dunno, I kinder believe they used to like it at that. It was some place to go and gossip and have a good time. Them days we didn't have the auto and the movie—and so had to have some place to go. Then, I don't believe the women were as much agin work then as they are now. But I don't blame them for taking it as easy as they can, for the Lord knows you can always find plenty to do on the farm—at least, we could at our house. Still, I for one miss the old threshin' days, because it was holidayin', with work mixed up with it. The last time I danced"—and the old man chuckled—"it was at a threshin' bee—the last crop of the season. There was plenty to eat and drink—and a good time. I guess I was a good dancer, for everbody said I made the most noise—and that was a sure sign of a good one!"

"Yes," said the other, "the cider was hard enough to black your eye in those days and it'd make a wooden Indian dance, but why recall old headaches?" . . . I left them chuckling and reminiscing.

the affair with the Kites is painful to them, they can scarcely touch reality even there. Mr. Emerance, with his dreams of perfect cooking schools and natural actors, is just as far as they are from actualities, only in a different direction.

Parthenope, with her complex background and conflicting tides of reasoning, is the most entertaining character in the story. The two small Kelwyn sons are unexpectedly the least interesting, being too conscientiously repressed by their parents and by Howell's, after the fashion of parents and authors of the 70's. After the excitement of war's alarms, that have been so much in vogue in more recent novels, it is refreshing to accept for a time the quiet, rustic tone of the Kelwys' vacation. (Harper and Brothers, New York.)

The Summons

"The Summons" is the first novel which A. E. W. Mason has written for six years, and one might easily imagine that Mr. Mason had decided to put into this book all the plot which he might have used had he put in those years in novel writing instead of soldiering. He has selected four principal characters, of the type which might easily be mated off like the principals in a popular musical comedy, but he refrains from the obvious course of matchmaking, and

(Continued on Page 15)

The Trail of the Bookworm

(Continued from Page 14)

offers, instead, an ending to which he gives the caption "A ruby kindles in the vine."

The quartette consists of a successful playwright, an unhappy but beautiful widow, a soldier with a past full of traditions, and a faddish young girl, also beautiful. Romance and mystery are generously supplied in a plot which includes a waning love affair, a glimpse of big game hunting and army life in the Soudan, some thrilling adventures in the English secret service in Spain and its surrounding waters during the war, and, as a grand culmination, a murder-suicide mystery. The book has rather more than its share of standard clap-trap, which is, perhaps, the reason why it is impossible to decide, after reading the book, just what "the summons" was, and to whom it was directed. (George H. Doran Company, New York.)

Mr. Booth Tarkington is quoted as having pronounced Maurice Level's "Tales of Mystery and Horror" one of the best volumes of mystery stories that he has read in many a year.

Sir George Younghusband, an English gentleman who has a right to no less than ten initials after his name, and who also wears the military title of major-general, has just signed his name to a history of the Royal Regalia of England called "The Jewel House." Sir George's intimate association with the Tower of London and his position as keeper of the Jewel House, have qualified him to give a very sympathetic and colorful account of the famous British jewels. He tells the story of the Kohinoor, the Stars of Africa, the Black Prince's Ruby, the Stuart Sapphire, and many other world-famous jewels.

The recent wave of popular interest in the literature of the South Sea Islands shows no signs of subsiding. As to who started the craze for vicarious adventure in the South Seas, the first chance guess might be Jack London. At any rate, he has done a great deal to give copra a permanent place in literature. The Doran Company, however, has just settled the controversy to its own satisfaction with the announcement that it will publish early in the year "a biography of Herman Melville, the literary discoverer of the South Seas." The author is Professor Raymond Weaver, of the Department of English, Columbia University. Professor Melville is also editing a new edition of Melville's novels, which will soon be published. Melville's claim to priority in the South Sea Isles is based on his authorship of "Typee," which was published in 1846.

Journeying about the world with an eye ever to the chance of taking photographs to illustrate Kipling's "The Feet of the Young Men," Lewis R. Freeman has, at the end of sixteen years, completed his collection. His photographs illustrate every idea sug-

gested by the poem, and he has traveled from the tropics to the Arctic Circle to get them, following the feet of the young men. Mr. Freeman's time was, of course, devoted also to other activities, but he was always on the lookout for the pictures to illustrate Kipling's poem. More than six hundred pictures were taken, from which the illustrations for the book were selected. In cases where chapter illustrations were found in photographs taken by other men, Mr. Freeman yielded place to the best, but more than half the pictures are his own.

Federation of Clubs Calendar

The Aftermath Club will meet on February 3 at the home of Mrs. F. T. Day, 4159 Ruckle street. Papers will be read by Mrs. E. W. Warner on "Coffee, Cocoa and Fruit Industries," and by Mrs. W. P. Hall on "Peru—Peruvian Pottery."

* * *

Mrs. Frank A. Morrison and Mrs. W. H. Cook will discuss "Legends and Traditions of Our Island Possessions" at a meeting of the Fortnightly Literary Club at the Propylaeum on February 1.

* * *

At a meeting of the Indianapolis Woman's Club at the Propylaeum on February 4, Mrs. Frederic Krull will read "The House in Chadwick Street," and Mrs. Charles Brackett will discuss "Gentle Measures."

* * *

The programs for the Woman's Department Club for the week of January 31 are as follows:

Department of Art—The Early Italian Renaissance Class in History of Art will meet February 2. The subjects of study will be: Guido di Sienna. Duccio and Other Early Sienese. Their Promise. The Lack of Fulfillment.

Department of Literature—The American Literature Class will have a meeting February 2. Mrs. Demarchus Brown will read a paper on "Some Modern Italians." Reverend Lewis Brown will conduct the Bible Class on February 2, "The Prophet of Immortal Love" being the subject of the lesson.

Physical Research Section will meet February 2. Mrs. Benjamin F. Smith will read a paper entitled "Man and His Bodies."

* * *

The Wednesday Afternoon Club will meet with Mrs. W. R. Burcham, 4822 East Washington street, on February 2. Members will respond to roll call with an item of Current Events. A federation report will be read by Mrs. C. H. Trotter, a Bible Lesson by Mrs. E. H. Thompson, and a paper, "Woman's New Opportunity and Responsibility," by Mrs. A. T. Fleming. A short musical program will also be given.

A Spectacular Play

Advance notices on "Passion" simply reek with superlatives, and praise of other wonder-pictures pale into insignificance before the eulogy which



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the press agent hands out for this photoplay, which will be seen at the Circle Theatre the week of February 13. Pola Negri, the well-known Continental star, heads a cast of 5,000 persons. The story is laid in the time of Louis XV and has to do with the meteoric rise and fall of a little French milliner. She reaches the height of her glory as the ruler of a king, and her fortunes reach their lowest ebb in the hatred of millions of people who regard her as a "vicious creature in skirts." It is the ever-fascinating story of the Countess du Barry. The production is said to rank with the most impressive of the spectacular photoplays that have ever been filmed.

Living in the Halcyon Days

(Continued from Page 5)

One could go on indefinitely recalling painful statistics of this kind, but why proceed with the harrowing recollections? The case is proved; 1890 stands as a period of blissful freedom from worry about prices. But such is the strange and inconsistent optimism of man, that nobody is honestly wishing he could turn the Indianapolis calendar back to the 90's, no matter what he may be saying.



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.. Motion Pictures ..

Week of January 30

Alhambra—Bebe Daniels in "She Couldn't Help It;" Maurice Tourneur's "The Bait."

Circle—George Beban in "One Man in a Million."

Colonial—James Kirkwood in "The Forbidden Thing."

Crystal—Bessie Barriscale in "Life's Twist."

Isis—Roscoe (Fatty) Arbuckle in "Brewster's Millions."

Mr. Smith's—Shirley Mason in "Flame of Youth."

Ohio—"The Branding Iron."

Regent—"Blue Streak McCoy."

Alhambra

"She Couldn't Help It," a comedy-drama which will bring to mind memories of the story's great previous success as a novel and stage play under the author's title, "In the Bishop's Carriage," will be the attraction at the Alhambra for the first half of next week, with Bebe Daniels as the star. Piquant with refreshing humor, well sprinkled with thrills and interest-gripping situations, it presents Miss Daniels as Nance Olden, an orphan girl, reared by a band of crooks and taught to be a clever pick-pocket. She is not immoral but unmoral and finally escapes from her crooked friends by hopping into the carriage of a bishop. That worthy takes her to the home of a prominent woman of his diocese, and through these new acquaintances the girl finds a new mode of life, with romance and regeneration as her portion. The story is well put together, and carries the beholder through a series of entertaining complications, in which humor, pathos and drama are skillfully blended. Emory Johnson, Wade Boteler, Vera Lewis, Herbert Standing, Ruth Renick and other players of note are in the supporting cast. A Briggs comedy and the Fox news weekly will also be shown.

Circle

George Beban, well known for his delightful characterization of Italian roles, comes to the Circle next week in "One Man in a Million," in which he has the role of Lupino Delchini, a waiter in a little German restaurant, who is discharged for giving food to a beggar. Koppel, the restaurant owner, adopts a boy from the immigration authorities, but the little Belgian waif escapes him and is adopted by Delchini. Mme. Maureveau arrives from Belgium to seek her son, and many complications arise during the search, in which Delchini and Hartley, a detective who becomes interested in Mme. Maureveau, figure prominently. In conjunction with his personally produced picture, Mr. Beban will present a unique and artistic epilogue, appearing in person every afternoon and evening. He will also present one act from his famous stage play, "The Sign of the Rose." A Torchy Comedy and the Circlette of News completes the program.

Ohio

"The Branding Iron," which comes to the Ohio Theatre for the week commencing January 30th, is the story of

a beautiful young girl, Joan, who is imprisoned in a cabin in the mountains of Wyoming by a liquor-crazed father. Her opportunity to see the outer world came one night when her drunken father unthinkingly leaves the only door to the cabin unlocked. At a ranch house in the valley she meets and marries Pierre, who takes her to his lonely cabin. Holliwell, a young preacher interested in Joan because of her utter lack of education, gives her some good books to read, which enrages her husband. Finding that Holliwell continues to call, he ties Joan to the bedpost and heats a branding iron, exclaiming that he would brand her as he does his cattle that everybody may know she is his property. Many situations follow in the wake of the branding iron.

Mister Smith's

Shirley Mason in "Flame of Youth" comes to Mr. Smith's for the week of January 30. She has the part of Beebe, a little Belgian peasant girl, who falls in love with an American artist seeking inspiration in the little village, and who paints her portrait, but in the end finds happiness with the peasant boy who has loved her all his life. Miss Mason is supported by Philo McCullough as the artist, Raymond McKee as the peasant boy, and Betty Schade as Magda, the artist's former sweetheart. A special comedy, the second series of war films, and new music round out an entertaining bill.

Colonial

"The Forbidden Thing," playing next week at the Colonial, is a most humanly interesting photoplay, in which James Kirkwood heads a notable cast, which includes Helen Jerome Eddy, King Baggot, Gertrude Claire, Newton Hall and others. The interpretative work, guided by Allan Dwan, is always sincere and convincing. The scenes of the story are laid in the Cape Cod fishing district, the central theme revolving around the eternal contest of the physical woman against the spiritual woman for the possession of a man's soul. All the human joys and sorrows of a happy or unhappy people run with astounding interest from the first reel to the last.

Regent

"Blue Streak McCoy," which comes to the Regent next week, is from the pen of H. H. VanLoan, author of "The Virgin of Stamboul," and depicts the thrilling life of a lad who at ten wore

curls, but at thirty had won for himself the respect of all who knew him, and the name of Blue Streak McCoy from those who crossed his path. The feature was produced under the direction of Reeves Easton, and the supporting cast includes Ruth Royce, Ruth Golden, Ray Ripley, Charles LeMoynes and Lile Leslie.

He Liked the Book

In these days when the average citizen has his private ouija-board and uses his tables for spiritualistic gymnastics, books in regard to mediums or persons sensitive to messages from the other world are having a wide circulation. A book of this type which has been widely discussed is the "Revelations of Louise." The following letter from Booth Tarkington was received by the author, A. S. Crockett:

Dear Mr. Crockett: The "Revelations of Louise" is interesting as a story—the story of a most strange episode in family life—so interesting in that way, in fact, that if it had been a piece of deliberate fiction I think that I should have read it through "at one sitting," as I did indeed read the book, in spite of the protests of overtaxed eyes. But the narrative is true; and, beyond question, and without the need of the testimonial notes at the conclusion it bears throughout "the unmistakable stamp of verisimilitude." Any reader will recognize that the author is telling the truth, absolutely.

Of course, readers will all retain their rights of interpretation. The convinced "spiritualists" will accept the author's interpretation; and his inability, in the face of so many astounding phenomena, to deduce anything except that he was communicating with the dead is certainly "very natural," as we say. The convinced skeptic (for there are skeptics who are as convinced in their skepticism as the most credulous are in their credulity) will interpret the author's interpretation as mere honest gullibility, and the phenomena as the work of a prodigiously brilliant and mischievous child. I am not sure that if this view were correct the book might not be all the more interesting. Violet would take rank at least with Chatterton and the nine-year-old chess marvel.

But between the "Spiritualist" and the skeptic there is the middle-ground proper, neither skeptic nor believer—the agnostic. He will accept the testimony upon the phenomena, not challenging these as fraudulent, though keeping in mind the possibility, however remote, that they might have been fraudulent "test conditions" (not having been created), and he will admit the possibility that the author's interpretation is correct; but he will hold that this interpretation is not inevitable and absolutely exclusive of all other interpretations.

No matter. The "Revelations of Louise" is a book for any one who is interested in life. Interest in death is not necessary to its readers.

It is all alive and vivid—I feel as



Week Beginning
January 30, 1921

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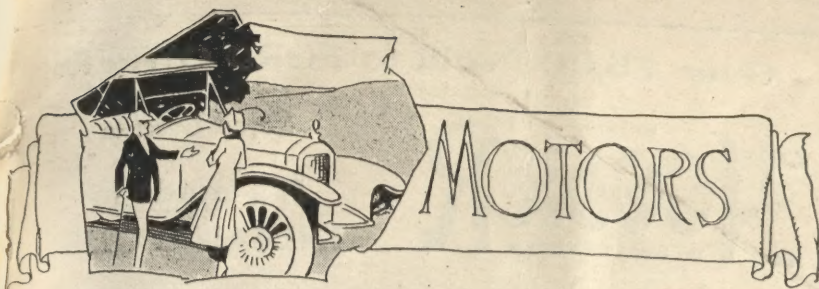
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if I could walk into the author's camp his house, or his apartment and know the place and the people.

There is "drama" all through—the running out into the dark after the child-medium, the two flivver episodes, all the episodes—and one must read on. My eyes were aching; it was 2 a. m. (I go to bed at 11:30 nowadays), and my indignant wife was calling me when I closed.

BOOTH TARKINGTON.



By Thomas A. Hendricks

If you see a big crowd moving down the street and follow it the chances are that you will not land at a fire, a hold-up, a dog fight or even a liquor raid, but will find yourself in the basement of the State House lined up with a worried host of Hoosiers who are busy wrestling with long automobile registration blanks, trying to remember what on earth is the bore of a motor and where they left the slips on which they had written the engine numbers of the cars they are all struggling so hard to support in the style in which these gasoline consuming aristocrats have been accustomed to live. For during these last days of January all Indiana roads lead to the automobile license department in the State House.

And mighty few of us have any conception of the gigantic task that this department faces in issuing considerably more than 300,000 pleasure vehicle licenses, to say nothing of the 30,000 or more trucks, the myriad or two of motorcycles and the flock of chauffeurs that must be taken care of—and the great bulk of this business comes in January of each year. But there is one man who realizes what a job it is, for he is the man responsible for all of it, H. B. McClelland, manager of the automobile license division of the secretary of state's office.

Mr. McClelland has been in charge of the department since 1918 and understands it from one end to the other. He is responsible for the issuance of the licenses, the listing of the applications, and he must see that it is all done with the greatest possible speed.

There are two methods of obtaining licenses. One is for the applicant to call in person or send his agent to the State House, and about 1,000 persons a day do this during the month of January. The other method, and of course the one most used, is for the car owner to apply by mail; and then this is what happens.

The letters are entrusted to a tireless, energetic, hustling young electrical device that opens more epistles in an hour than the most sub-debs can write in a year. Then the clerks take out the applications, pin the certified checks and money orders to the letters and make them up in bundles of 500. Next, the bundles of 500 are turned over to the rate clerks, who check up the applications and separate the correctly filled out license blanks from the incorrect license black sheep; and, according to Mr. McClelland, the Hoosier mind is possessed of an uncanny ingenuity for making mistakes. Despite the utmost simplicity of the blank, and the carefully worded instructions on the back, they

come back all messed up, until even a ouija board couldn't figure them out.

These incorrect ones are turned over to a trouble clerk, who combines the cleverness of a clairvoyant and the patience of Monsieur Job. This genius figures out, if possible, what the man who filled out the blank thought he was trying to say, finds out what is wrong, and if necessary returns the application to the maker for correction. One of the most common faults is failure of the applicant to be sworn before a notary public, and failure of the notary public to put on his seal.

Then everything is sent to the cashier, who separates the checks from the letters, a most important proceeding, and checks up the bundle to see if the original 500 are all present or accounted for, and then shoots the applications over to the shipping room, where the license plates are kept for shipment.

But this is not all that happens, for there still remains the matter of filing the three sections of the application. These are filed first, numerically; second, by counties; third, owners' names in alphabetical order. This gives the state a triple check on every car and every owner and is a source of valuable information.

Mr. McClelland says that it was only five brief years ago that the automobile department was a mere side show to the office of the Secretary of State and was housed in a spare vault with only a handful of clerks to handle the business. Every year since then the side show has grown and expanded, until it is now far larger than the main tent, and occupies a whole corner of the State House basement. Regularly, eighteen persons are employed in the department, but during the big annual rush season it takes thirty-five to handle the flood of applications. The department has issued as high as 9,000 licenses by mail and 1,000 by personal delivery in one day—which certainly is going some.

A finding of solvency in the bankruptcy proceedings instituted against the ReVeré Motor Car Corporation of Logansport, three weeks ago, has been made in Federal court by Harry C. Sheridan, of Frankfort, special master. The decision has been expected ever since the hearing last week, when Mr. Sheridan indicated he was convinced of the solvency of the concern. The finding points out that expert accountants had testified that the assets of the company on November 30, 1920, were \$1,157,328.59 and liabilities only \$354,659.90, and that no attempt to question or contradict the figures had been made. The proceedings were brought by three Chicago concerns.

On and Off Broadway

By Eugene Jepson Cadou

Verily, the old order changeth. Hell's Kitchen, which takes in a section in and about West Thirty-seventh street, has been declared safe and sane by the New York police department. The official whitewashing of the once notorious district came last week when the Twenty-second Precinct police station at 434 West Thirty-seventh street was closed by order of Commissioner Enright.

In the days gone by, life and property were in a precarious state in Hell's Kitchen. It was the center of activity for the dreaded Stove-pipe Gang, which O. Henry described in "Vanity and Some Sables." The old Thirty-seventh street police station had the reputation of having housed more murderers, men accused of felonious assaults and other crimes of violence than any other station in the city. At one time a policeman attached to this precinct took his life in his hands every time he went out on a tour of patrol. In those days the patrolmen worked in pairs for self-protection, and it was not uncommon to see them walking in the middle of the street to dodge more effectively the bricks thrown from the housetops.

Law and order have triumphed. No future O. Henry will write: "As the nightingale's liquid note is heard in the deepest shadows so along the 'Stove-pipe' dark and narrow confines the whistle for reserves punctures the dull ear of night. Whenever there was smoke in the 'Stove-pipe' the taseled men in blue knew there was fire in Hell's Kitchen."

The gang terror existed until shortly before the war, and disappeared entirely with the coming of the army draft. Since the war the turbulent old neighborhood has been as peaceful as a Brooklyn residential district, and the police patrolling its depopulated streets have had little or nothing to do. Many of the "bad men" of the section joined the army, voluntarily or otherwise, and not a few of them distinguished themselves in France.

The golden days of the seagoing gambler, which waxed pale and autumnal when the war broke out in 1914, are with us again. Detectives of the large steamship companies say that the clever manipulators of marked decks and loaded dice are already booking passage on the transatlantic liners in hopes of gleaning rich pickings with the usual rush for Europe in the springtime. The dust-covered signs warning travelers to beware of professional gamblers are now on display in the old places.

The Cunarder Imperator came in from Southampton last week with the first grist of "gentlemen gamblers." Nobody could prove anything crooked in the smoking room, but there were three men and a woman under suspicion a half hour after they had started a poker game with a \$50 limit. Eddie Mallon, the Cunard line's chief

detective, watched the gangplank as the vessel unloaded its passengers. When the trunks and bags were off the vessel, Mallon sauntered over to each of the three men and passed along the gentle admonition to "lay off the Atlantic" as the good old days could not return.

"Queenie," nine-year-old African lioness at the Prospect Park Zoo, suffered the humiliation of having a lower tooth pulled the other day, but she proudly roars that it took five men to do it. The operation was performed in the basement of one of the principal buildings. The veterinarian and four of his assistants put a rope noose around the lioness' body and other nooses around each paw, the neck and the tail. "Queenie" was then rolled over onto her back, roaring like an elevated express. It was then discovered that she was not far enough over in the cage to get into the motion pictures and she had to be done up again to get her into focus.

The head keeper pried the animal's mouth open with an iron pipe, and the lion doctor treated the tooth with novo-cocaine. The treatment was continued with a long stick with cotton at the end. Then, with a large pair of pliers, the veterinarian after laborious efforts pulled the tooth.

"Queenie" was presented to the Zoo by Brooklyn school children two years ago and has been a great favorite ever since.

Every hootch store has its own salutation by which those who are "all right" are recognized. At a drug store, a hop, skip and a jump from Broadway, prospective customers ask for "a little bit of ammonia" and receive, after the nine dollars are passed, a quart of precious sunshine guaranteed by the supplying revenue officer. The proprietor says that ammonia is such an uncommon purchase in a drug store that the word makes an excellent sesame for what formerly was dispensed behind the swinging doors.

And now for the weekly fashion hint, with apologies to the women's page. Fifth avenue hair dressers say that many a bobbed head which has flung its unimprisoned, abbreviated locks to the wind of Washington Square is being treated with costly hair lotions in hopes of early springtime growth. The mode started with the unfettered spirits of Greenwich Village, was approved by the stage and finally adopted with reservations by those who wear ermine and ride in limousines. Now bobbed hair is passe. Let the column end as it started. Verily, the old order changeth.

Reopening of Ford Motor Company is still a mystery. From the employment office, indications point to a return to work of at least 3,000 men.

∴ The Weekly Potpourri ∴

Indianapolis real estate men are mildly interested in the action of the Rental Board of Milwaukee, which has ordered the landlords of that city to reduce rents 20 per cent. While rents in Indianapolis have not been as high as in many cities, yet they have been high enough. However, a number of landlords have voluntarily reduced their rents to tenants, especially to tenants composing the factory-working class.

Indiana retail lumber dealers, in convention here, discussed the outlook for 1921 and were quite optimistic over the situation. It was shown that retail prices were dropping daily, reductions averaging from 25 to 50 per cent. It was also said that the supply of lumber in yards in Indiana was low. There is no question but what the need of building is great and the resumption of building will largely depend on the cost of material and labor.

Senator Robert Moorhead, of Indianapolis, has introduced a rent regulation bill in the legislature which bids fair to become a law. The bill is to be amended to include every town and hamlet in the state, instead of applying only to cities of the first and second class. It is said that when these amendments are made the bill will be approved for passage by the Senate. In a general way the bill will prevent rent profiteering and gouging as has been practiced by landlords during the war.

Another proposed law is one revising the insurance statutes of the state which will be amended to include a multitude of new risks, which the present state insurance laws prohibit, or at least do not specifically provide for. Under the proposed law everything from a dancer's legs to a good day may be insured.

Joseph Foy, of Becker & Son, Indianapolis tailors, was elected first vice-president of the Merchant Tailors Designers' Association at the recent convention in Chicago, which accounts for the smile Joe is now wearing, along with his business suit.

The ubiquitous Irvington constable has been hoist by his own petard. Clarence Poole and Edward Waterman arrested G. W. Sheek, president of the Farmers' Terminal Grain Company, on the charge of speeding. Sheek pleaded guilty and was fined by Squire Rainey. After the trial, Sheek declared his car would not travel thirty-five miles an hour, which the constables said he was going. The two officers offered to prove it. Poole drove Sheek's car, which was followed by Waterman and Sheek in the officer's car. Poole drove at a speed of twenty-five miles an hour in the city limits and forty-two

miles an hour outside the city. As a result affidavits charging the constables with violating the speed laws were filed and the two were fined on the charge. Solomon had nothing on Mr. Sheek.

Charles F. Riddell, who has been connected with the Merchants National Bank of Indianapolis as vice-president, has been appointed as a member bank inspector of the Federal Reserve Bank of Chicago. He will assume his new duties at once. Mr. Riddell was at one time a federal bank examiner and is well known to the banking fraternity of the state.

Last week the graded schools of Indianapolis graduated some 1,400 pupils into the high schools, a large proportion of whom will attend the Technical High School. This school now has an enrollment of approximately 3,800 pupils. It graduated 178 the first of the year. The new buildings now being erected on the Arsenal Grounds will not be ready before next fall. As a result the school accommodations are far from adequate. There are almost 7,000 pupils in the three high schools of the city, the largest in the history of Indianapolis education.

According to information from cigarmakers the five-cent cigar will become as rare as the dodo if Congress does not lessen the tax on tobacco and reduce the tariff on imported tobaccos. Vice-President Marshall once said that the crying need of the nation was a five-cent cigar. Possibly the reason he said it was because he was a candidate at the time. A five-cent cigar is a necessary adjunct to any well-conducted campaign.

It is a source of gratification to the Indianapolis contributors to the starving children of middle Europe to know that what they have done is appreciated. The other day the newspapers carried the following item, dated Vienna, Austria:

"The message from Herbert Hoover to the effect that through the magnanimity of the American people, he is in position to continue feeding the Austrian children, was received here with great gratitude. Translated and placarded on the walls about the city, it caused many expressions of relief and joy and was the only ray of happiness in an otherwise gloomy New Year's day." That is what you call heaping coals of fire.

Federal prohibition officers and city constables raided sections of Haughville and obtained a total of about 1,000 gallons of wine from various homes of foreigners. The howl that went up was long and furious, and the foreign element is questioning the so-called freedom of America.

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